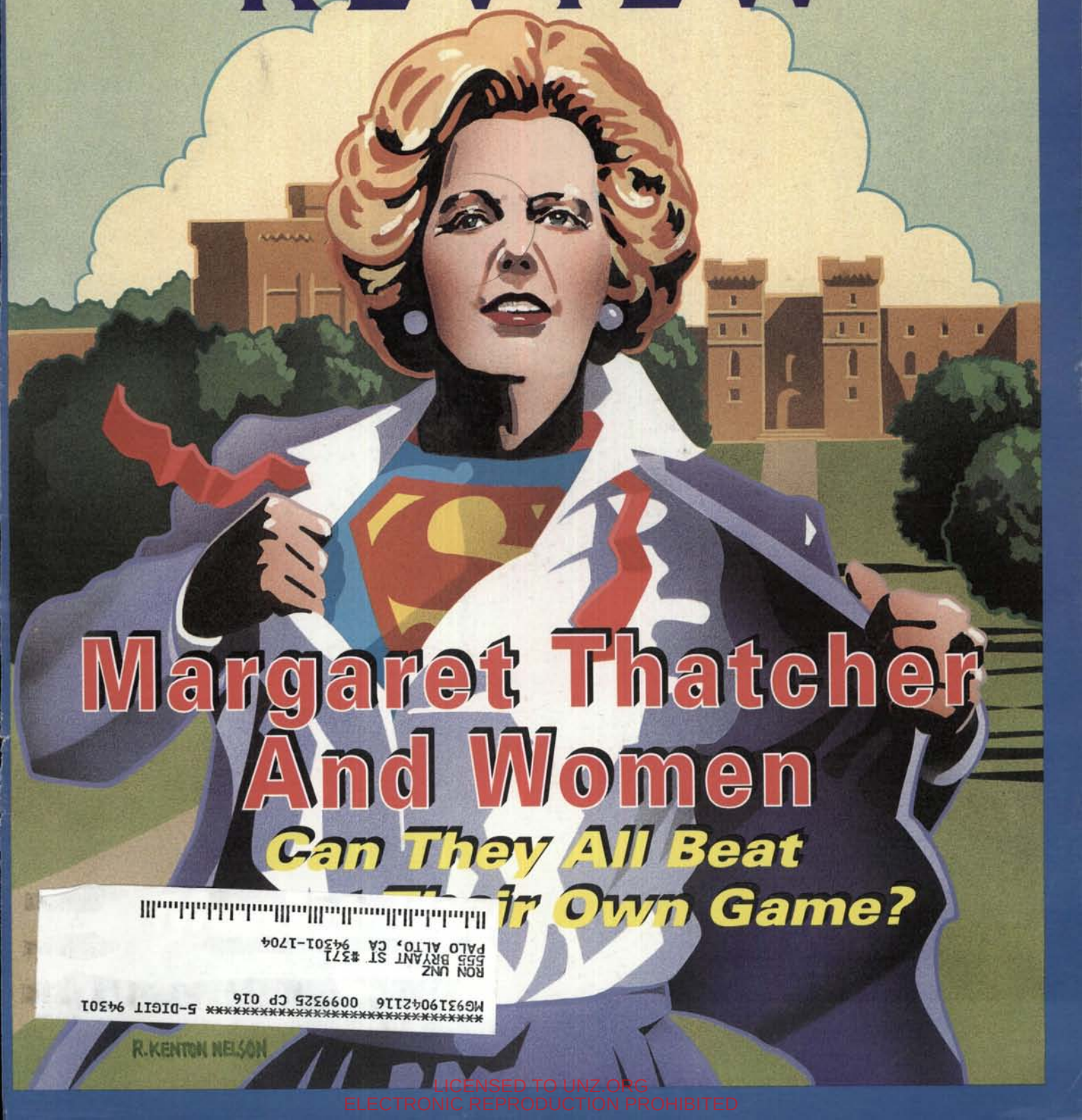
December 27, 1993 $2.95

It's Your Money They're After

Get Right with God? — A Symposium

NATIONAL REVIEW



Margaret Thatcher And Women

Can They All Beat Their Own Game?

RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371
PALO ALTO, CA 94301-1704
MG9319042116 0099325 CP 016 5-DIGIT 94301

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The challenge:
TO TAKE APPLIANCES OUT OF THE DARK AGES.

Amana, part of Raytheon's Appliance Group, looked at the kitchen in a whole new light.

And designed a new line of products so inventive, it's a shame to call them appliances.

Amana introduced quartz halogen cooking to the American market, with a line of electric/halogen ranges and cooktops that literally cook with light.

Amana invented a refrigerator that helps keep milk fresh longer.

Amana has designed a kinder, gentler washer and dryer, the only American-made pair with stainless steel tubs to help make clothes last longer.

Amana offers the only full line of 95% fuel efficient upflow gas furnaces for the home – because energy is too precious to waste.

And while other companies are making appliances more like commodities, Amana is making appliances that are more like inventions.

Send us more challenges.

The same "can-do" spirit that makes Raytheon a leader in appliances is also the driving force behind our proven performance in defense, engineering and construction services, electronics and aviation.

We thrive on challenges. Send us more.

Raytheon

WE THRIVE ON CHALLENGES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 27, 1993 VOL. XLV, NO. 25

Cover Story

28 ***Mrs. Thatcher and Women***
Is Mrs. Thatcher a role model for women—or conservatives? **Steven Goldberg** warns that when the sexes battle on male turf, women won't like what they become. Nor will men.

49 Thatcherism promised to bring applied monetarism to a failing Britain. **Tim Congdon** asks: Was it monetarism? And was it applied?

Articles

21 ***On the Scene***
Clinton grabbed the center to win NAFTA; **Vin Weber** wonders if he'll hold it. . . . With an ex-KGB general as president, Azerbaijan is back in the USSR, finds **Johnathan Sunley**. . . . The Clinton Administration's ethics remind **Kenneth Smith** & **Richard Miniter** of a word from the 1980s: "sleaze." . . . Is the West, worries **Radek Sikorski**, losing Central Europe?

37 ***Right with God?***
The Religious Right, says **Jacob Neusner**, is both. **Kirk Fordice**, **George Weigel**, and **Ralph E. Reed Jr.** comment. . . . If abortion must be legal, argue **Steven R. Hemler**, **Richard G. Wilkins**, and **Frank H. Fischer**, eight weeks is enough.

46 ***A Trapp Family Christmas***
Aloïse Buckley Heath gets in the Christmas Spirit with caroling, good-will-toward-men, and . . . children. Make that *tries* to get in the Christmas Spirit.

52 ***Assault on the Mortgage Lenders***
Robert Stowe England reports on affirmative action's new frontier: home mortgages.

56 ***The Dove of War***
Compact and unobtrusive, the neutron bomb could be the terrorist's best friend. Welcome, says **S. T. Cohen**, to the new nuclear threat.

Books, Arts & Manners

60 In *The Downing Street Years* Margaret Thatcher writes as vigorously as she governed; **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** revels in her memoirs of crises overcome—until the last. . . . **Mona Charen** winces at the follies of the Bush White House so mordantly recounted in John Podhoretz's *Hell of a Ride*. . . . **John Gray** laments that W. H. Mallock's *A Critical Examination of Socialism* is as relevant in America today as when first published almost a century ago. . . . **John Simon** finds bright spots in *Shadowlands*, but hears only sour notes from *The Piano*. . . . **James Gardner** admires Joan Miró's contributions to the art he vowed to destroy. . . . Soaking up the charms of nightclub singer Blossom Dearie, **Hadley Arkes** remembers an urbane New York of the recent past. . . . Gone with the age of innocence, says **Linda Bridges**, are some suffocating rules of manners—and so much more.

80 ***The Gimlet Eye***
In the marriage of James Carville and Mary Matalin Left meets Right happily ever after. **Andrew Ferguson** smells the influence of David Gergen.

Sections

3 ***Letters***
5 ***From the Editor***
6 ***For the Record***
8 ***The Week***
28 ***Random Walk***
59 ***Letter from Al***
42 hel
72 ***Books in Brief***
77 ***Trans-O-Gram***
78 ***On the Right***

Cover illustration: R. Kenton Nelson

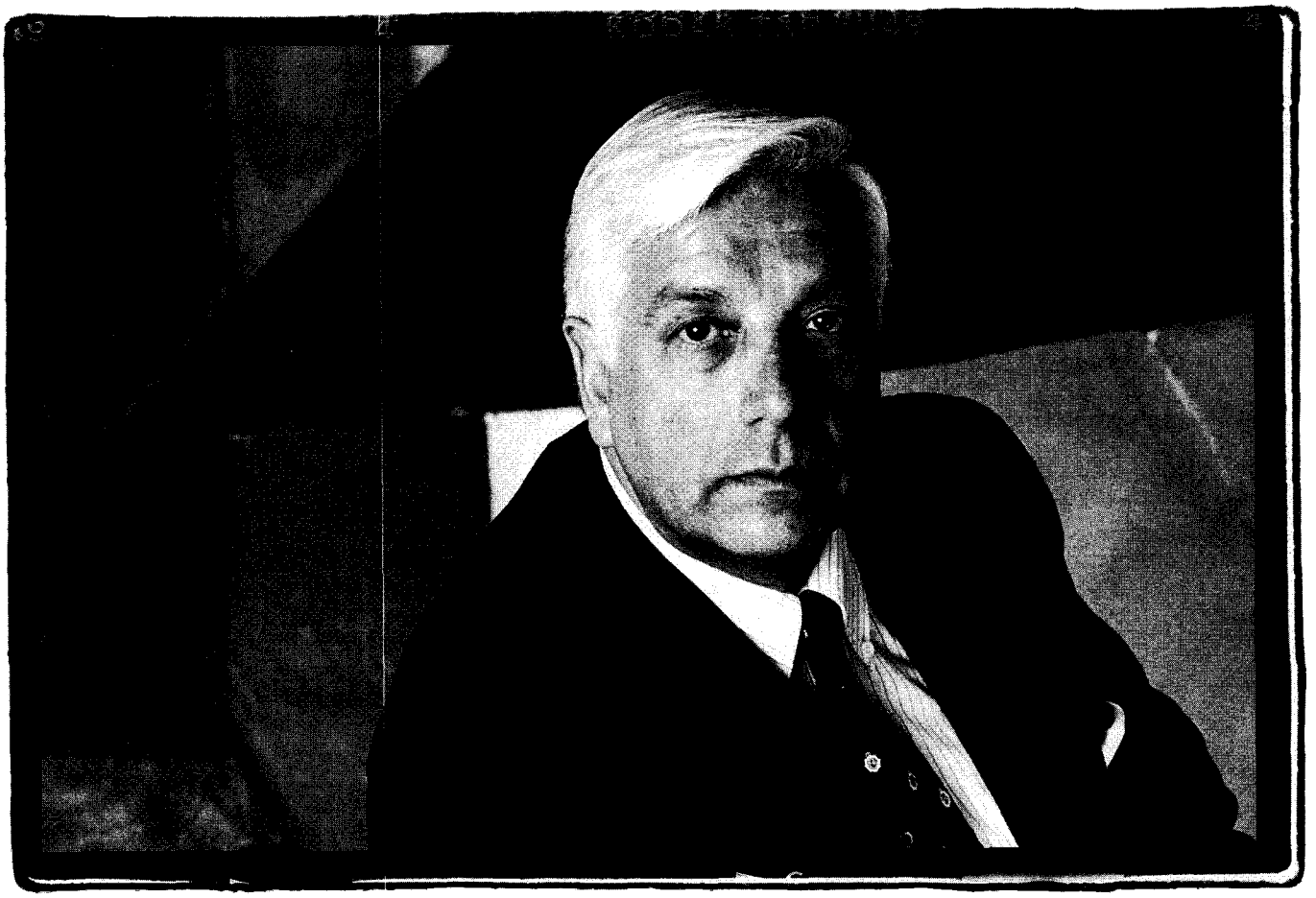
The Audit Bureau

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1993. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 301-350-7258, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668.

RATES: $57.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why A Hispanic Heads An Organization Called U.S.English."



Mauro E. Mujica, AIA – Architect
Chairman/CEO, U.S.English

"I am proud of my heritage. Yet when I emigrated to the United States from Chile in 1965 to study architecture at Columbia University, I knew that to succeed I would have to adopt the language of my new home.

"As in the past, it is critical today for new immigrants to learn English as quickly as possible. And that's so they can benefit from the many economic opportunities that this land has to offer. I believe so much in this concept that when elected to head an organization that promotes the use of English, I eagerly accepted.

"U.S.ENGLISH is a national, non-partisan, non-profit organization committed to making sure every single immigrant has the chance to learn English.

"Our mission is the preservation of our common bond through our common language: English. We are dedicated to making it the official language of all levels of government, of course, exempting such activities as emergency services and foreign language teaching. With our help, today 19 states have passed laws declaring English their official language. In the courts we have won a number of key federal and state language cases. On the job and in the schools we're supporting projects that will ensure that all Americans have the chance to learn the language of equal opportunity."

To make a contribution or to find out more information, call our toll-free number **1-800-787-8216.**
Or write: U.S.ENGLISH, 818 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20006.

U.S.ENGLISH

THE LANGUAGE OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY℠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

A Taxing Question

Leona Helmsley served a prison sentence for having reduced her tax liability by claiming about $3 million of personal expenses as business costs. I don't know whether she is guilty. However, none of the arguments offered by the distinguished economist Paul Craig Roberts to exonerate her does so ["Guilty of Being Rich," Nov. 15].

Mr. Roberts argues that the willingness of Alan Dershowitz and Robert Bork to defend her speaks for her innocence. But lawyers are supposed to help defendants whether guilty or not. Mr. Roberts also calls Mrs. Helmsley "an American political prisoner." A "political prisoner" is punished not for acts aimed at personal profit but for acts aimed at overthrowing or resisting the government by illegal means. No one has suggested Leona Helmsley had a political motivation and she is not richer than many others not "found guilty of being rich."

Mr. Roberts points out that in view of her wealth it would have been irrational for Mrs. Helmsley to commit the fraud of which she was convicted. Quite so. But everyone who has studied such matters will testify that many crimes, including many white-collar crimes, are quite irrational along these lines. Thus, Judge John Walker may well have been right in telling Mrs. Helmsley, "You were not driven to this crime by financial need; rather your conduct was the product of naked greed." Mr. Roberts accuses Judge Walker of "shattering any semblance of judicial impartiality" by his comment. But it is traditional for a judge to tell defendants at sentencing the moral and legal considerations that led him to the sentence. If Mr. Roberts thinks that Judge Walker was not impartial during the trial, he has not indicated why he thinks so.

Mr. Roberts's only argument relevant to Mrs. Helmsley's guilt is that, contrary to their own testimony, the Helmsley accountants knew that the presumed business expenses actually were personal expenses; further, that the prosecution was aware of this. If true, that would make the accountants guilty as well. But how would it bear on Leona Helmsley's guilt? To exonerate her one must believe that she herself did not know that the $3 million spent to furnish her Connecticut estate was deducted as a business expense. This seemed implausible to the jury which convicted her.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

Mr. van den Haag has missed the essential point of my article: "The government has to prove the case that it brings." In the Helmsley case, the government "proved" its case by suborning perjury and withholding evidence. Had the government not withheld this evidence, Mrs. Helmsley's attorneys would have been able to reveal the perjury that secured her conviction. The case against Mrs. Helmsley was that she had deceived her accountants—an obviously false charge since the accountants treated the same expenses differently on different sets of books.

I did not argue that the willingness of both Dershowitz and Bork to make her appeals speaks for her innocence. I said in clear prose that both concluded that she had been framed.

All conservatives know about "knee-jerk liberals." Conservatives must be careful to avoid the jerky knee themselves, especially on law-and-order issues. —PCR

The Language of Lamaze

Florence King ["Ex Pede Herculem," Nov. 15] decries what she sees as an "assault on logic" and cites my column as an example of destroying one's own argument. More careful readers were able to follow my logic. Yes, I did object to the politically correct language found in today's Lamaze classes ("moms and coaches" instead of wives and husbands). But when I said I approved of the sentiments expressed, I was not contradicting myself. I referred specifically to a quoted passage from Lamaze literature that said to husbands—er, "coaches"—that "your physical presence and emotional strength mean a lot to your partner's feelings of security."

See? The sentiment is worthy but the language is stupid.

The next time Miss King goes hunting for illogic, she needn't leave home.

Mona Charen
Falls Church, Va.

If I can help Miss Charen think before she writes, I am more than happy to do so. Meanwhile, I would like to thank her for restoring my faith in female intuition. Hers is airtight. —FK

Coolidge—No Free-Trader

You are wrong to say that every Republican President since Taft has favored free trade ["The Week," Nov. 29]. Calvin Coolidge is on record as saying, "My observation of protection is that it has been successful in practice, however unsound it may appear to be in theory. That must mean the theories have not taken account of all the facts."

Coolidge, like most Americans of his time, believed in the Tariff. He felt that America's great success justified that belief. In this, as in all other things, Calvin Coolidge was right.

John Derbyshire
Huntington, N.Y.

A Problem with Vouchers?

Jack Chambers's article on the Hemp-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stead, Texas, schoolboard's woes ["Not Much to Cheer About," Nov. 29] has implications well beyond the Lone Star State. The locals discovered too late that federal funds for public schools are more a poison pill than a panacea. In return for funds the board loses autonomy.

I fear many conservatives are poised to make the same mistake. Despite recent legislative setbacks there continues to be a strong movement pushing for school vouchers. Improving quality through competition and putting choice and control back in the hands of the parents are worthy conservative goals, but at what price?

The lesson is this: Government regulations follow government money. If a religious school accepts government money via a voucher, would it not be subject to increased government control? Could a religious school be forced to hire homosexual teachers even though the lifestyle clearly violated its religion? Would "church–state separation" issues become more problematic? Once a school gets used to having federal dollars around it is awfully hard to do without them.

It seems to me the better conservative approach is less taxes (making vouchers unnecessary) and less regulation. As a home-schooling father, I am not anxious to invite Uncle Sam to our family schoolboard meetings. If school vouchers should ever come our way, I'll say, "Thanks, but no thanks."

B. Hoover, M.D.
Lincoln, Neb.

Omission on Reno

Rich Lowry did a fine job of interpreting what makes the Reno Justice Department tick and predicting the consequences for the American people ["Gambling on Reno," Nov. 15].

However, there was one outstanding example which was missing from Mr. Lowry's article—the Reno Justice Department's blatant misinterpretation of federal child-pornography law. On September 17, the Justice Department—under the tutelage of Attorney General Reno and Solicitor General Drew Days—submitted a brief for the Supreme Court case of *Knox* v. *United States* which reinterpreted federal child-pornography law and reversed prosecution standards, including those used by the Bush Justice Department in this very case.

In a nutshell, the Clinton Administration will not prosecute those in possession of lewd material unless it depicts children engaged in lascivious acts and includes nudity or visibility of the child's genitalia or pubic area. By creating a technical distinction, the Department of Justice is attempting to shift the burden of guilt from the pornographer or pedophile to the exploited child. This is an affront to both common sense and decency, and represents a tragedy for innocent children.

The Clinton Administration has gone to extreme lengths to paint itself as pro-child, but its actions have proven otherwise. On November 4, the Senate voted 100 to 0 on an amendment urging the Justice Department to repudiate this policy of appeasement toward kiddie-porn peddlers and pedophiles. But Mr. Clinton hasn't gotten the message. The next day, the President issued a statement praising "the work the Justice Department is doing to enforce obscenity and child exploitation laws."

We need to let the American people know who is really running the shop in the Clinton Administration. We appreciate the step that NATIONAL REVIEW has taken in this direction and urge you to continue to investigate those who are supposed to be protecting our children.

John T. Doolittle
Christopher H. Smith
Members of Congress
Washington, D.C.

NOW, INSTANT ACCESS TO THE CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT.

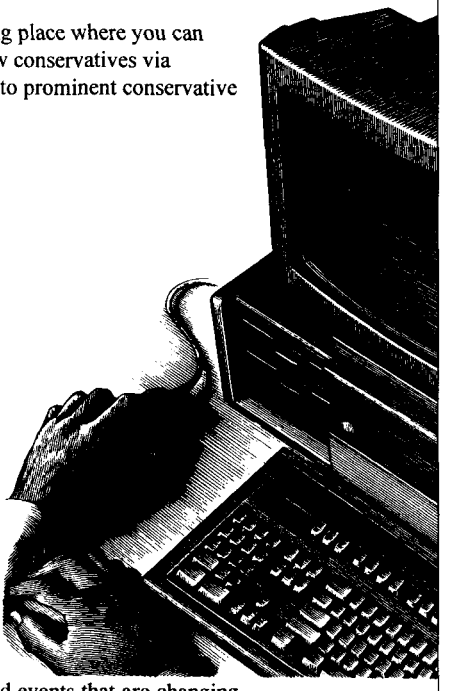
TOWN HALL
The Conservative Meeting Place

Town Hall is the easy-to-use, 24 hour interactive meeting place where you can correspond, debate and exchange information with fellow conservatives via desktop computer. Town Hall affords you instant access to prominent conservative groups and magazines:

- Citizens Against Government Waste
- Intercollegiate Studies Institute
- Leadership Institute
- Eagle Forum
- Family Research Council
- Free Congress' National Empowerment Television
- Media Research Center
- Pennsylvania Leadership Council
- Texas Public Policy Foundation
- State Policy Network
- And more...

Keep abreast of important legislative developments, the latest efforts to mobilize conservatives and the status of your favorite issues.Conference with your favorite journalist or conservative leader. Or scan the thousands of publications, newsletters and policy papers from hundreds of scholars and organizations.

And Town Hall has been made easy for the least computer literate person. Town Hall brings you instant communication and information about people, groups and events that are changing the political landscape.



Call 1-800-441-4142 for more information,or take an on-line tour.
Just dial 1-301-262-8610 via modem. Hit return twice at the CONNECT signal.
See you on Town Hall.

A Project of ***NATIONAL REVIEW*** *and* ***THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

December 27 issue; printed December 8

John O'Sullivan *Editor*

Senior Editors
William J. Bennett / Richard Brookhiser
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
Peter W. Rodman
Linda Bridges *Managing Editor*
Geoffrey Morris *Executive Editor*
David Klinghoffer *Literary Editor*
Rich Lowry *Associate Articles Editor*
Radek Sikorski *Roving Correspondent*
Luba Kolomytseva *Production and Design*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Tony Savage *Assistant to the Editor-at-Large*
Jane Buckley Smith *Editorial Associate*
Patricia B. Bozell *Special Projects Editor*
Editorial Services
Michael Ashton / Millie Fletcher
Michael A. Watkins
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Ed Rubenstein *Economics Analyst*
Research Assistants
Russell Jenkins / Frederick W. Campano
Contributing Editors
Elliott Abrams / Wick Allison / Hadley Arkes
Tom Bethell / Peter Brimelow / Eliot A. Cohen
Brian Crozier / W. H. von Dreele
Andrew Ferguson / John Gray / Florence King
Lawrence Kudlow / Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Anthony Lejeune / Stephen Markman
Richard John Neuhaus / Kate Walsh O'Beirne
Paul Craig Roberts / Peter Samuel / John Simon
Ralph Robert Toledano / Ernest van den Haag
Vin Weber / Timothy J. Wheeler

Thomas L. Rhodes *President*

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor-at-Large*

Contributors
Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / David Brudnoy / Richard C. Carpenter
John Chamberlain / Donald Coxe
John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
M. Stanton Evans / Chester E. Finn Jr.
Doug Gamble / James Gardner / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Jan Lukas
D. Keith Mano / Charles Burton Marshall
Forrest McDonald / Brad Miner
Thomas Molnar / Joe Mysak
Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Grover Joseph Rees / Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker / Selden Rodman
William A. Rusher / Robert S. Strother
J. O. Tate / Terry Teachout
Taki Theodoracopulos / S. L. Varnado
Richard Vigilante / Charles Wallen Jr.
Chilton Williamson Jr.
Jack Fowler *Assistant Publisher*
Catherine Moraetis *Assistant to the Publisher*
Barbara Nowack *Assistant to the President*
James X. Kilbridge *Chief Financial Officer*
Theresa Maloney *Comptroller*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*
Arthur F. Stetzner *Fund Director*
Business Services
Vanessa Petrillo / Galina Veygman
Circulation
Virginia L. Bauer *Circulation Director*
Jason Ng *Circulation Manager*
Kevin Longstreet *Fulfillment Manager*
Advertising Sales and Services
212-679-3923
Joseff M. Jenkins *Advertising Sales Director*
Donald W. Burkett *Marketing Sales Director*
Scott Budd *National Sales Director*
Jennifer L. Bancks *Advertising Sales Assistant*

Edward A. Capano *Publisher*

Printed in the U.S.A. 212-679-7330

FROM THE EDITOR

Adam's Family Values

■ Am I alone in resenting the ceaseless torrent of preaching in American life? Don't smoke, don't drink, don't eat fast foods, remember to exercise, fight Hate, recycle, floss your teeth, protect the environment, etc., etc.

It infests the oddest places. In a recent cultural safari, I clicked onto MTV, only to hear a sermon on the theme: "Diversity Is Cool." Then it was back again to some rapper mumbling about rape and robbery.

For none of The Innumerable Commandments have anything to do with old-fashioned moral struggle against temptation to do wrong. They are either propitiatory sacrifices to the great Moloch of Health, or obeisances before the sacred dogmas of Multiculturalism and Political Correctness.

Seeking a respite from these pieties, I bought my ticket and settled down to watch *Addams Family Values*.

But nowhere is safe. There are two villainesses in *Addams Family Values*. One is a Black Widow murderess who is, of course, perfectly acceptable as such in the world of Morticia and Uncle Fester. Where doubts arise is that she also happens to be a WASP blonde. And these are confirmed when it transpires that her murders are committed in the cause of—Greater Shopping. She duly perishes.

The second villainess is—another WASP blonde, this time a spoiled adolescent girl at a summer camp who is self-centered, ambitious, snobbish about servants, and condescending to Jews, blacks, Asians, the disabled, and anyone who is not a WASP blonde.

The happy ending to this episode occurs when a coalition of these "others" turns a Thanksgiving pageant into a kind of multiculturalist pogrom against WASPs. This assault is led by the Addams children, apparently on the logic that the Addams Family is itself a "minority" and thus sympathetic to all the usual grievances.

As well as illustrating Hollywood's terminal conformity to current social pieties, this spoils the central conceit of the Addams Family as a Well-Adjusted Family of Normal American Ghouls, free, white, and 1,021.

In any other context, I would say that Charles Addams must be spinning in his grave.

■ In a recent *Wall Street Journal*, reporters Jeffrey H. Birnbaum and James M. Perry set out to debunk the "stereotype" of the First Couple as the union of a good-natured moderate weakling and a bossy liberal feminist.

Very decent of them, by the way. Not many reporters set out to help Presidents Reagan or Bush in this obliging way. But perhaps they might have helped with more *finesse*.

Here they are on the Clintons' family life: "Maybe he is the thoroughly modern husband, but even so he is perfectly willing to accept the fact his wife defers to him—on changing her name, on arranging his daily schedule, choosing his menu, deciding what movies to watch and who will be invited to see them."

Set aside "changing her name," where Mrs. Clinton deferred not to her husband but to the Arkansas voters who voted them out after his first term because they disliked her using her maiden name in the governor's mansion. That still leaves the question: Just what is deferential about arranging, choosing, and deciding someone else's life?

There used to be a joke: "My wife and I have an equal marriage. I decide what we think about the Vietnam War, she decides where we'll live."

Messrs. Birnbaum and Perry doubtless think that the equivalent of wife-beating. The Clintons saw it as the formula for a happy marriage.

■ I am happy to report that readers are continuing to mint their own laws. The best yet is one of three sent in by Dr. Daniel Katz of Pembroke Pines, Florida: "Never play cards for money with a guy whose first name is a city."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

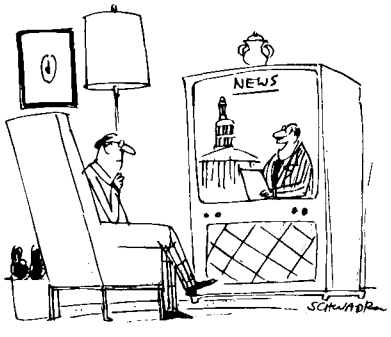
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Of 57 Democrats who voted for **Penny–Kasich**, 42 have been in Congress less than five years. Five of 18 Republicans who voted against it are from New York; **Bill Clinton** threatened to take away federal projects in their districts if they voted in favor. Among them: conservative freshman **Peter King**. . . . In addition, three ranking Republicans joined fellow Democratic members of three subcommittees in co-signing letters threatening projects in congressmen's districts if they voted for measure. GOP renegades: **John T. Myers** (Ind.), **Joe Skeen** (N.M.), **Jim Lightfoot** (Iowa). . . . Sens. **Judd Gregg** (R., N.H.), **Bob Graham** (D., Fla.), **Bob Kerrey** (D., Neb.), and **Chuck Robb** (D., Va.) visited budget director **Leon Panetta** prior to vote to urge him and Clinton to support bill. . . . **Sam Gibbons** (D., Fla.), 16-term representative, may ascend to Ways & Means chairmanship if **Dan Rostenkowski** is rooted out because of financial misdeeds. However, Gibbons has to win re-election at home. Conservative **Mark Sharpe**—who got over 40 per cent of vote in 1992, with $50,000 compared to Gibbons's $1 million—plans to take another shot in 1994. . . . House Majority Whip **David Bonior** fought hard for losing side on NAFTA, using his office to battle President. Fellow Democrats say he could lose post as a result. Liberal Rep. **Pat Schroeder**, for instance, says she doesn't think she could vote for Bonior in leadership race. **Robert Novak** reports some financial supporters are considering backing moderate Republican against him back home in Michigan.

■ GOP given good chance to win normally Republican statehouse in Idaho upon retirement of Democrat **Cecil Andrus** next year. Candidates include party chairman **Phil Batt** and businessman **Chuck Winder**. . . . In Iowa, GOP moderate Rep. **Fred Grandy** stunned party regulars by announcing he'll challenge Gov. **Terry Branstad** in next year's primary. . . . Mississippi is running a budget surplus. As a result, Gov. **Kirk Fordice** (R.) proposes cutting taxes, giving money back to taxpayers. So far Democratic legislature is stonewalling. . . . Democrats hope to avoid three-way race in 1994 Virginia Senate contest. With Gov. **Doug Wilder** threatening to run as independent against incumbent **Chuck Robb** and Republican, Democrats are trying to find replacement for Robb. One party official, says *U.S. News & World Report*, asked Robb to step down and let former Gov. **Gerald Baliles** jump in. . . . *Richmond Times-Dispatch* fired shot across bow of Sen. **John Warner**, who it said has history of not supporting fellow Republicans—most recently his refusal to endorse **Mike Farris** in his race for lieut. gov. . . . **Linda Chavez** and **Mary Matalin** are on list of Republicans who claim (other than in last month's victory by **Christine Whitman** in New Jersey) that GOP strategist **Ed Rollins** wanted to offer "walking-around money" to prevent people from voting Democratic. Chavez said he offered such money in her 1986 race against Sen. **Barbara Mikulski** (Md.).

■ German Chancellor **Helmut Kohl**, answering speculation that Bavarian Christian Social Union could desert conservative coalition, says he is not interested in "follow-on" job as president if he loses next year. . . . Outgoing German President **Richard von Weizsäcker** was knocked down and slightly injured by protestors after outspoken anti-totalitarian speech in Hamburg. . . . **Madeleine Albright**, U.S. representative to UN, rapidly becoming a hawk: she has come out for amendments to ABM treaty that would let Pentagon work on new systems to handle growing threat from Third World. . . . Gen. **Gary E. Luck**, the UN–U.S. commander in Korea, worried Washington is walking loudly and carrying soft stick: he wants "flexible deterrent options" to reinforce 37,000-man force there. . . . State Dept. has sent legislation to Congress that would permit President to exempt Pakistan from the (Sen. **Larry**) **Pressler** amendment that seeks to stem nuclear proliferation. . . . **Aharon Yariv**, former military intelligence chief, has confirmed Israelis systematically hunted down 10 to 15 of Black September guerrillas who murdered 11 Israeli athletes at 1972 Munich Olympics. . . . Lt. Col. **John Cray**, commander of U.S. military detachment in Hanoi, says Vietnamese have found remains of U.S. C-130 aircraft on remote mountainside in Laos. . . . **Achille Occhetto**, leader of restyled Italian Communists' Party of the Democratic Left, is attacking "spendthrift" government-owned companies he wants to sell.

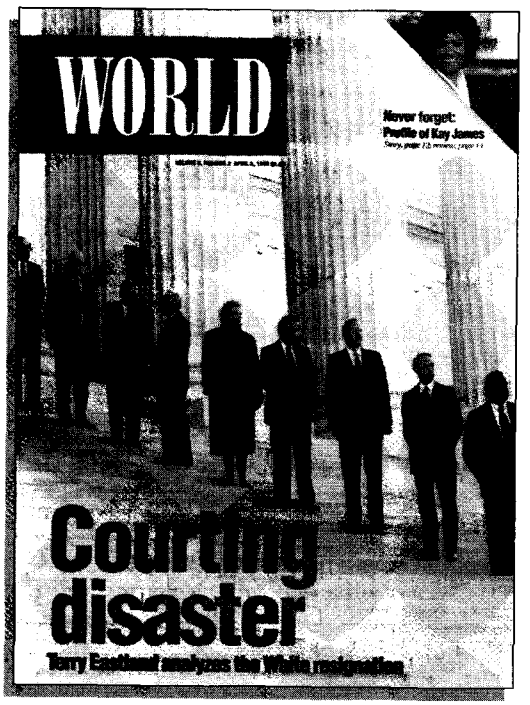


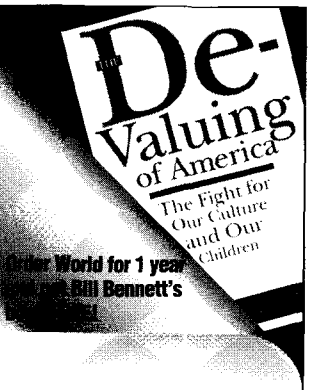
© H. L. Schwadron

"You've just heard an informed source. Now, to present the other side, let's hear from an uninformed source."

■ Pentagon forbade Armed Forces radio and TV to air **Rush Limbaugh** on grounds that there's not enough support among troops and that he is "biased." Last week, **Les Aspin** and other top officials called Limbaugh to apologize. . . . Gay biweekly *The Advocate* gave Massachusetts Gov. **William Weld** distinction of "Hetero Hero." . . . *Princeton Review* has ranked "homo-friendly" colleges: most friendly to homosexuals are Deep Springs, Bennington, Bard, Bryn Mawr, Smith. Unfriendlies: Lafayette, Baylor, Washington & Lee, Bucknell, Grove City, Villanova. . . . Terms you won't see in *Los Angeles Times*: *WASP*, *co-ed*, *Dutch treat*, *man-made*, *divorcee*, *inner city*, *male nurse*, *welsher*, among others. This a decree of editor **Shelby Coffey** in paper's *Guidelines on Ethnic, Racial, Sexual, and Other Identification*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





If you have TIME . . . we can give you the WORLD. Each week.

YOU have only to look as far as the headlines in your local newspaper to wonder what the truth is on such topics as: AIDS, abortion, education, the economy, welfare, and politics.

World is the only weekly news magazine that reports on current national and international events from a Christian perspective. You can benefit by using *World* to develop discerning eyes while learning to see what is happening around you from a biblical worldview. But don't just take our word for it. Let some of our readers tell you why they balance their news with *World.*

FRED BARNES: "Let me tell you why I read *World* every week. There are certain magazines that are great on politics. There are also magazines that tell you all you want to know about Christianity. But there is also in this world a nexus where religion and the real world meet, and that's right where *World* magazine is. And it covers that like nobody else."

LARRY BURKETT: "*World* is an excellent magazine that gives readers a rare balanced perspective. I personally look forward to reading *World* each week and often share information from the articles it contains."

PAUL WEYRICH: "*World* magazine is different. They actually seek out people who know their subjects when they write stories. How refreshing. You can really learn something from reading it."

CAL THOMAS: "*World* has material that is of interest to Christians and non-Christians alike and does the best job I've seen of stimulating thought, encouraging action, and reporting news from a perspective that is available virtually nowhere else."

WILLIAM BENNETT: "What we hold dear, what we believe, has far too few defenders in our public life. This is especially true of America's media. But it's not true of *World* magazine. I hope you will read *World.* It will open your eyes."

Weekly news from a Christian perspective

WORLD
P.O. Box 2330, Asheville, NC 28802

Call 1-800-372-9500 for your FREE trial issue!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ We want to put a stop to the rumor that Mrs. Clinton's health-care group performed human sacrifices. That simply is not true. A few chickens, perhaps. Human sacrifice awaits passage of the bill.

■ William Kristol, chairman of the Project for a Republican Future, has sent a memo to Republican leaders nationwide suggesting the proper strategy for a counterattack on the Clinton health plan. While polls show that most Americans (about 80 per cent) believe the system needs changing, an equally large majority are happy with the care they themselves now get. "The Administration's only option, then, is singlemindedly to focus on the fears many middle-class Americans have about health care as an abstract 'system . . .'" Republicans, in contrast, must show how monopoly health alliances and price controls will directly damage doctor–patient relationships and the quality of care. The positive alternatives that Republicans offer, Mr. Kristol adds, must fit with their negative case. That means pursuing a short list of near-term reforms (reforming medical malpractice law, eliminating barriers to health insurance for people with pre-existing conditions), not making grand counter-proposals of their own. And, it should go without saying, No Compromise with the President. The only health Bill Clinton is concerned about is the health of the Democratic Party, and if he passes a health plan, he will go a long way toward guaranteeing it.

■ *Tax (taks) n. 1. A forced contribution of wealth to meet the public needs of a government.* The lexicographers at CBO have decided that Mrs. Clinton's health-care premiums don't fit Webster's definition of a tax. Instead they are mandated "premiums" paid by employers and employees. As such, they need not be recorded in the federal budget. In the world according to CBO, people thrown out of work because of the Clinton health plan should vent their ire against their former employers, for "choosing" not to pay the new health premiums; "premium"-revolt activists will picket their local health alliance, where premiums are set, but never Washington; cost overruns will automatically be covered by premium increases, avoiding a potentially embarrassing congressional debate. Hog heaven for the big spenders? Perhaps. But just think of the "tax" cut that awaits us when CBO rules that Social Security taxes are really contributions.

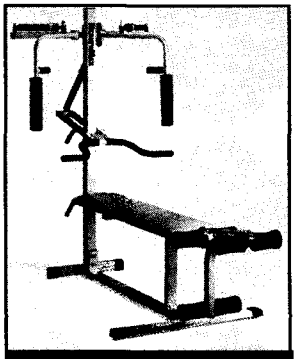
■ Mr. Clinton has sent a memo to department heads urging them to handle Freedom of Information Act requests in a "customer-friendly manner." This means smiling politely on the way to court to block FOIA requests for access to the records of Hillary Clinton's health-care "reform" task force.

■ There was a time when immigrants, having braved rough seas, mountainous terrain, and barbarous tribes to get to the U.S., were quite prepared once here to leap over smaller hurdles in order to become Americans: learning the language and the customs of the country and something of its political system. Large numbers no longer bother to do so. The Clinton Administration, seeing lost hordes of Democratic voters, wants to actively encourage them to take out citizenship by lowering the barriers. For instance, the government would no longer interview potential citizens to verify their written claims. A school, says Doris Meissner, President Clinton's new Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, could "certify" an immigrant's command of English. And schools would doubtless spring up to do precisely that. Among the benefits of this policy would be—more immigrants. A citizen can bring in spouse, children, and parents immediately and without numerical limit. The drawback is that such a policy would create more U.S. citizens without necessarily creating more Americans. The new citizens might enjoy political rights, but they would be remote from the English-language debate of American democracy and reliant on the translations provided by such advocacy groups as La Raza—which are themselves part of the left-liberal civil-rights establishment and hostile to the traditional concept of an unhyphenated American identity. Too many of the new citizens would be Americans in

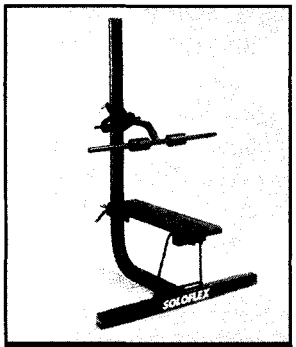
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Better than Soloflex® and NordicFlex Gold™ for $600-$700 less? HEALTHMAX™ made a believer out of me!"

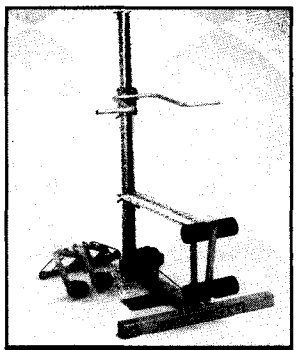
Russ Riederer
Strength and Weight Coach, Chicago Bears



HEALTHMAX



SOLOFLEX



NORDICFLEX GOLD

9 Powerful Reasons to Choose HEALTHMAX as Your Total-Body Fitness System.

THE REASONS	HEALTHMAX	SOLOFLEX	NORDICFLEX GOLD
1 Low price	YES **$329** (plus $49 shipping/handling)	NO **$995** (plus $105 shipping/handling)	NO **$999** (plus $99 shipping/handling)
2 Easy to use	YES No assembly/disassembly required between exercises.	NO Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.	NO Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.
3 Leg Extension Unit included	YES Permits both leg extensions and lying leg curls.	NO Costs $200 extra.	YES **BUT**...Leg unit included doesn't permit lying leg curls.
4 Butterfly Unit included	YES No extra cost.	NO Costs $200 extra.	YES **BUT**...You must assemble before each use, and disassemble to use bench press.
5 Strength conditioning for all five major muscle groups	YES HEALTHMAX strengthens all five: arms, legs, abdominals, back and pectorals.	YES **BUT**...You must purchase $400 in extra accessories to do comparable exercises for legs and pecs.	YES **BUT**...Why would you pay $700 more than HEALTHMAX?
6 Comfortable bench	YES Padded bench is a full 47" long, 12" wide, and a comfortable 20" high.	NO Padded bench is only 40½" long, making some lying down exercises awkward.	NO Padded 40" bench is short, narrow (only 9" wide), and too high (24") off the ground.
7 Hydraulic cylinder resistance system	YES Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial.	NO Uses rubber bands which must be changed to vary resistance level.	NO Uses complicated cord/pully/mechanical resistance system.
8 Full refund of return freight if unit returned	YES If not satisfied, we will refund your cost, shipping/handling charges, and all return freight!	NO You pay over $85 to return. It must go by truck to Oregon!	NO You pay about $65 to return by UPS.
9 Payable in installments	YES 9 easy installments of just $36.56! ($49.00 shipping/handling added to first installment.)	YES **BUT**...You pay $39 per month for the next 2 *YEARS!*	YES **BUT**....At 4 payments of $250, each installment is almost as much as the total cost of a HEALTHMAX!

HEALTHMAX gives you as much and more — for a lot less money.

If you're serious about total-body fitness, you need a serious machine. You could spend $1,000 or more on a Soloflex or NordicFlex Gold. Or you could take the advice of the Chicago Bears' Russ Riederer: "It's as simple as this. HEALTHMAX does what Soloflex and NordicFlex Gold do — for a lot less money. So why would you pay more?"

If what you really want is a body like this — without spending a small fortune — call today. For just $329 you can get the hard body you want. And while you're at it, take the $600–$700 you'll save and buy yourself a reward.

CALL TOLL-FREE FOR A 30-DAY NO-RISK HOME TRIAL: 1-800-458-4652 • Ext. 638-1387

NordicFlex Gold is a trademark of NordicTrack, Inc.
Soloflex is a registered trademark of Soloflex, Inc.

HEALTHMAX™
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

©1993 MBI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name only and fresh recruits for the project of Balkanizing America. Congress must tell Mrs. Meissner to think again—or maybe for the first time.

■ And while we're on the subject, the Republicans continue to avoid it. Of the six co-sponsors of the bill to impose a moratorium on immigration, introduced by Senator Harry Reid (D., Nev.) and backed by the Federation for American Immigration Reform, only one is a Republican—the redoubtable Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina. Even those aware of the facts shrink from their full logic. Congressman Elton Gallegly of California rightly rebukes the *Wall Street Journal* for its tolerance of illegal immigration, which imposes heavy costs on the American taxpayer. But he also complains that it erodes support for *legal* immigration. As George Borjas established in our last issue, however, the economic costs of legal immigrants are no lighter—and they account for about four-fifths of total immigration. So the net effect of halting illegal, while maintaining the present level of legal, immigration would be to impose the same costs on the taxpayer in five years rather than four. We believe that Mr. Gallegly, who does not lack courage, will draw the obvious conclusion. But the sooner the better.

■ Santa has something different in mind for naughty liberals this Christmas. Instead of a lump of coal in their stockings, he'll leave a copy of Rush Limbaugh's new book.

■ New York's Republican–Liberal mayor-elect gave skeptical conservatives who voted for him some reason to feel more satisfied. In his first major act, he gave a deputy mayor's job to Ninfa Segarra, a member of the Board of Education who broke with her political patrons to defeat the Rainbow Curriculum. In his second, he picked William J. Bratton to be Police Commissioner. From 1990 to 1992, Mr. Bratton ran New York's transit police. He heeded the counsels of George Kelling, co-inventor with James Q. Wilson of the "broken window" model of crime, which holds that neighborhoods and cities unravel when small infractions go unpunished. Cops cracked down on fare-beaters, bums, and graffiti "artists," and the subways became more bearable than they had been in a decade. We won't be truly happy until Mr. Giuliani taps George Marlin to run Chesterton readings in Central Park, but it's a start.

■ NOTE TO READERS: There will be a four-week hiatus between publication of this and the next issue. The first issue of 1994 will be printed on January 5. Happy Holidays.

■ While the national media have combed New Jersey looking for black preachers on the take, a few reporters in Philadelphia have uncovered nothing less than an old-fashioned, LBJ-style stolen election. Philadelphia Democrat Bill Stinson won election to the State Senate over Republican Bruce Marks, giving the Democrats control of the State Senate. Mr. Stinson lost on the voting machines, but eked out a 459-vote victory by winning 80 per cent of the absentee ballots. To date, the evidence suggests Stinson campaign workers encouraged minority voters to use absentee ballots and in some cases even filled out the ballots themselves and had them signed by the unsuspecting voters. The *Philadelphia Inquirer*'s investigation has already identified over two hundred illegal ballots. Nonetheless, state and local officials, mostly Democrats, stalled any official inquiry. Only a meeting between House GOP leaders and President Clinton on November 23 brought any results. Now that the Democrats have dropped their charges against Ed Rollins, they might wish to investigate a real election scandal.

■ The new weapons-check policy in the Milwaukee public schools has begun to bear fruit: it has netted Matinah Simms—an honors student, who works as a volunteer with emotionally handicapped children, and who intends to go to college for training in special education. She was nabbed with a can of dog repellent, which she was carrying to protect herself while waiting for the school bus. Thugs can now go about their business in peace.

■ Ronald Reagan's vision of strategic defense is proving more tenacious than many liberals would like. Defense planners in the Clinton Administration, winning a bureaucratic battle against the arms controllers, have clearance to propose to the Russians that the 1972 ABM Treaty be modified to accommodate new anti-missile systems against Third World threats. Space-based systems are still out—that reeks too much of Reagan's "Star Wars"—but opening the way to improved ground-based systems could be (as the arms controllers reportedly fear) the

Happy New Year

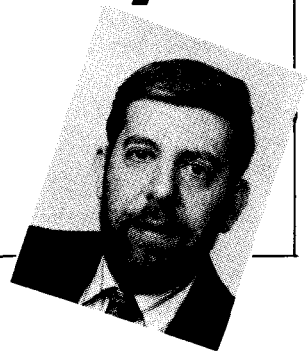
As Mr. Cheney clears his throat
  And Mr. Kemp recites
Before the mirror in the john,
  While Mr. Dole, whose sights
Still calibrate New Hampshire, shares
  A presidential yen,
The Clintons pray to God Perot
  Does Larry King again.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who are the two boldest columnists writing today?

You can make a strong case for Thomas Sowell and Don Feder. See for yourself. Take their two new books FREE with trial membership in the Conservative Book Club.



The most powerful indictment ever written about the education mess — Thomas Sowell's...

INSIDE AMERICAN EDUCATION

"The American system of education is bankrupt," charges Thomas Sowell, pointing out that even those who know this are helpless to reform it. "We need to face the harsh reality of the kind of people we are dealing with, the kind of bitter fight we can expect if we try to disturb their turf." Dr. Sowell piles up proof with example after example. Among the hundreds:

> Just how incompetent a teacher can be and still keep the job was illustrated by an extreme case in South Carolina, where a school tried to get rid of a teacher who had been warned repeatedly about her poor teaching and poor English. At a hearing where she was given a ten-word vocabulary test, she could neither pronounce nor define the word "agrarian." She could pronounce the word "suffrage" but defined it as "people suffering from some reason or other." The word "ratify" she defined as "to get rid of something." In her own defense, she said: "I'm not saying I was the best, but I don't think I did more harm than anyone else." A judge ordered her reinstated.

Walter Williams, himself a distinguished professor of economics, sums up Dr. Sowell's achievement in the *Washington Times*:

> "We all know about the poor and deteriorating state of education in America, but we don't know all the reasons why. *Inside American Education* gives us the fullest list of particulars that I have seen ... names, dates and places on how the education establishment from kindergarten to college is destroying our children's prospects for the future, all the while taking taxpayers, parents and private foundations to the cleaners."

You don't have to be Jewish to rejoice in Don Feder's...

A JEWISH CONSERVATIVE LOOKS AT PAGAN AMERICA

In fact, we can't imagine any right-thinking person of any faith not saluting Don Feder's new book. He isn't one of those who think that a free market is all that America needs, or another Republican in the White House. He zeroes in on the defining issues of our time, the ones that make us what we are:

sexual morals • the culture • abortion • humanism • the media • feminism

HUMAN EVENTS calls it "brilliant," adds:

"Orthodox Christians will want to stand up and cheer Feder's chapters on the family, faith, homosexuality, the New Age, morality and sexuality, AIDS and sex education, the media, drugs and crime, pornography, abortion and euthanasia, feminism and the culture....Feder's chapter on Judaism is indispensable for anyone who has wondered why so many Jews — the original ethical monotheists — seem hopelessly wedded to ultraliberalism and radical secularism....Feder points with hope to the growing Orthodox Jewish community, whose values and politics mirror those of the Christian Right."

How to get BOTH books (worth $44.94) FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

33 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, Thomas Sowell's $24.95 *Inside American Education* PLUS Don Feder's $19.99 *A Jewish Conservative Looks at Pagan America*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club bargain prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-225

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end of the wedge by which America's security interests prevail over the MAD doctrine that keeps America vulnerable to missile attack.

■ The December 6 issue of *The New Yorker* is dedicated to a fifty-thousand-word article about the 1981 massacre in El Mozote, El Salvador. The magazine's cover, a Diego Rivera–style painting that might be entitled *Death Stalking Some Noble Salvadoran Peasants*, is meant to be a reminder of the evil days when the Right ran our foreign policy and smilingly indulged fascist allies in their murderous habits. But the article, by *New Yorker* staff writer Mark Danner, is more nuanced and thoughtful. Mr. Danner has read every available document about El Mozote, and captures some of the bureaucratic, and human, failings that prevented the U.S. Government from quickly realizing a massacre had taken place and responding energetically to it. He writes a story of officials who were bound by official channels of information, and happy to stay within them when this meant that very bad news might be discounted. In this Mr. Danner has a point, and it is to his credit that he makes it largely without the usual *New Yorker* tendentiousness. One may still, however, marvel at this ability of the Left to see only the half of the facts that suits it. Some of the very same congressmen—and magazines—screaming about El Mozote purposefully blinded themselves to atrocious human-rights abuses in Nicaragua in those critical years in the early 1980s when the character of the Sandinista regime was hotly debated. The available information, they claimed, was from biased sources, or not detailed, or simply not credible. The avoidance or discounting of unwelcome information is a common human trait that is no doubt enlarged in official bureaucracies and certainly magnified during political struggles. But it is not found on only one end of the political spectrum.

■ Average per-capita income in Haiti: $440. Present income of exiled Haitian President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, by virtue of being officially recognized by the Clinton State Department and thus able to tap "frozen" Haitian funds: $60,000 a day. Father Aristide's monthly retainer to the law firm of former Maryland Representative Michael Barnes to continue this arrangement: $55,000.

■ Some say Aristide is crazy. Others say we are.

■ The Apache terrorist Geronimo is the Indigenous Person of the Year, with Ted Turner as his chief publicist. "Native Americans" have lately replaced the USSR as the main object of Mr. Turner's affection, the result being a year-long "Native American Initiative" on the Turner-owned cable network, TNT. This month the Initiative brings us *Geronimo*, in which Geronimo appears as a sort of former-day Sandinista, battling white and Mexican imperialists in defense of his people's freedom. Meanwhile the theatrical film *Geronimo: An American Legend* presents only a marginally more balanced account. While stopping short of making its subject into a martyred saint, it too leaves out most of the nastiest parts of Geronimo's life. The real Geronimo's looting-and-murdering raids on Mexicans, Indians, and whites are presented by Mr. Turner as defensive moves, while neither film mentions this noble Native American's tendency to cut off the noses of women accused of adultery and hang little girls on meat hooks. The theatrical film takes its narration from a memoir by a U.S. cavalryman who fought Geronimo, but squelches the soldier's overall summary of the Indian's character: "a thoroughly vicious, intractable, and treacherous man." Says the director, Walter Hill, "The audience doesn't go to a movie for a history lesson; it wants entertainment." You say "entertainment," I say "indoctrination." Let's call the whole thing off.

■ Those who want health care run like the post office will surely want Bill Clinton elected. Now they can attend his inaugural too. The post office promises to deliver the forty thousand mildewed, soggy inaugural invitations it just found moldering in a Blytheville, Ark., warehouse. "We apologize for any delays," it says.

■ We hear the organizers of a Christmas pageant on Capitol Hill had to cancel the event. They couldn't find three wise men in Washington.

A Toyland Scene

There's Bill astride Blitzen
  And Hillary kicking
The hell out of Donner
  As Santa, gold-bricking
Along with his midgets
  Because of the budget,
Keeps bitching at Bentsen,
  Who tells him to fudge it.

W. H. VON DREELE

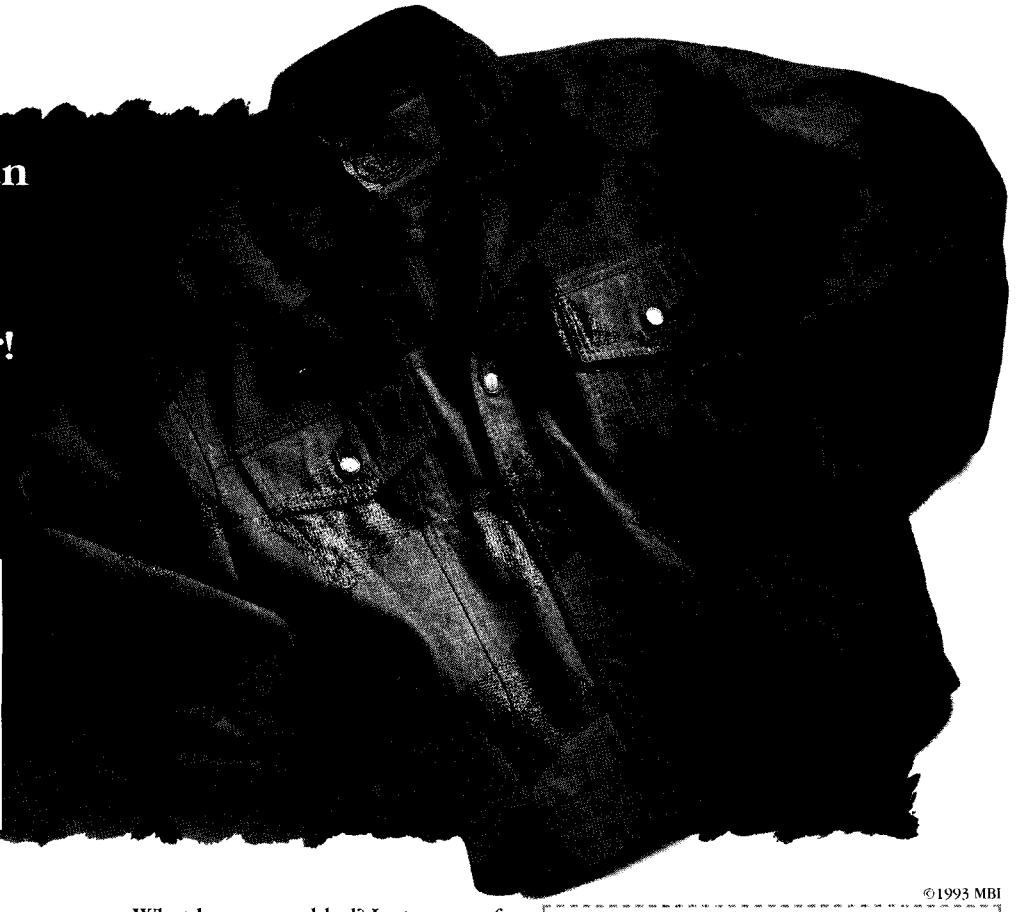
Larry Bows Out

THE GOOD news about the special prosecutor's final report on the Iran–Contra affair is that Lawrence Walsh and his cadre of the "best and brightest" will no longer be with us. They

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CLASSIC JEAN JACKET...
NOW IN GENUINE LEATHER!

The all-American favorite, re-created in butter-soft nubuck leather!



Nubuck leather is rugged, yet incredibly soft. Suede is soft but it's not very durable. Shows wear and weather. Nubuck is the leather tanners' answer. It has the soft, buttery feel of suede. But it's tough as buckskin. And authentically western: strong, handsome, at home on the range.

Only rugged men could drive great herds of cattle across endless miles of Western prairie. And only a tough jacket could take the wear and tear of the trail. That's why generations of cowhands have sworn by their denim jean jackets. Today the jean jacket is a good-looking, great-fitting worldwide favorite ... ask anyone who has ever owned one!

Now, Willabee & Ward re-creates the classic American cowboy jacket in luxurious, suede-like "nubuck" leather!

Same great details as the original!

This meticulously tailored jacket boasts all the great looks, comfort and details of the original jean jacket. The metal button-front closures, the tapered fit, adjustable side plackets, button-close and side-entry pockets, and, of course, the authentic western topstitching.

What have we added? Just some of the toughest, butter-soft leather you've ever seen. And a smooth, satin blend lining. The result — a magnificent jacket that's perfect year-round for hard-working wear or a night on the town.

Just $195! Convenient monthly installments.

Available exclusively from Willabee & Ward, the genuine leather classic jean jacket comes in saddle tan and is priced at just $195 (plus $9.50 shipping and handling). Payable in six convenient monthly credit card installments of only $34.08. Complete with a *30-day money-back guarantee*. Available in four popular sizes for men and women: S, M, L, and XL. Have questions about sizing? Call us — we'll fit you right over the phone. Phone orders are normally shipped the next business day.

CALL TOLL-FREE:
1-800-367-4534 EXT. 689-127

©1993 MBI

Willabee & Ward
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

WILLABEE & WARD W&W

Satisfaction Guaranteed

CALL TOLL-FREE:
1-800-367-4534 Ext. 689-127

Please send me ____ Genuine Leather Jean Jacket(s).
Size(s) (Circle):

	Small	Medium	Large	Extra Large
Men's	(36 - 38)	(40 - 42)	(44 - 46)	(48 - 50)
Women's	(8 - 10)	(12 - 14)	(16 - 18)	(20 - 22)

☐ For each jacket, charge 6 installments of $34.08* to my credit card.

☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(All orders subject to acceptance.)

☐ I prefer not to use my credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my check for $195 plus $9.50 shipping and handling, a total of $204.50* for each jacket.

*Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment. Higher shipping and handling outside U.S.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have overstayed their fifteen minutes of fame by approximately seven years.

Yet Lawrence Walsh remained true to form. Those who have seen the final report describe it as placing considerable blame upon Ronald Reagan and George Bush—the former for having "set the stage" for wrongdoing in the White House by his management style, the latter for having failed to tell the truth about his role in the affair.

But real prosecutors speak through their charging decisions. If Ronald Reagan "set the stage" for a crime, then Mr. Walsh should secure an indictment for conspiracy to commit, or aiding and abetting in, criminal activity. If George Bush failed to tell the truth to investigators, then Mr. Walsh should indict him for perjury. That he has *not* done so speaks to the quality of the evidence in his possession.

Special prosecutors, just like not-so-special prosecutors, do not have a roving commission to comment on passing events or to make ethical judgments on

RIGHT DATA

The Shrinking Minimum?

'WE CAN increase the earned income tax credit by a couple of billion dollars a year and, far more efficiently than raising the minimum wage, lift the working poor out of poverty." President Clinton is right. The EITC increases the take-home pay of low-skilled workers without reducing the demand for such workers. But despite passage of a more generous EITC in August, President Clinton still wants to raise the minimum wage.

Approximately 5.7 million Americans—about one out of every twenty workers paid by the hour—make the minimum wage or less. Although the minimum wage is touted as an anti-poverty device, the CBO reports that more than 80 per cent of minimum-wage earners are *not* poor. Almost one-fifth live in multi-worker households with combined annual incomes greater than $50,000. More than half are between 16 and 24 years of age.

Selected Minimum-Wage History

Effective Date	Amount	In 1991 Dollars	As % of Avg. Wage
Jan. 25, 1950	$0.75	$4.44	54
Feb. 1, 1968	1.60	6.28	54
May 1, 1974	2.00	5.78	46
Jan. 1, 1980	3.10	5.35	44
Jan. 1, 1981	3.35	5.24	43
April 1, 1990	3.80	4.14	35
April 1, 1991	4.25	4.25	38
Nov. 1, 1993	4.25	4.07	36

Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The free-market argument—that higher wages reduce employment unless offset by higher labor productivity—has traditionally blunted demands for a higher minimum. But in recent years two things have changed. First, with the minimum wage frozen between 1981 and 1990, it has declined both in real terms and relative to average manufacturing wages. With the average manufacturing wages expected to be $11.50 per hour in 1994, the AFL-CIO is pushing for a $5.75 minimum—35 per cent above the current level.

The problem, of course, is that minimum-wage coverage now extends far beyond manufacturing, to low-skilled jobs in retail stores, hotels, small businesses, and fast-food restaurants. The productivity of manufacturing workers increased 22 per cent over the past twenty years. In contrast, service-sector productivity has been flat or, as in the case of restaurants and the retail sector, declining. The decline in the constant-dollar value of the minimum wage has prompted Robert Reich and others to call for indexation. But when you add in the employer's share of Social Security taxes and unemployment insurance, it cost $4.78 to hire a minimum-wage worker in 1992, or only slightly below the $4.96 (1992 dollars) cost of 1960. From the *employer's* viewpoint, labor costs are already indexed.

Secondly, research by liberal economists suggests that a higher minimum wage may actually stimulate employment, by drawing more teenagers into the labor force and reducing employee turnover. A chief proponent of this "new view," Harvard Professor Lawrence Katz, has been appointed chief economist at the Department of Labor. Yet the studies conducted by Mr. Katz and his colleagues are seriously flawed, focusing on a single rise in the minimum wage (1990–91), a single demographic group (teenagers), a single industry (fast food), and even a single state (Texas). The "new view" economists never ask whether employment might have increased still faster had the minimum wage not been raised, or whether the harmful effects might occur over a period of years. Although estimates vary, the consensus of non-political studies is that every 10 per cent rise in the minimum wage reduces teenage employment by 1.5 per cent. Applying this result to the two-step rise between 1981 and 1991 (27 per cent) implies a 4 per cent reduction in employment—or 240,000 teenagers. Presumably Messrs. Reich and Katz think they will put the time to good use.

—Ed Rubenstein

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CPAC '94

The American Conservative Union

in cooperation with

Human Events and National Review

cordially invites you to the 21st Annual

Conservative Political Action Conference

CPAC '94

takes place February 10-12, 1994

Omni Shoreham Hotel, Washington, D.C.

Reagan

Kirkpatrick

Quayle

DuPont

Bennett

Dole

Kemp

Schlafly

Helms

Gramm

The stars will shine for three days when Conservatives worldwide gather at the largest Conference in CPAC's 20 year history. Leaders of the Conservative movement will examine Clinton's liberal tax and spend policies and his ventures in the international arena, and take an in depth look at what must be done to put America back on the right course.

Heroes of the past meet with the rising stars of the future at this extraordinary event. Invited speakers include: Ronald Reagan, Robert Dole, Jack Kemp, Phil Gramm, Bill Bennett, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Jesse Helms, Dan Quayle, Lynne Cheney, Dick Cheney, P.J. O'Rourke, Carroll Campbell, Tommy Thompson, Newt Gingrich, Rush Limbaugh and others.

CPAC is co-sponsored by more than 40 national conservative organizations

☑ Register for CPAC '94 Today

_____ Conference w/Presidential & Awards Banquets*: $310 per person. After 12/15/93: $330 per person $ _____.

_____ Conference with Awards Banquet*: $155 per person. After 12/15/93: $165 per person $ _____.

*(includes 2 Continental breakfasts and 2 receptions)

_____ Conference Only: $60 per person $ _____. Student Rate: $40 per person. $ _____.

_____ Presidential Banquet Only: $265 per person. $ _____. After 12/15/93: $275 per person. $ _____.

Name: _____

Name for Badge if different _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone: (H) _____ (W) _____

___VISA ___MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name on Credit Card _____ Total Charge $ _____

Make checks payable to CPAC '94; (a $1 service charge will be added for Credit Cards)

Return to: **CPAC '94 Registration**
919 Prince Street
Alexandria, VA 22314

NR

Or Call: **(703) 739-2550**
(703) 548-7657(FAX)
(800) 752-4391 (Toll Free)

Photographs courtesy Robert Knudsen Photography

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

individuals. To the extent that they go beyond their mission and impugn people's reputations—without affording them the opportunity to defend themselves in the courtroom—they abuse their trust.

But it would miss the point to see Mr. Walsh as the principal problem here. The special prosecutor in the case of former Attorney General Edwin Meese was similarly unable to resist offering personal observations about his prey even while he grudgingly acknowledged that Mr. Meese had committed no crime. The institution itself is flawed, in that it invites its holders to make *ex cathedra* pronouncements, it is susceptible to political abuse, and it is in violation of the Constitution on both separation-of-powers and due-process grounds.

The reluctance of Democrats on the Hill to extend the special-prosecutor law this year speaks clearly to its partisan purposes. While we might take some satisfaction in watching Ron Brown fend off his own personal prosecutor for the next seven years, we would ultimately take even more satisfaction in seeing Mr. Walsh's legacy be the demise of his office.

Gun Law

"THE ADVANTAGE that the Americans have over every other nation," wrote James Madison, "is that they are armed." Despite the passage of the Brady Act, that advantage still exists, guaranteed by the Second Amendment which Madison wrote.

The short-term goal of the Brady Act is not unreasonable. It mandates a five-day waiting period for any purchase of handguns; in five years, when the computer technology to make instant record checks will presumably exist, the waiting period will vanish. Felons and madmen will still be able to get guns, but this modest roadblock may slow some of them up, and hence prevent a handful of crimes.

But the campaign for the Brady Act was also a moral crusade against the legitimacy of gun ownership. In that context, it is necessary to restate the unpleasant facts (unpleasant for gun-banners, that is): Most murderers are career criminals, not normal citizens tempted into crimes of passion by the availability of weapons; handguns are more often used in repelling crimes than in committing them; crime victims who resist with a gun are less likely to be injured than those who resist by other means, or who do what the criminal tells them; the low crime rates in countries with tough gun laws pre-date the laws themselves, and are cultural in nature.

Beaten on the facts, proponents of tougher gun control typically retreat to the Constitution, citing the subordinate clause of the Second Amendment linking the right to keep and bear arms to the maintenance of militias. Yet they are on dubious ground even here. Militias were used in two major wars, the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, to repel invasion and to suppress rebellion. The British haven't invaded in a while, and there are no revolts brewing. But there is a serious threat to domestic tranquillity from crime—so serious that Sharon Pratt Kelly, the mayor of Washington, D.C., recently asked Congress to send in the National Guard to restore order. She was obliged to take that step since Washington has some of the strictest gun-control laws in the country, and therefore could not rely on its own citizens to protect themselves.

The relation of militias and self-defense is a lot tighter than many a link—such as, between free speech and table dancing—that constitutional scholars accept without blinking. Hence the Brady Act, though irrelevant in practical terms, is another sign that for liberals a Constitution is what you make it. Still, the Second Amendment must be a stumbling block to the agenda of the new Act's supporters.

They're Making a List

'Twas the night before Christmas,
  And all through Detroit
Not a worker could dream up
  A trick so adroit
It would clobber the Clintons
  Without the return
Of Republicans—causing
  Intestinal burn.

W. H. VON DREELE

Muddling Down

IT IS a common affliction of democratic societies, or at least of their governments, that they can be worn down by the ruthless pressure of a determined opponent. This is the sad lesson of the recently revealed communications between the Provisional Irish Republican Army and the British government. At the end of November, after a series of press leaks, John Major's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Sir Patrick Mayhew, acknowledged that the government had been in contact with the IRA since February on the subject of a possible ceasefire, and he published the correspondence.

Whatever the artfully guarded phraseology of the British messages to the IRA, the very fact of these exchanges, compounded now by their publication, has negative consequences. It erodes the vital principle of never negotiating with terrorists. It legiti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mizes the IRA as Britain's equal, and it will almost certainly embolden it to step up its pressures—including violent ones—to achieve its objectives.

British policy in Northern Ireland, for several years, has been a strange mixture of tenacity and guilty conscience. Britain has been willing to suffer casualties and has continued to insist that no change in Northern Ireland's status can occur without the consent of a majority of its population. But there is almost a wistful secret hope that the Catholics will procreate fast enough to take London off the hook of its own majoritarian formula.

Indeed, it is no secret: Mayhew's statement accepts the possibility that "the eventual outcome . . . could be a united Ireland." Realistic though this sounds, it is in fact a fantasy of a different kind. There are two nations in Ireland, and each is determined not to be governed by the other. That determination will not be altered by a demographic change—the Protestant nation that has been resisting Irish unity for over a hundred years would not simply accede to it because it has become 49 per cent of the population of the North. That would simply remove the democratic disguise from what has always been a nationalist struggle.

Britain might withdraw in these circumstances, but the result would not be a united Ireland, but full-scale civil war and the likely establishment of a smaller but wholly Protestant Northern Ireland. In the meantime, by talking in terms of eventual Irish unity, Britain raises the hopes of those determined to drive it out, and persuades the Protestants that

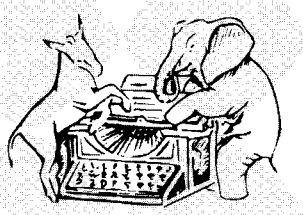
POLITICAL NOTEBOOK

■ **Wisconsin**: In 1985, when Herb Kohl was just a wealthy supermarket-chain owner, he bought the Milwaukee Bucks basketball team; had he not done so, they likely would have moved to another state, as many other businesses were doing. A few years later, he used his wealth (*Roll Call* estimates it at $250 million) to capitalize on that bit of local nationalism to run as a Democrat and win the Senate seat vacated by William Proxmire.

His tenure has been undistinguished. He has harassed no women, accepted no dubious donations. Essentially he has just carried the bucket for the state. He earnestly supports typical Democratic legislation; he fought for a law requiring that farm commodities be shipped from the Great Lakes; and he voted for Mr. Clinton's budget, then ran TV ads to explain why (an apology?).

So he is an easy target because he can be labeled a rich guy who goes to Washington to cut spending and instead signs up for pork with Clinton; yet he's tough to beat because he's a rich guy. But at least three Republicans are willing to try: Matt Gunderson, a pro-choice moderate, brother to the like-minded congressman, Steve; Bob Welch, conservative state representative; and Cathy Zeuske, state treasurer, married to State Rep. John Gard, one of the state's conservative Young Turks.

Miss Zeuske and Mr. Welch are both pro-life and both talk of cutting taxes, spending, and big government. That said, Miss Zeuske has the advantage of having won statewide office and of appealing to a constituency that sided with Kohl in 1988: women. Since she entered the race Kohl has reorganized his staff to put himself in campaign mode. She too has worked quickly to rebuild her base, and begin raising much-needed funds. 1994 could be the year of the woman.



■ **Tennessee**: James Sasser is an earnest and energetic senator. He visits all parts of the state: hiking mountains, visiting plants, and acting genuinely concerned about his constituents. In Washington, too, he looks after his constituents—fellow Democrats. Sasser is chairman of the Budget Committee, which decides spending levels for various programs. Earlier this year he recommended more spending than Mr. Clinton proposed in his stimulus package—the President won out, only to be beaten by a Republican filibuster. But Mr. Sasser had his consolations: he defeated a proposal by Sam Nunn to curb the growth of entitlements. Sen. Sasser says it will be nearly impossible to halve the deficit by 1997. Several Republicans want to challenge him and his way of thinking.

One is a county official, Harold Sterling, who has been in Republican politics for years, losing a primary to Lamar Alexander years back. He's a worthy candidate, but he has been tardy in building an organization and recruiting backers.

Two main contenders are Byron Bush, a Nashville dentist, and Bill Frist, who transplants hearts for a living. Both favor reducing taxes, spending, and big government. Both favor term limits. Coming from the medical profession, they have serious thoughts and experiences on health care: both oppose the Clinton path and wish to form a system responsive to the market and which would maintain America's superiority in the field.

Bush is pro-life; Frist pro-choice, but stresses moral opposition and the need for parental notification. Frist is wealthy, having helped his brother privatize some Tennessee hospitals, and well-known, chairing highly visible panels in his field.

In the end, it's likely to be a race between these two reform candidates. We urge that they bash it out early, discover which of them has the better chance, and then both focus their energy on defeating Jim Sasser, who proudly touts his role in the devastating tax bills of 1990 and 1993.

—Geoffrey Morris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Not the *three Kings?!"*

they will have to rely on their own terrorists against the IRA. This is not a theoretical risk—"loyalist" murders of Catholics have for the first time outnumbered IRA murders in the last year. That is part of the explanation for the IRA's interest in talks.

But the IRA is the principal agent of the continuing struggle; in the event of peace, the "loyalist" terrorists would simply retire. And the IRA is "very much still in business," warned Conor Cruise O'Brien in the London *Independent*. Dr. O'Brien cited a twenty-year history of British contacts with the IRA, whose only result was to keep the British off balance. "One way to conduct a sophisticated terrorist campaign," he suggested, "is to feign to be about to give it up, on the basis of an ever-elusive compromise, and with the aid of a never-ending supply of Lenin's 'useful idiots.' The soil of both our islands is fertile in these." Some in high places, it seems.

Asbestos Scare-Mongering

SHOWING exactly the respect for scientific fact that is expected of the *National Enquirer*, the *New York Times* hustled up a vast school asbestos scare through most of September, writing breathlessly of "cancer causing material . . . which may be lurking" behind school walls. The scare resulted in late openings for many schools and the spending of $119 million on emergency "cleanup."

And all the while, the *Times* was censoring the views of experts on asbestos. We learn from the Washington-based Science and Environment Policy Project that some of the world's leading asbestos researchers wrote a letter to the *Times* arguing that the "epidemic of fear" was unwarranted.

"There is virtually no risk to schoolchildren from asbestos in the city public schools—unless asbestos is removed improperly," the letter said. Drafted by Dr. Brooke Mossman, a pathologist specializing in asbestos at the University of Vermont, and Dr. Bernard Gee of the Yale School of Medicine, the report was also signed by 15 other leading asbestos experts.

They wrote: "As scientists and physicians, including toxicologists, surgeons, clinical pulmonologists, fiber analysts, pathologists, epidemiologists . . . we conclude that the doses of asbestos fibers which may have caused cancer in [shipyard and mining] workplaces vastly exceed those to which schoolchildren will ever be exposed. Unless it can be demonstrated that the airborne levels of asbestos in city schools greatly exceed all the data on building levels of asbestos published to date, we believe the risk to schoolchildren is a non-problem." The letter should have been the basis of a front-page report, but it ran neither as a news report, nor as a commentary, nor even as a letter. It was spiked.

The scientists added that the only possible risk came from asbestos removal, which greatly increases levels of the fiber in the air. In some cases asbestos removal has raised airborne asbestos to the levels of wartime shipyards. "Except under unusual conditions, such as demolition or extensive renovation, we strongly advise against asbestos removal in schools. It is scientifically unsound, economically wasteful, and medically imprudent."

Dr. Mossman, co-drafter of the letter, said there was a theoretical risk in the range of 0.005 to 0.009 deaths per million children from school asbestos. This compared with a known incidence of 10 per million from playing high-schoool football. But that fact would have gotten in the way of a good scare story.

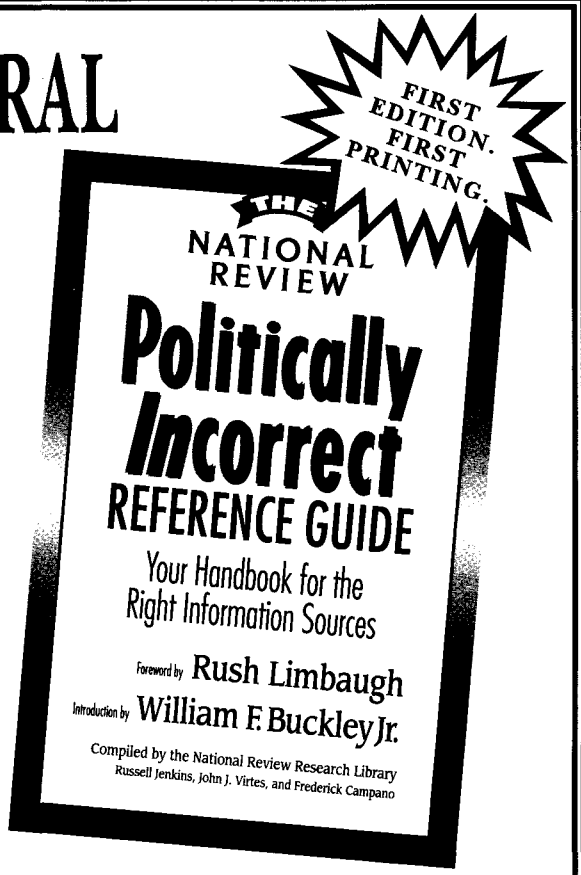
Anthony Burgess, R I P

ANTHONY BURGESS, who has died of cancer at 76, was something of an anomalous figure in the republic of letters. His literary masters were Sterne, Joyce, and Waugh. As such masters would suggest, he was immensely inventive with words. The band of delinquents who beat, maim, and steal in his futuristic *A Clockwork Orange* (1962) speak a dialect Burgess invented out of English and American slang, Russian, gypsy argot, and Jacobean prose.

A Clockwork Orange can be read as an "answer" to Norman Mailer's "The White Negro" (1957) and other works of that period recommending crime and even murder as expressions of existential freedom. In his famous essay, Mailer recommended that whites emulate precisely those traits that, even as he wrote, were producing what we now call the black

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Had Enough Liberal Desinformation, Distortion, and Political Correctness?


FIRST EDITION. FIRST PRINTING.
THE NATIONAL REVIEW
Politically Incorrect
REFERENCE GUIDE
Your Handbook for the Right Information Sources
Foreword by Rush Limbaugh
Introduction by William F. Buckley Jr.
Compiled by the National Review Research Library
Russell Jenkins, John J. Virtes, and Frederick Campano

Then You Need *the* Conservative Handbook for Reliable Information: *The National Review Politically* Incorrect *Reference Guide*

Frustrating, isn't it? You're researching a report, or just simply looking up data, and the only information sources that popular reference guides direct you to are decidedly liberal.

Like you, we at *National Review* have found that experience *exasperating*. And *too* frequent. So we decided to rectify the situation by assigning our crack research library staff this mission: to create a politically *in*correct reference guide – a *reliable* handbook that would list and categorize *the* conservative authorities on hundreds of topics.

Mission accomplished. After a thousand-plus man-hours of research, we are pleased to announce our new book: ***The National Review Politically Incorrect Reference Guide***, a 324-page (quality softcover) compilation of thousands of information sources – it's a huge bibliography of conservative and politically incorrect organizations, books, and articles – on hundreds of issues.

This extremely useful new reference work, featuring a Foreword by Rush Limbaugh and an Introduction by William F. Buckley Jr., will help you find the *right* information on just about any subgect. Its very afforable price: *only* $19.95.

You need ***NR's Politically Incorrect Reference Guide*** not only for yourself. That young student – your child, grandchild, niece, nephew or neighbor – will also find it of endless use throughout their school years.

Order your copy *today*!

☐ **YES**, I've had enough. Rush me __ copies of ***NR's Politically Incorrect Reference Guide*** @ $19.95 each (plus $3.00 per copy for shipping/handling charges). I enclose payment of $ _____. Send to:

Name_____

Address_____

City _____

State _____ Zip_____

☐ Check enclosed.

Make checks payable to National Review.
Mail to: National Review/Reference Guide
150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016
All foreign orders add $4.00 per book.
NY State residents must add sales tax.

122793

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"underclass." In *A Clockwork Orange*, the young thugs are scarcely existential heroes. The surrounding society does not provide the norms which, internalized, allow for civilization. In the underclass foreseen in *A Clockwork Orange*, Mr. Mailer's sentimental dream has become our own nightmare.

Burgess's productivity was extraordinary: some fifty novels, much nonfiction, TV scripts and journalism, notable translations, and a substantial body of serious music. He was one of the first-rank writers of the period following World War II—and yet he is not much read in the universities here or in England, and he is seldom a point of critical reference. It may be that his immense body of work will require time for assimilation and placement.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If the next presidential spouse is a doctor, will we finally get lawyer reform?

Sincerely,
Brian Baugus
Easton, Md.

■ Memo to: Our readers
From: WFB

Mr. John Kunich has written a fine song on political correctness (©1993 John C. Kunich), suitable for singing in the shower. He has recorded this song on tape, and it is yours for the special price of $5. Send your check to John Kunich, 5445 Delmonico Drive, Apt. #213, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80919.

PC (Politically Correct)

Chorus: PC, PC, politically correct,
PC, PC, politically correct,
PC, PC, politically correct,
I'm still not inoffensive, but I'll get there yet.

I don't overeat—I'm calorically abundant.
I don't talk too much—I'm rhetorically redundant.
I'm not bald—that description is deficient;
The PC term is follicularly efficient. (*Chorus.*)

Don't say "animal"; dogs and cats hate it—
Just say "differently speciated."
Fido's not your pet; this oppression must end—
He's your evolutionarily challenged friend.
(*Chorus.*)

Sex-care provider–not prostitute.
Differently affluent—not destitute.
Heartbeat inconvenienced—not dying.
Alternatively truthful—not lying.
Personage of marble—not statue.
Eco-friendly bungalow—not igloo.
Botanical companion—not flower.
Uniquely flavorful—not sour.

Pardon me, excuse me,
I'm so sorry, please forgive me
If I've left out your favorite group,
But PC changes faster than alphabet soup.
(*Chorus.*)

I don't read Shakespeare; he's a dead white
European male,
Bad as Columbus, and he couldn't even sail.
I pray to God, asking Him or Her
To make me as PC as She or He can take me.
(*Chorus.*)

Nontraditionally gentle—not violent.
Judiciously eloquent—not silent.
Creatively reasonable—not crazy.
Energy efficient—not lazy.

Momentarily abled—not healthy.
Poverty resistant—not wealthy.
Cosmetically exploited—not ugly.
Victimized by lookism—not lovely.

Otherly attenuated—not small.
Vertically acquisitive—not tall.
Outstandingly opinionated—not mad.
Differently comical—not sad.

Exceptionally annuated—not old.
Inwardly demonstrative—not cold.
Specially coordinated—not klutzy.
Flexibly logical—not nutsy. (*Chorus.*)

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The passage of time apparently redefines the words we use on a daily basis. For example, take the words "liberal" and "liberalism." According to *The Living Webster Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language*, liberalism is defined as "a theory advocating individual freedom from governmental control and a market which is self-regulating."

With that stated, I leave it up to you to decide whether Bill Clinton and his ilk are really liberals.

Sincerely,
Diane Palmer
Gulfport, Miss.

Dear Miss Palmer: I'm afraid it doesn't work. Liberalism in America tends to define those . . . people, and of course they welcome government control. The only thing the modern liberal is interested in liberating, said Santayana about 75 years ago, "is man from his marriage contract." Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE SCENE

Mr. President, You're No LBJ

VIN WEBER

Alan Nahigian

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AS THE 103rd Congress closed up shop for the holidays, Democratic leaders on Capitol Hill were predictably boasting how productive President Clinton's first legislative year had been. House Speaker Tom Foley said Clinton's accomplishments in 1993 rivaled "the first years of Dwight D. Eisenhower's and Lyndon B. Johnson's Presidencies." The *Washington Post* echoed this sentiment in a front-page article, gushing that "in a triumph of substance over style, President Clinton and the 103rd Congress broke through the legislative gridlock that has gripped Washington in recent years, stumbling to one of the most fruitful first years of an Administration in decades."

The comparisons are, as Newt Gingrich recently put it, "a joke." Clinton passed no original legislation on the scale of the Civil Rights Act or Medicare. "You can't find a single bill they passed this year that resembles a medium-sized bill under Lyndon Johnson," said Gingrich, "unless it's the $255-billion tax increase."

Most of the praise Clinton has been receiving relates not to the weight of any new legislation that was passed, but to how well he and the Democratic leadership in Congress got along. They passed a record number of bills, and completed the year with no vetoes (only the second time that has happened in six decades).

In the first place, with the Democrats in control of the White House and both houses of Congress, it would have been surprising for them *not* to get along. But as to the quality of Clinton's legislative accomplishments this year, they consisted mostly of averting disasters. The vote on his $255-billion tax bill, for example, came just after his first legislative foray—the so-called economic "stimulus" package—was killed by a Republican filibuster in the Senate. In the wake of that embarrassing defeat, Clinton *had* to pass his budget. He pulled out the razor-thin final vote only through last-minute pleading to Democratic lawmakers that his Presidency was on the line, last-minute pork-barrel deals, and a skillful bail-out by Speaker Foley and Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell, who brought their full weight to bear on wavering Democratic members.

Furthermore, congressional Democrats had so reworked, altered, and revised the legislation that the final budget barely resembled the one the President had originally submitted to Congress. Asked just before the vote whether the final bill was to the President's liking, a senior White House official said, "At this point we're for whatever will pass." The budget did pass—by just one vote, and without the support of a single Republican. In the end, the President was seen more as having avoided humiliating defeat than having successfully championed his agenda in Congress.

On NAFTA, Mr. Clinton does indeed deserve credit for forcing the agreement through an unwilling Congress. But the NAFTA vote also reveals how much of a congressionally led party the Democrats currently are.

Clinton's supposed lieutenants in Congress—Majority Leader Dick Gephardt and Majority Whip David Bonior—openly rebelled against their President and used their leadership positions to organize the campaign against his legislation. This is unprecedented in recent history. Even when President Bush announced the 1990 budget deal, Republican leaders who opposed the deal never abused their leadership offices to fight their own President's agenda. As it was, Clinton had to turn to his bitter enemies—Newt Gingrich and other congressional Republicans—to provide the margin of victory on NAFTA.

Then, instead of building on the stature he gained from his NAFTA victory to begin pushing a New Democrat agenda, Clinton quickly moved to "heal the wounds" with the liberal coalition in Congress. He immediately allied himself with this liberal coalition to defeat the bipartisan Penny–Kasich deficit-reduction bill. And he back-pedaled on welfare reform, reintroducing the discredited idea of providing government subsidies to private businesses to hire welfare recipients. Now, as Clinton takes on the issue that could define his Presidency, health-care reform, he is again in danger of being co-opted by the liberal leadership in Congress.

When the President announced his health-care agenda to a joint session of Congress earlier this year, he immediately conceded that the only point in his proposal that was non-negotiable was the principle of universal coverage. Everything else, he said, was on the table. This all but guaranteed that the final product of next year's health-care debate will be congressionally driven legislation. Stan Greenberg, Clinton's pollster, has been urging him to find common ground with advocates of a Canadian-style single-payer program. Liberal senators such as Ted Kennedy and Paul Wellstone are gearing up to take advantage of this.

Mr. Weber, a former congressman from Minnesota, is co-chairman of Empower America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile, President Clinton's approval ratings have hung consistently in the mid forties, the lowest level of any President since such statistics have been kept. And his party suffered a total collapse in this November's elections, losing the governorships of Virginia and New Jersey and the mayoralty of New York to Republican challengers.

This has clearly been a source of frustration for the President. In his recent interview with *Rolling Stone*, he vented his anger, charging that he has been unable to build popular support because the media have not given him due credit for his bold agenda and many accomplishments. "I have fought more damn battles for more things than any President has in twenty years, with the possible exception of Reagan's first budget, and not gotten one damn bit of credit from the knee-jerk liberal press, and I am sick and tired of it and you can put that in your damn article," Clinton growled. The President cannot understand why, with gridlock in Washington broken, the voters are still unhappy.

What he has failed to grasp is that the American people voted for Clinton in 1992 because he campaigned as a *New* Democrat, an outsider promising to bring a fresh agenda to Washington. But since taking office, the President has allowed himself to be co-opted by the only institution in Washington that was less popular than the Bush Administration—the Democratic Congress. Instead of pursuing the New Democrat policies he campaigned on, he has delivered Old Democrat policies that had been held up by gridlock for 12 years. In that way I suppose Clinton *has* been emulating LBJ.

Instead of emulating his policies, Mr. Clinton should be emulating his leadership. If the President wants to rebuild his popular support in 1994, he needs to return to his New Democrat roots and instill some discipline into the Democratic congressional leadership. With the vote on NAFTA, he proved he is capable of standing up to the Old Democrat tendencies of Congress. Now the big question of the coming year will be whether the NAFTA vote was just an aberration, or whether President Clinton can really transform the Democratic Party back into the presidential party it was under Lyndon Johnson. □

Back in the USSR

JOHNATHAN SUNLEY

BAKU

THE LAST TIME I had been in Baku was in 1986. Then, thanks to the policy of *glasnost* promoted by the recently appointed leader of the CPSU, Mikhail Gorbachev, the first articles were starting to appear about the corruption of the man who during the 1970s had ruled Azerbaijan like his personal fiefdom. One year later, Geidar Aliev retired from the Politburo in disgrace.

But Aliev has had the last laugh. Today Gorbachev is a political has-been and occasional columnist for *La Stampa*, while October saw Aliev confirmed president of the now independent state of Azerbaijan with an astounding 98.8 per cent of the vote.

It wasn't meant to be like this. In June 1992, Abulfez Elchibey was elected president with a rather more credible two-thirds of the vote. A specialist in Arabic philology, Elchibey was imprisoned in the 1970s for "anti-Soviet propaganda" while Aliev was showering Leonid Brezhnev with gifts so lavish that they once caused the Soviet leader to break down in tears of gratitude. (The present was a fabulous diamond ring with one large stone, symbolizing Brezhnev, surrounded by a constellation of smaller ones, representing the 15 republics.)

"Well, Azeri winters don't seem much better than Soviet ones."

Like a number of other ex-dissidents, however, in office Elchibey was both too strong and too weak. On the one hand, he made several dubious appointments which offended his intellectual allies from the Popular Front; on the other, he failed to take tough measures against the old Communist *nomenklatura*, which was already plotting his downfall. Above all, he proved incapable of reversing the tide of Armenian victories in the war for Nagorno–Karabakh—the main issue on which he had come to power.

But none of this accounts for his sudden decision to resign. Unless, that is, you accept the embarrassed explanation offered by his successor, the resilient Mr. Aliev, at a meeting held for the benefit of diplomats and journalists on the eve of the October polling. It was a vintage performance from the seventy-year-old former KGB general. For hour upon hour he talked about what had happened—"He begged me to take over . . . I begged him to stay"—without once mentioning the key factor: a column of troops bearing down on Baku, led by a mutinous colonel and provided with Russian arms.

The truth is that the only choice exercised by Elchibey was in declining to put up a fight. Otherwise it was an almost exact repeat of the coup against Zviad Gamsakhurdia in Georgia—another democratically elected leader toppled by a former Politburo member with Russian connections. And, like Eduard Shevardnadze, Aliev quickly clamped down on the opposition. There have been cases of torture, and censorship is rife.

Still, it can't be denied that many Azeris look to Aliev to restore political and economic stability. More than anything, they expect him to solve the problem of Nagorno–Karabakh. As a result of successful Armenian offensives there this year, 20 per cent of Azerbaijan is now under occupation and some of its one million refugees (out of a population of 7.5 million) have started to spill across the border

Mr. Sunley is editor of the East European Reporter *and author of* Hungary: The Triumph of Compromise *(Institute for European Defense and Strategic Studies, 1993). He attended the election in Azerbaijan as an observer with the British Helsinki Human Rights Group.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maybe Clinton should read his mail from time to time.

It might help!

FEATURED COLUMNISTS

William Rusher
Jeane Kirkpatrick
Joseph Sobran
Brent Bozell
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
James Kilpatrick
Don Feder
Oliver North
Mona Charen
Andy Seamans
William Buckley
Paul Harvey
Donald Lambro
Walter Williams
Edward Grimsley
Thomas Sowell
Samuel Francis

CONTRIBUTING COLUMNISTS

Jeffrey Hart
Stephen Chapman
Cal Thomas
William Murchison
Charley Reese
Suzanne Fields
Evans & Novak
Paul Craig Roberts
George Will
Phyllis Schlafly
William Safire
Doug Bandow

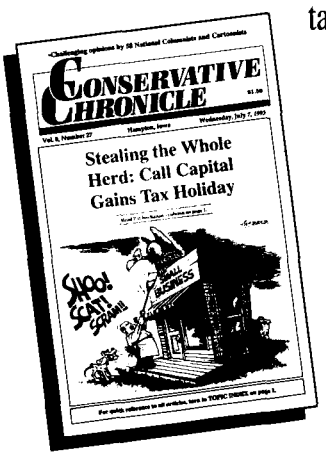
CONTRIBUTING CARTOONISTS

Bill De Ore
Jeff MacNelly
Steve Benson
Steve Kelley
Mike Shelton
Henry Payne
David Horsey
Dick Wright
Jarry Barnett
Dan Foote
Wayne Stayskal
Dick Locher
Gary Brookins
Bob Gorrell
Mike Ramirez
Bob Taylor
John Trevor
Clyde Wells
David Cantrow
Mark Cullum
Ken Alexander
Dana Summers
Walt Handelsman

Now you can follow what the nation's finest conservative columnists are saying about the Clinton administration's handling of health care reform, foreign policy, trade issues, welfare reform, and worldwide crisis spots . . . all in one convenient weekly source—the *Conservative Chronicle.*

Every week you'll enjoy the opinions of distinguished syndicated newspaper columnists and cartoonists. In all, more than 28 nationally respected columnists and 26 cartoonists with conservative appeal. A full 32 pages of intelligent, witty and insightful commentary addressing the hottest political issues today. As you can see, we know where to find the humor in the politics of the current administration.

All 52 issues are yours for only $42.00! Cancel at any time—for any reason—and get a full refund on unmailed copies. Get the complete story. Don't miss this great line-up of conservative thinkers. Call **toll-free 1-800-888-3039** or mail our coupon to take advantage of this exceptional value!



Conservative Chronicle Box 11297-NR, Des Moines, IA 50340-1297

YES, I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $42.00 (add $25.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.

Payment: ❒ Check ❒ Bill me ❒ VISA ❒ MC

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into Iran. It is commonly believed that the Russians have been backing the Armenians.

Yet if Azeris think that Aliev will use his influence in Moscow to win back part of the land they have lost, they could be deceiving themselves. There is no doubt that Aliev is an experienced and cunning politician. Look what he achieved in Nakhichevan, some Azeris will tell you, referring to the southwestern province where Aliev was born and to which he returned after his career in the Soviet capital came to its inglorious end.

Nakhichevan is an oddity: a pocket of land inside Armenia which, despite always having been geographically cut off, belongs to Azerbaijan (whereas Nagorno–Karabakh, a largely Armenian enclave inside Azerbaijan, has belonged to Azerbaijan). Soon after the war over Nagorno–Karabakh broke out, Armenia began blockading Nakhichevan, with the result that food and fuel became nearly unobtainable. Arriving in 1990, Aliev immediately began personal negotiations with the rulers of neighboring Turkey and Iran to increase the flow of supplies. He even dealt with President Ter-Petrosyan of Armenia.

Conditions for the 350,000 inhabitants of the desolate area improved, and Aliev took the credit. Visiting a polling-station there on the day of the election, I noticed a portrait of Aliev hanging over the doorway and asked about publicity for the other two candidates (admittedly both stooges drafted to give an impression of choice). "We don't want other candidates," I was told. "Aliev saved us."

If this sounds vaguely reminiscent of another island of calm inside a war zone, it is. Remember the Bosnian pocket of Bihac. And just as the locally revered Fikret Abdic's recent concordat with his country's main enemy, the Serbs, has shown how unfit he is to negotiate on behalf of Bosnia–Herzegovina as a whole, so Geidar Aliev is not the kind of leader who can be relied on to put Azerbaijan's interests above his own. Already he has taken his country back into the CIS. He has also spurned the excellent relations which his predecessor developed with Turkey.

And if Georgia provides a possible model for developments in Azerbaijan, then it would be premature to write off Elchibey—despite the assurances of foreign diplomats and businessmen who see Aliev as the strongman who can guarantee their countries a share in Caspian Sea oil.

Knowing that the ex-president now lives in Nakhichevan, I asked the "guides" who had accompanied me since stepping off the plane about meeting him. Hadn't Mr. Aliev himself said that in today's Azerbaijan, "Everything is open"? Yes, yes, they answered. But when the moment came to depart from our pre-arranged itinerary, they weren't so sure. One was convinced Elchibey had gone off to a wedding in another part of the country, while the other clung to a line about it being too dangerous.

Finally we took the steep mountain road to the village where the deposed president lives in a quiet compound of bungalows. Surprised to have visitors and suspicious of my escort, Elchibey took a while to come to the point. But when he did, he delivered his warning with prophet-like intensity.

His removal, he said, had been merely one part of the Russian drive to re-establish hegemony throughout the Caucasus and Central Asia. Countries like Azerbaijan or Tadjikistan (where forty thousand have died resisting neo-Communist rule) had been abandoned by the West to the Russian sphere of influence, partly out of a totally unsubstantiated fear of "Islamic fundamentalism." (Dragging on his Marlboros beneath a portrait of Kemal Ataturk, Elchibey himself hardly fits the stereotype of a fanatical Muslim.) But it wouldn't work. After all, he said referring to his successor: "How can someone who was a member of the Communist Party for nearly fifty years and who spent most of his career in Moscow run a democracy in Azerbaijan?"

Relieved that the interview was over, my guides tried to put the best possible spin on it. "You see," they insisted as we left, "he said he loves Aliev." In Azerbaijan today, it seems, everybody has to love Geidar Aliev. Even his most bitter opponent. □

Shoot-Out at the Ethics Gap

KENNETH SMITH AND RICHARD MINITER

WHEN THE news reached then-candidate Bill Clinton that State Department officials had ransacked his passport files, he indignantly declared that if it had it happened in his Administration, the offenders would have been fired "the next day."

Well, not quite. Clinton officials retrieved some 160 Bush Administration personnel files from storage and then leaked them to the press. Some surfaced in the *Washington Post* in September. There were no firings either that day or the next. Instead, the State Department's inspector general began a prolonged investigation which succeeded in keeping the scandal out of the headlines. Only when Senator Mitch McConnell (R., Ky.) held up five Clinton diplomatic appointments did an "angry and disappointed" Secretary of State Warren Christopher fire the two Clinton appointees. Clinton himself is conspicuously unindignant.

These are hard times for Democrats who once lectured Reagan officials about the "appearance of impropriety." Clinton promised "change" and a departure from the standards of the Reagan–Bush years. It's one pledge on which he has delivered, although perhaps not in the spirit he intended.

In the Reagan years, one of the harshest critics of Republican appointees was Wilderness Society president George Frampton. And yet when Frampton was nominated by Clinton as Assistant Secretary of the Interior, his finely tuned ethical sense permitted him to assume the powers of the office prematurely, flouting the constitutional prerogative of the Senate to confirm appointments.

A leaked memo signed by Frampton revealed that he was holding meetings and requiring various civil-service officials, some high-ranking, to report back by deadlines he set. Two other assistant secretaries (at the Department of Defense) were also caught acting prior to their confirmation, but each immediately apologized to inquiring senators. Frampton, however, first

Mr. Smith is an editorial-page writer for the Washington Times. *Mr. Miniter writes for* Insight.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Loyal Catholics: DON'T BE DISTRESSED

After Vatican II the number of converts to Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now that the papacy has regained its bearings and confidence, the Church has attracted a new wave of converts, including highly literate people like Malcolm Muggeridge, Richard John Neuhaus, and Lewis Lehrman.

What infuriates the neo-Modernists in the Church is that the new converts are being drawn by the Magisterium, the papacy, the Catholicism of the ages — all those things the dissenters want to dilute or dismember.

If you're distressed, consider: The dissenters are even more distressed! They know that orthodox Catholicism is back with new life and vigor, that the tide is turning. But do you know?

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine which takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England, and its inspiration from John Henry Newman. Among the converts who've written for the REVIEW are Walker Percy, Sheldon Vanauken, L. Brent Bozell, Avery Dulles, Ronda Chervin, Peter Kreeft, Thomas Howard, Paul Vitz, Russell Kirk.

According to Boston's Cardinal Law, "What is fascinating about the *New Oxford Review* is that it is a sign of contradiction": At a time when decadent Western culture has invaded the Church, and well-publicized quisling Catholics are openly defiant of Church teaching, here is a countertendency celebrating the fullness of the Truth. Yes, as *Newsweek* says, we're "cheeky." What's more, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

But don't get us wrong: We're not just for converts. We're not out to repeal Vatican II. We welcome Protestant writers, solid "mere Christians" of the C.S. Lewis variety. We don't equate Catholicism with Americanism or Western civilization. We're for Catholics with catholic tastes and inquiring minds.

If you feel overwhelmed by all the moral laxity, broken vows, doubt, and dissension within the Church's portals, cheer up by tasting the rebirth of authentic Catholic spirit in the pages of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year non-U.S. subscription . . . . . US$24 (regularly $29) Payment must be drawn in U.S. Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 357
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flatly denied having written the memo. Then, when it surfaced, he said he drafted it for another member of the department (Frampton's signature and use of the first person notwithstanding). When counsel advised that even drafting the memo was improper, Frampton said it was an oversight and he wouldn't misbehave again. (Eventually, he was confirmed.)

Ron Brown's Commerce Department, similarly, is a far cry from that of the late Malcolm Baldrige. Secretary Brown, who once lobbied on behalf of Haitian dictator "Baby Doc" Duvalier, is having a nasty brush with the law over charges that he agreed to take $700,000 in payment for trying to lift the U.S. trade embargo against Vietnam.

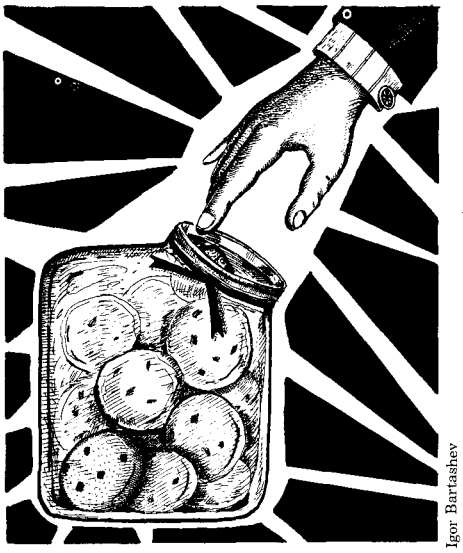
Even if he didn't take a dime, the meeting was probably illegal anyway. Congress passed the Trading with the Enemy Act in 1917 to prevent U.S. citizens from representing a country currently on the State Department's "enemies list." Vietnam, along with North Korea and Cuba, is on the list.

Brown initially denied even knowing, much less meeting with, representatives of Vietnam. But Brown's lawyers now concede that he did meet with Vietnamese officials in November and December 1992 and in May 1993. Rumors are circulating that he will quietly resign while television is busy airing Christmas specials.

The appearance of impropriety extends to the highest levels. When Hillary Clinton takes shots at the health-care industry she's not just undermining a system that provides Americans with the best care in the world—she is making money.

Mrs. Clinton is a limited partner in the Little Rock–based Valuepartners I Fund. The fund specializes in borrowing stock and selling it at the current price in hopes of replacing it later at a lower price. This gambit is known as selling a stock "short" and requires falling stock prices to be successful.

Valuepartners I Fund has been selling health-care stocks short since January, and the fund is up 14 per cent for the first eight months this year, almost double the rate of growth in the S&P 500 index. The Clintons didn't put their investments into a blind trust until July. Mrs. Clinton, who owns up to $100,000 worth of Valuepartners, denies that she has a conflict of interest.



Igor Bartashev

Through an aide, Mrs. Clinton told *Business Week* that her health-care plan doesn't target particular companies, that Congress is likely to alter it anyway, and that she, after all, is not a regulator but a mere policy planner. If Nancy Reagan had bought options on defense stocks in 1981, the anguished cry from the press would still be resonating today.

Nor is this Mrs. Clinton's only ethics problem. In the mid 1980s, she represented a business partner, James B. McDougal, who was also the owner of the failing Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan, at a time when state regulators were recommending to her husband, the governor, that the S&L be closed. Mrs. Clinton's law firm attempted to keep the S&L afloat by recommending that it get into the brokerage business. The state securities commissioner, a Clinton appointee whose husband contributed heavily to the Clinton campaigns and whose brother was Clinton's gubernatorial campaign manager, approved the plan, but the S&L failed anyway.

Federal fraud investigators are now trying to determine whether McDougal used the S&L to funnel illegal loans to state politicians, including Clinton. Other questions remain. Though Mrs. Clinton calls her involvement "minimal," it appears that while her Rose law firm was representing Madison Guaranty, she helped prepare a plan for state regulators to keep the failing thrift open. What roles did former Rose colleagues Webster Hubbell, now the unofficial attorney general, and the late Vince Foster have in this affair?

In the Reagan years, the press complained regularly about the "sleaze factor." Ed Meese perhaps got the worst of it. A Nexis search of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* for Meese's name within 25 words of "sleaze" in 1988 turned up 42 stories. A similar search for Reagan produced 64 stories from 1985 to 1988, an average of 16 a year. From December of 1992 until this November Clinton's name appears in only three stories with "sleaze."

A relentlessly skeptical press can be a most effective watchdog on our nation's leaders. During the Reagan Administration political appointees and policies were closely scrutinized. The press should give the Clinton Administration equal time. □

The New Shape of Europe

RADEK SIKORSKI

Dwor Chobielin

AT LAST, months of debate are coming to an end: Western diplomats are leaking their decision, due to be announced in January, not to admit any Central European states into the NATO alliance. Instead, Central Europeans will be encouraged to seek membership in the European Community. The idea is almost Marxist—economic integration is to be the base on which the superstructure might eventually grow. But instead of contributing to European stability, this decision may fatally weaken the elites who support capitalism and democracy in the East.

The Western security establishment's decision to spurn Central European advances looks, on the surface, hard-headed but sensible. As Lord Carrington, NATO's former secretary general, recently explained: "First, this would lead to considerable disquiet by the Russians. . . . Second, a number of the existing NATO mem-

Mr. Sikorski, NR's roving correspondent, wrote about the Afghanistan war in his book The Dust of the Saints.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

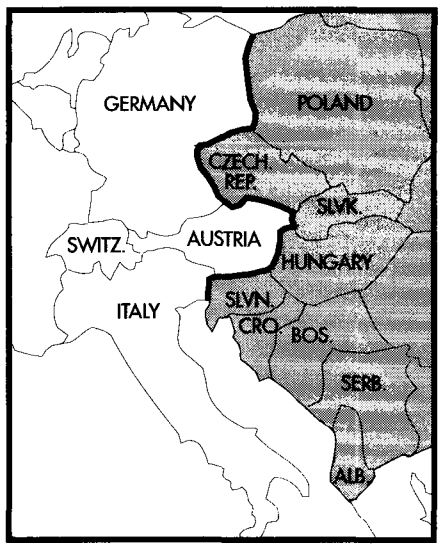
bers would not be very happy to guarantee the so-called integrity of Poland and some of the other countries." That "so-called" appears to be the nub of the matter. From it we might expect that the coming NATO summit is likely to offer Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, and Slovakia (the four serious candidates for membership) some low-grade Western equipment and the chance to fool around at occasional joint maneuvers—but not much hope of a security guarantee.

When told of the emerging NATO consensus, President Yeltsin was reported to be "thrilled." But in the countries concerned, this fateful development is producing a massive sense of betrayal. Many in the East simply do not believe the West any more, and suspect that promises of EC membership are lightly made. Certainly when the EC comes to debate Central European membership years hence, Lord Carrington's objections will apply with even greater force. Russia will again protest against being excluded and nobody will point out (as nobody points out now) that a democratic, peace-loving Russia ought to welcome the opportunity to share a border with a member of a club she aspires to join, much as Poland welcomed the unification of Germany.

In addition, some EC members will oppose our accession to the European Community with even more vigor than they now oppose our NATO aspirations. Instead of future contingencies, fundamental economic interests will be at stake. Will the EC's poorer countries—Greece, Portugal, Ireland—risk the dilution of "cohesion" funds at their expense? Will France sacrifice support for her inefficient peasants in order to help Poland's inefficient peasants? Will Europe's 20 million unemployed welcome free access to their job market by 55 million voracious new workers?

Current EC policy could hardly be less friendly. EC trade negotiators haggle over the tariffs and restrictions on every kilo of Polish raspberries, every truckload of Hungarian lamb, every ton of Czech steel—even though our exports amount to only 1 per cent of all EC imports, whereas their own exports to Central Europe grow exponentially. Every upset in the Ruhr valley leads to a change in the steel quota. Every motorway blocked with French squash causes negotiators to add new restrictions on Central European products. It is hard to believe that the EC will reform itself any time soon, and certainly not for the sake of solidarity with Central Europe.

The parallels to the 1920s and 1930s are striking. The Western establishment has similar illusions about the ability of multilateral institutions to overcome the iron laws of the balance of power, feels a similar urge to disarm, exhibits a similar indifference to the security concerns of Central Europe. In the 1920s and '30s, Europeans put their faith in the League of Nations—and saw it dashed with the invasions of Manchuria and Abyssinia. In the 1990s, Europeans put their faith in the EC and saw it dashed in the dismemberment of Bosnia. If the



EC is today's League of Nations, and Bosnia is our Abyssinia, then NATO's blackballing of Central Europe is the new Locarno—the 1925 treaty which secured borders in the West but not in the East.

But perhaps it is right for the West to stay well clear of that troublesome area. Didn't Britain pay dearly for allowing herself to be dragged into war over Danzig?

In fact, the lesson of the 1930s is that the West—and especially Britain and the U.S.—should have involved itself in Central Europe much earlier. It was not for the sake of our blue eyes, as we say in Poland, that Britain went to war in 1939, but because the balance of power on the Continent would have been fatally tilted if Hitler had gone unopposed in Central Europe: with Czech industry, Rumanian oil fields, and Polish slave labor, he could have dominated the rest of Europe, and almost did. The cold war reinforces the lesson that whoever controls Central Europe is a threat. It was only by occupying Central Europe, after all, that the Soviet Union posed a direct challenge to the West.

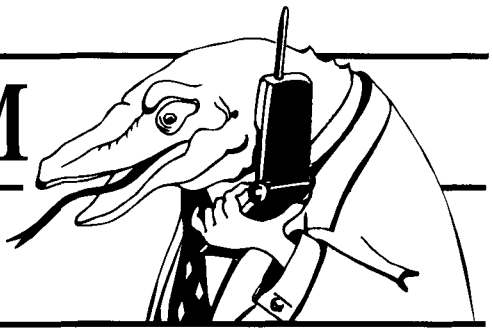
Fortunately, today's Germany is a model democracy and has been an advocate for Central Europe's interests. Understandably, Germany would like to extend the zone of security and prosperity—which today ends an hour's drive from Berlin. But Germany's influence has not been decisive in either NATO or the EC.

Russia, on the other hand, is a deeply traumatized country struggling with the triple legacies of empire, dictatorship, and economic lunacy in conditions hardly conducive to the growth of liberal democracy. While it is in everybody's interest to wish Russia's democrats well, it is possible that Russia will become capitalist without becoming democratic. In that case, it will continue to pose a threat to its neighbors. Even under Yeltsin, Russia makes territorial claims on Ukraine and helps to overthrow democratically elected regimes in Tadjikistan, Azerbaijan, and Georgia. If these are reformist policies, one wonders what Russian policy will look like when Russia regains strength. It may seem unlikely now, but the day when Russia decides to reassert its strategic dominance of Central Europe may not be too distant.

Western policy is hardly designed to prevent such a scenario. The more vigorously the West shuts out Central European goods, the greater the pain of transition to capitalism. The greater the pain, the more likely the left-wing backlash of the sort we have already seen in Poland and Lithuania. The bigger the backlash, the weaker the Eastern economies and the stronger the West's excuse to exclude Central Europe from EC membership. Thus Central Europe, instead of becoming a poorer but fully integrated part of the West, will become a buffer zone between the West and an unstable, Russian-dominated cluster of post-Soviet states. Instead of exporting raspberries and steel, Central Europe will export pollution, immigrants, and disease. We will need a name for this new shape of Europe. After the Europes of Versaille and Yalta, welcome to the Europe of Maastricht. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM WALK



■ My old pal "Loophole Lloyd" Bentsen announced last month that the federal deficit for 1993 came in at $255 billion. That's $35 billion higher than *any* Reagan deficit and $70 billion higher than the *average* level of borrowing during the decade of debt.

So was the announcement greeted with the usual handwringing and predictions of economic doom? Not at all. In fact we got rejoicing at the White House and on Capitol Hill. The numbers are supposed to prove that the 1990 budget deal was a triumph after all, the Clinton tax increase is working, and, most importantly, we can all stop worrying about the deficit.

Thus, the President waged a week-long blitzkrieg against the Penny–Kasich package, which proposed cutting a modest $90 billion out of an $8-trillion five-year budget plan. He doesn't even pretend he really cares about red ink. Laura Tyson said as much the other day: "We want to shift the priorities of what government spends its money on," rather than just "cut spending for its own sake."

The ghost of Lord Keynes has descended on Washington. Witness Alice Rivlin's recent declaration that "substantial additional deficit reduction at this time could slow the growth of the economy at a crucial point of the business cycle."

The era of deficit reduction is over. Blink and you missed it.

■ This year, gold decided to stop going down, reversing an unrelenting decline that set in early in 1990, and breaking the downtrend traced from the historic 1980 top. Goldbugs could have a great 1994.

Fundamentally oriented analysts like John Brimelow of New York-based BV Capital Markets Inc. are not surprised. For several years demand from jewelry and other fabricators has exceeded fresh mine and scrap supply by increasing margins—owing to the powerful rise in disposable incomes in India, Southeast Asia, and China where goldbugs abound.

Observers who dislike gold because of their sycophancy toward officialdom and state power *were* surprised. *The Economist* distinguished itself by jeeringly instructing the public to sell gold right at the bottom of the market in early March.

The bears had a superficial argument in the Central Banks. If major Central Banks, which hold more than a quarter of the world's gold inventory, did adopt a policy of liquidation, gold would obviously have a problem.

Gold *shares*, however, might not. In the late Sixties, when Central Banks, then more powerful, tried to hold gold down to $35, gold shares soared prior to the March 1968 gold float. Similarly this year, shares accurately anticipated gold's reversal, and gold-share funds look certain to be the best performers for the year.

This is less irrational than it might seem. Price distortions caused by a large but finite seller will eventually correct. Indeed the news that the Central Banks had been large sellers seemed to stimulate optimism among gold bulls, who generally despise them. Generally, however, the sophisticated buyers observable in the gold equity markets early this year were activated not by Central Banks or Far Eastern demand, but by intensifying apprehension about Clinton.

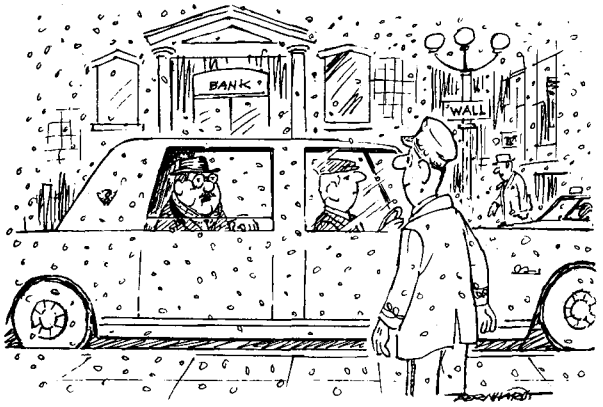
If that is what creates a gold boom, goldbugs have no reason to fear.

■ Wall Street's Felix Rohatyn wants to do for America in the 1990s what he did for New York in the 1970s when he moved the city from the financial morgue to the intensive-care ward.

So what is Felix's brainstorm for Washington? A ten-year $250-billion public-works program to create a million new jobs. Here's the clever part. The program would be "off-budget," financed by placing revenues from a small gas-tax hike into a trust fund. Bonds would be sold to pension funds with the trust fund serving as security. On Capitol Hill and K Street the proposal is being praised as a "highly innovative financing scheme." What it really is, of course, is a proposal for more deficit spending.

It may sound incredible that there are those who believe we have unemployment in America because of our niggardly $1.5-trillion federal budget. But, hey, the deficit crisis is over.

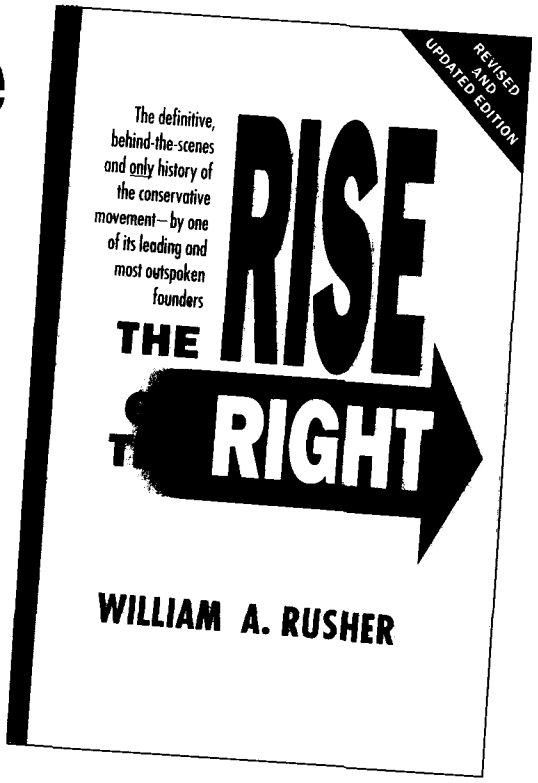
■ Remember the adage, "No man's life, liberty, or property is safe while the legislature is in session"? Well, neither are his investments. Eric Singer of Gerard Klauer Mattison and Co. recently showed me some eye-popping research which indicates that from the end of World War II through 1992, 80 per cent of the gains in the Dow Jones have come when Congress was not in session. Not only that, but there has tended to be much more volatility in the market when congressmen are in Washington. In short, the financial markets perform better when our legislators are on vacation. We may be at the start of a mini stock-market rally: Congress won't be back in session until the middle of January. —GEKKO



"Happy New Year to you, Wallace —though I only celebrate the fiscal year."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *only* definitive history of the conservative movement


REVISED AND UPDATED EDITION
The definitive, behind-the-scenes and only history of the conservative movement—by one of its leading and most outspoken founders
THE RISE
RIGHT
WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Get the new, updated, and revised edition of Bill Rusher's *The Rise of the Right*—only from *National Review*

Then *National Review* publisher William A. Rusher caused a splash a decade ago with ***The Rise of the Right***, his definitive and *(very)* popular history of modern conservatism – a fast-paced, eyewitness chronicle of the movement's philosophical post-war origins, its explosive political growth in the 1960s and 70s, and its ultimate accomplishment: the election of Ronald Reagan as president in 1980.

The Rise of the Right has remained the *only* accurate and thorough published account of modern conservatism. No writer has matched Rusher's effort (who could?), nor has any taken up where his important work left off – to document the movement's immense successes and disappointments in the intervening years.

That is, until now. And who better to tackle that task than Bill Rusher himself.

National Review is proud to announce the publication of the revised and updated edition of ***The Rise of the Right***, a brand new book that takes up where Rusher left off a decade ago. ***The Rise of the Right*** contains both the original edition's insightful chronicle of the movement's early ups, downs, and growth pains, and a brand new chapter in which "WAR" – in his unique, insightful, you-are-there (he *was*) style – details the movement's fortunes from 1980 onward: from the economic, social, and foreign-policy successes of the Reagan Years to conservatism's political setbacks under the Bush and Clinton administrations.

This handsome, quality softcover is must reading for any conservative – or anyone interested in the history of the most important American political movement of the last fifty years –and is yours for the special price of *only* $14.95.

We can't stress *enough* that this work is *the* definitive history of modern conservatism. It's something you just can't afford *not* to have in your personal library. Order your copy of the new, updated, and revised edition of ***The Rise of the Right*** today.

YES, send me _____ copies of ***The Rise of the Right*** @ $14.95 each (plus $3.00 per copy for shipping and handling). I enclose payment of $_____.
Send my copies to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check Enclosed. ☐ Charge my ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

_____
Signature

_____
Account No. Expir. Date

Make checks payable to National Review.
Mail orders to :
National Review/ROR, 150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016
NY residents ***must*** add sales tax. Foreign orders add $4.00 per book.

122793

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Masculinization of America

CAN WOMEN BEAT MEN AT THEIR OWN GAME?

Modern society has lowered the status of traditional 'woman's work,' giving women in return the chance to compete against men on their own turf. Is this a good deal for women—or men?

STEVEN GOLDBERG

BACK in the Sixties, many ridiculed the idea of lifelong marriage because they saw it as inherently undesirable. Today the idea is ridiculed because it seems virtually impossible. The divorce rate is half again as high as it is virtually anywhere else in the modern world—and it is high virtually everywhere in the modern world. And increasing numbers of people choose not to marry at all.

This will not engender social disintegration; individuals and societies have a way of stumbling through. But the increasing fragility of marriage does threaten to make the breakup of the parents and absence of the father the typical experience of the child; years of loneliness the typical experience of the older woman; and self-destructive and anti-social behavior the typical contribution of increasing numbers of men not constrained by the intimacy and responsibility of marriage.

A tendency in this direction is probably inherent in modern industrial society's decreasing dependence on physical labor, its increasing need of huge numbers of workers skilled in the intricacies of modern work life, and the entailed requirement that women be socialized, educated, and trained to join the labor force in large and increasing numbers.

In many ways, this tendency serves women well; it makes possible a choice of lives and a legal equality in areas that were formerly rewards for simple maleness. Furthermore, while no modern society can accord women's feminine, maternal, and familial roles a status as high as that accorded these roles in *some* primitive and agricultural societies, no modern society—with its requirement of reward according to perceived contribution, equal treatment by the law, and other exchanges of status for rights—can treat women as chattels, as in *other* non-modern societies.

However, the tendency for females to be socialized and educated to compete with males in superfamilial areas—rather than to define their primary value in terms of the traditional roles for which men cannot compete—carries a heavy cost, including a reduction of: the sense that one is doing what one should be doing; the satisfaction, perhaps even happiness, that this engenders; the sense that one belongs to a complete and self-contained community; and the support of the individual by this community.

Women bear the brunt of this process. The annoyance many men feel at having to take into account the corporate presence of women is—however noisy the men's complaints—insignificant compared to the conflicting demands on women of the public sphere and the home. Moreover, the socialization of women to value behaviors that are more strongly inherent in maleness, and to devalue behaviors that are more strongly inherent in femaleness, has had a terrible—and terribly ironic—effect: it has only minimally increased women's tendency to effectively behave in male ways while it has severely decreased women's ability to effectively behave in female ways.

Through most of our history one could assume of women an understanding of men. This understanding meant every woman had, in her armamentarium, a host of weapons with which to defend herself against male stupidity by deflating the male. Few women felt the need of the protection of dubious laws against the wolf whistle; women knew how to handle men. Today many young women, not having learned the self-de-

Mr. Goldberg is chairman of the Department of Sociology at City College, CUNY. He has devoted much of his career to the study of cross-cultural male–female similarities and differences. His Why Men Rule *has just been published by Open Court.*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS MILES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A view from Washington

THE BATTLE FOR CUSTOMER SATISFACTION IS WON IN THE TRENCHES

Jackie Dye and Brian Rickets, who work in body weld at Toyota's plant in Georgetown, Kentucky, have little patience with the high-powered battles waged in Washington, Detroit and Tokyo over protectionism, trade deficits, import quotas and tariffs.

They don't appreciate the excessive complaints about Japanese automakers and Japan's so-called "closed' market. In fact, they could teach Detroit a thing or two about how to sell cars in Japan. That's because every day they and 4,700 other Americans at Toyota Motor Manufacturing, U.S.A. (TMM) live and breathe the huge commitment their company makes in the U.S. in order to sell cars here.

Jackie and Brian would tell the Big Three that the real battle-selling cars in a highly competitive industry–is won where they work, in the trenches. Any automaker can succeed if it listens to customers, designs and builds the vehicles they want, streamlines manufacturing and continually pursues perfection. We're customer driven, and therefore competitive.

Jackie and Brian recently demonstrated to me their team's latest contribution to making the Toyota Camry one of America's best-selling cars.

Small burrs form where steel body parts are welded together. Previously, an operator removed those burrs with a grinder. The process was slow because the tendency is to grind more surface than necessary. The job was dirty, requiring more clean-up time. A slip of the grinder meant repair work to the metal. Safety was a concern because the grinder, operating at 13,000 rpm, sent the burrs flying. And, the body weld team discovered, the process cost more than it should.

After a thorough study of the problem the people who actually do the work correctly suggested that a simple hammer and chisel, instead of the grinder, solves all of those problems. There is little damage to the metal. The time for clean-up and repair work has been reduced. And we saved 40 cents per car on supplies alone. That's how much the grinding wheels cost.

And if 40 cents doesn't sound like much, multiply it by the 233,000 or so Toyota Camry sedans, station wagons and coupes we've built in 1993. That's $93,200. The body weld team was rewarded, just as we compensate any of our team members who have suggestions. In the past four years, we have implemented about 110,000 ideas and awarded about 3.5 million dollars.

The ingenuity, pride and enthusiasm of American workers like Jackie and Brian, coupled with their freedom to make decisions, are the reasons that the Camry has fewer defects than any other American-made car in the 1993 J.D. Power & Associates Initial Quality Study of new car owners. Those same J.D. Power results distinguished TMM as the best auto plant in North America for the second time in four years.

Toyota's deep U.S. commitment grows every day. As a result of the yen/dollar fluctuation, Toyota's exports to the U.S. are decreasing while production at its U.S. facilities accelerates. It just makes good economic sense to build more cars in the U.S. and to be closer to our growing list of American suppliers.

Here are some eye-popping numbers:

*Toyota has invested more than $5 billion in the U.S.

*Critics who say that Toyota does nothing more than assemble cars in the U.S are wrong. We have $300 million worth of U.S. research and development facilities which helped design, for example, the new Camry Coupe.

*The Kentucky plant will soon be responsible for more than $2 billion of that total investment. A second plant in Georgetown, due to began production in March, will double annual capacity to more than 400,000 vehicles.

*Adding V-6 engine production to our Power Train plant in Kentucky means that we can now build 500,000 engines per year.

*Toyota directly employs 16,000 Americans. With expansion, the Kentucky plant's employment will eventually grow to 6,000.

*Toyota's 1,430 U.S. dealers employ 68,000 and have invested more than $4 billion.

*In 1992, Toyota purchased $5.2 billion worth of parts and components, goods and services from 390 U.S. companies.

*The Kentucky plant's U.S. supply base is expanding from 175 to more than 200 companies as we prepare to become the sole manufacturer of Toyota's new flagship car, the Avalon, next September.

*The Kentucky plant has suppliers in 32 states and the list is growing.

*About 50,000 American-made Toyota vehicles will be exported to 22 countries, including Japan, in 1993.

* Toyota contributed $14 million to U.S. charities in 1992.

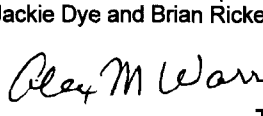
All of these numbers represent only the tip of the iceberg when it comes to how Japanese automakers contribute to the U.S. economy. At the end of 1992, they employed nearly 35,000 Americans in manufacturing and research and development. They had invested nearly $10 billion in manufacturing plants, which produced 1.7 million vehicles. And they committed about $25 million to charity.

A 1992 University of Kentucky study of TMM's economic impact revealed startling numbers not only in Kentucky, but in a six-state region that also includes Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Tennessee. By 1996, TMM will be directly and indirectly responsible for creating nearly 33,000 jobs in that region.

Finally, a healthy U.S. economy means a healthy auto industry, and vice-versa. That's why we host monthly visits by the Big Three. And that's why we help suppliers who want to be more competitive implement the Toyota Production System. One American manufacturer, for example, has increased productivity by 500 percent. There are plenty of success stories like that.

Detroit's automakers are to be congratulated for their recent achievements in product quality and manufacturing productivity. We welcome and relish the competition because it makes us better. That's good for the customer and good for America.

Who's afraid of competition? After all, we've got people like Jackie Dye and Brian Rickets in the trenches.



Alex M. Warren, Jr.
Senior Vice President
Toyota Motor Manufacturing, U.S.A.

A View From Washington is a series of essays sponsored by corporations and associations. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the magazine.

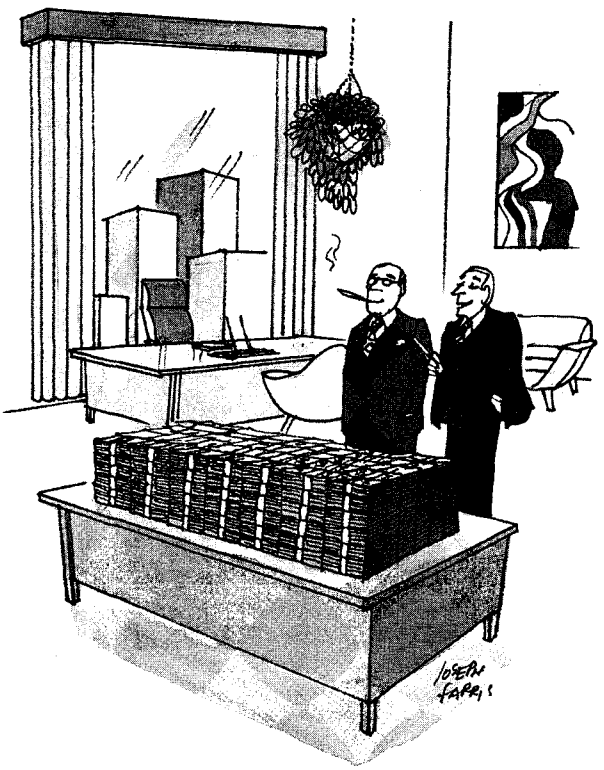
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fense that gives confidence, tremble at the sight of a male aggression they cannot handle.

Masculinity Rules

THE ASPECTS of modernization mentioned above render unavoidable women being socialized and educated to see the roles associated with males as the worthwhile roles. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that many contemporary women derogate the feminine. (There are feminist attempts to "redefine femininity," but the "redefinitions" are simply an acceptance of the non-feminine, supported by claims about how well women can do the things men do.)

In any case, the public arena, the marketplace, is becoming for great numbers of women the primary status arena. It is an arena in which femininity is far less powerful than it is when status is determined by marriage and family. The conflicts encountered by women represent not just the clash of physiological impulse with social reward (i.e., maternal possibility vs. the



"When I make it, I like to see it."

status now given women in the public arena), but also incongruous social demands (expectations of feminine and maternal behavior away from the job vs. the behavior expected in the battle for public status). When the physiological nature of those concerned conflicts with social expectation and when the natures of the required social abilities conflict with each other, a woman is being asked to possess a universality that very few human beings possess.

All this might be less of a problem if men were wired to respond to the infant as readily as women do. But the experience of China, the Soviet Union, Scandinavia, and a number of other countries—combined with the evidence of physiology—shows that equal child-rearing is an impossibility. American women are painfully and rapidly realizing that there are some things a man just won't do, and taking equal responsibility for child care is one of them.

Seeing What We Expect to See

EVEN IF modernization did not offer women any rewards and even if the costs were higher, our bond to modernization has long since been rendered indissoluble.

We are, in short, experiencing a masculinization of the world: the modern economic system tends to socialize and reward women for behaviors required in the public arena more highly than for the once-primary feminine, maternal, and familial behavior. This masculinization dwarfs in importance the more obvious, but superficial, feminization seemingly implied by cosmetic alterations of customs of male dominance and by denial of temperamental, cognitive, and behavioral sex differences that are obvious to all. And it forces women to neglect a game that they cannot lose in order to enter a game that nature has stacked against them.

It is as certain as anything empirical we know about the sexes that there will not be anything approaching changes that would satisfy the feminist who expects women to earn an equal share of status, wealth, power, and achievement in superfamilial areas. Even if women were not so terrified of the male willingness to use violence, and even if males never resorted to violence, the drive that underlies the male willingness will always lead men disproportionately to achieve and attain. While there are many areas in which differences will be significantly reduced—and some, perhaps, where they will be eliminated—nonetheless, women will never threaten the percentage of men in high office or prison, and college females will never be drawn to mathematics and theoretical physics in numbers even approaching those of males.

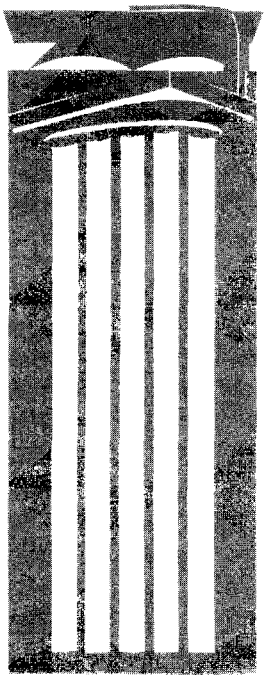
This would matter less if the members of a society could "treat everyone as an individual." But it is never the case that the unique qualities of an individual entirely determine our attitude toward that person. A person's sex, class, and education are but a few of the socially important characteristics that affect one person's view of another. (Sex is the most important of these; it is the first thing you notice about someone and the last you forget.) Expectations can be eliminated or even reversed if the source of the expectations is social. But the difference between the sexes' basic expectation each of the other is reflected in the population's observation of cognitive and behavioral differences that are rooted in physiological differences. These cannot be eliminated by a social denial that they exist.

It is ironic, but not contradictory, that never have so many women been talking about women. If this talk were in the service of a new definition of femininity, all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADD THIS TO YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST

NATIONAL REVIEW



INSTITUTE

***ATTEND* NATIONAL REVIEW INSTITUTE'S**

CONSERVATIVE SUMMIT

Challenges to Conservatism

Join us in Washington, D.C. for a weekend of thought-provoking discussions, debates, and panels with the leading conservative minds of the 90s

MARCH 5 - 6, 1994
WASHINGTON, D.C.

SHERATON WASHINGTON HOTEL

REGISTRATION FORM

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Daytime phone _____

Please respond to: Kelly L. Forsberg,
National Review Institute
P.O. Box 63, Murray Hill Station
NY, NY 10156
Phone (212) 679-7330
FAX (212) 213-9369
Make checks payable to: NRI

Special Hotel Rates Available
Please reserve by Feb 4 for discounts
Sheraton Washington - (202) 328-2000
State Plaza Hotel - (800) 424-2859

Yes, I will attend the Conservative Summit, which includes all conference seminars, 2 Keynote Luncheons, and the Gala Dinner Saturday evening

❒ Earlybird Registration
Fee: $195.00 (deadline Febuary 5)

❒ Group Registration
(4 or more - $170 each)

❒ Regular Registration
Fee: $215.00

Student Rate Available

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that I say here might well prove incorrect. But this could be the case only if the new definition comprised qualities associated with women by women's physiology (as was the case with the traditional view of "femininity"). This is precisely what the modern woman has been socialized *not* to accept.

Modernization limits the range not only of sexual roles, but of expression of sexual personality characteristics as well. Formerly, societies had the "option" of incorporating sex differences of emotional and behavioral tendency in their cultural expectations to a greater extent than physiological differentiation would require. This gave such societies a head start in the eternal social enterprise of channeling the amorphous psychophysiological tendencies that must be restrained if civilization is to bring more than discontent.

The contemporary urge to refuse to acknowledge sex differences has rendered impossible our giving respect to men and to women on the basis of the characteristics rooted in their respective physiologies. This does not change the impulses and basic behavior of most men and women very much; men and women are still men and women, much as they might deny it. However, this new attitude is the effective opposite of acknowledging the specialness of the other sex. And if maleness and femaleness are not qualities seen as special and inherently worthy of respect, our respect for our spouse or lover—indeed our respect for ourselves—is diminished.

Do as You're Told

WITHIN THE constraints imposed by psychophysiological reality, most people have always tended to do what they were told and to be most satisfied when successfully filling those roles society tells them—through its socialization and its status rewards—are important. This is true whichever the specific society and whatever its specific values.

This means that: a) the wife and mother in a nonmodern society (or the older, rural woman in ours) sees the modern career woman as desiccated, unhappy, unmaternal, naïve, and neutered; and b) the contemporary urban woman sees one who is "just a housewife" as hoodwinked into a lobotomized happiness, or as driven to become a seething cauldron of resentment at being forced to sacrifice satisfaction in the public arena to the requirements of the female role.

But there is no reason to believe that the average woman of today is more (or less) satisfied than was the average woman of a century ago (discounting such factors as medical improvements in the reduction of physical pain and physical hardship). The feminist belief that the woman of today is more satisfied, like the traditional woman's belief that the woman of today is less satisfied, represents nothing more than the universal psychological necessity to believe that the path one has been socialized to accept is the one path to happiness. After all, it does make sense to one who has internalized a specific set of values that those who serve these values must be happier than those serving other values. Indeed, it is the ability of subjective social values to seem objective that give values their strength.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

THE SOCIALIZATION is, of course, far from totally successful; women are, after all, women, and, when the bullet hits the bone, they know only they can fill the only role that ultimately matters. They know men are expendable: if 90 per cent of the males were lost, the lucky 10 per cent would assure that there was no population loss to the next generation; each woman lost reduces the size of the next generation.

The psychophysiological reality guarantees that many women will always harbor doubts—whether acknowledged or not—about the value of roles in the public arena when compared to those in the home. Thus, even today over half of American women *acknowledge* that they would prefer to devote themselves to home and children, were that a financial possibility.

And real life does still have some influence. Young wives see that their daughters would rather have a doll with dresses than a G.I. Joe figure, and that their sons would rather have their heads catch fire than be caught playing with a doll that lacks even a rudimentary weapon for wasting the bastards.

They also quickly see that their husbands don't seem to be getting with the program. Even when national policy (as in the Chinese, Soviet, and Scandinavian examples mentioned above) charges men with sharing the work at home when women join the labor force, men simply ignore the charge, and women, or at least those not able to afford "nannies" and "mother's helpers," are forced into two full-time roles. These roles, each potentially life-satisfying in itself, can become back- and spirit-breaking when combined without compromise.

To some extent, of course, women will cope with the impossible demands by devoting less time to former roles. This may be for the best when it represents, say, a decrease in the obsession with cleaning the home that was fashionable in the Fifties. However, it is difficult to be sanguine about the effects on children of the analogous reduction of maternal accessibility. That many women worry about this is clear from the endless discussions of "quality time" and its ability or inability to substitute for the constant background proximity of mother to infant.

Not Separate, Not Equal?

FEMINIST "theories" deny the physiological roots of maleness and femaleness. In doing this they persuade the contemporary woman not merely that she can have it all (an eventuality impossible for those with male physiologies to believe about themselves), but that marriage can ignore crucial differences between males and females, differences that (if acknowledged at all) are incorrectly alleged to be "merely cultural" and, therefore, amenable to elimination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most wives of fifty years ago understood that men were just men, and that men cannot be expected or socialized to be anything else. This made the marriage agreement a realistic one that was not inherently enraging to the woman (in the way it is when there is a pretense that men are simply less lumpy women who could just as easily accept an "egalitarian" role).

The woman of the contemporary ideology—unlike all the women of all other societies that have ever existed—no longer recognizes this. When wives have expectations of an "equality" that demands not merely equal reward for different behavior, but equal reward for the same behavior, marriage as an institution is in trouble, and would be even were there not numerous other forces tending toward this end. (There is, to be sure, a range of possibilities in practical terms; the treatment of women in the United States is different from that in Saudi Arabia. But the core statistical male–female differences of cognition, temperament, and behavior are the same everywhere: no society—and only a feminist sub-culture in ours—claims to believe that women could be as aggressive as men or men as nurturant as women; no society fails to associate dominance and crime with males or familial stability and child care with females.)

Similarly, the conflicting demands of feminine attractiveness and the maternal disposition, on the one hand, and success in the public arena, on the other, have generated a feminist psychosocial view of the world as protective armor. For example, it is received wisdom among the more feminist-oriented career women that men are threatened by female success, and there is no doubt a great deal of truth to this. Unexpected competition from former allies always causes anxiety, even if the new competitors do not add to the competition one faces.

But the deep cause of the feminist emphasis on this male anxiety is the realization that even those men who are not threatened by female success are not especially drawn to it. While the perimeters of conceptions of femininity vary from time to time and culture to culture, the core behavior that defines the feminine and attracts males everywhere and at all times does not much vary. And dominant behavior is not a vital component of this femininity. Women through the ages knew that males are drawn to the feminine and that characteristics not disproportionately associated with the female elicit, at best, a male lack of interest.

But women through the ages were not told that they had to exhibit these male characteristics. Contemporary women are told that their status will, to a great extent, be determined by their ability to mimic qualities associated with the male, and women know that these are, at best, qualities that do nothing to attract males. Males have never faced an analogous conflict because women everywhere have—for reasons rooted in female physiology—been drawn to men who exhibit dominance. Despite contemporary values claiming the desirability of males with a female portion of sensitivity and nurturance, the actual behavior of even those women who give lip-service encouragement to men who claim to agree casts serious doubt on the attractiveness to women of such men.

The change in the attitude of each sex toward the other is at the heart of the matter. As women have come to have less use for men, and have refused to grant their husbands the special position both sexes once took for granted, men have come to have less use for women. Both look for satisfaction on an occupational playing field on which, statistically speaking, men as a sex cannot lose and women as a sex cannot win.

"You're too aggressive."

At the Head of the Table

THE WOMEN of every society save our own have understood that the male's nature is such that he must be given a special position in the family if he is to peacefully take his place in it. These women have understood the male's greater readiness to choose competition over compromise, his greater resistance to socialization, his inevitably lesser role in his children's lives, his lower threshold for sexual arousal, and, perhaps most powerfully, the attraction to the new that constantly threatens to overwhelm his mere social and moral agreements. Women have realized that men will not even attempt to suppress these tendencies if they are offered no distinctive and respected position in the family, a position that can act as counterpoise to both the limits marriage sets on male behavior and the centrality that the woman's unique physiological and psychological bond to the infant automatically gives her. If being "the man of the family" means nothing special, many men will find it not worth the cost.

Men have always expected the family to be a respite from the war outside, a peaceful harbor that they pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tect from attack. It is a fact—a fact so obvious that only a sociologist or a feminist could deny it—that male physiology is such that males react to competitive situations by fight or flight, usually fight or, in the context of marriage, a stonewalling that reduces the marriage to a formal understanding and replaces intimacy with civility (at best). In response to the refusal to grant them their traditional role men will tend to either a) disrupt the family as they attain through aggression that which they were once granted, or b) channel their energies into sexual conquest outside the family. Women will find that they are raising their children either on a battlefield or alone, wondering why loudmouthed Rambos have replaced strong, silent defenders of justice and protectors of women.

Contemporary values, for example, see as indefensible the idea that the husband be seen to deserve the favored seat at the table and be deferred to in other, analogous, ways. Often ignored—for obvious psychological reasons—is the cost inherent in the elimination of *any* former benefit of marriage to the man: an increase in the number of men who stay single or who find the marriage they are in less worthy of effort.

In 1970 only a sixth of Americans older than 17 had never married. In 1980 it was a fifth. Today it is nearly a quarter. Between 1980 and 1991, the percentage of 35-to-39-year-old women who had never married doubled to 12 per cent. Various factors undoubtedly played causal roles here: demographic changes, the invention of "the pill," women putting off marriage for career and then facing the reality that it becomes more difficult with each year after the mid twenties to find someone to marry, a recession that made the choice of marriage and children a heroic act, a greater acceptance of homosexuality, and the like. But the view I have given makes this prediction: when these factors have reversed or been accounted for, the future will a) still exhibit an increasing percentage of never-married people and b) provide clear evidence that the increase in single males represents a male refusal to marry, while the increase in single females represents primarily the loss of the males from the pool. And this increase in never-married people will complement a marital discord that is already mirrored in an unprecedented rate of divorce.

The Sexual Revolution

ONE'S ATTITUDE toward the realities I have discussed is analogous to one's attitude toward the "sexual revolution" of the Sixties. There is no question that that revolution had the effect of reducing pathological female guilt and shame. But it is also true that this revolution took from young women their greatest source of power. (Much of the strength of the women's movement is owing to the need to replace the lost feminine power.)

Traditionally, sexual intercourse was deferred, the sexual pressure strengthening the bond made by less intense and slower-acting emotions. Only after such bonds were set did the intelligent woman permit release of the sexual pressure. In the name of equality, the sexual revolution pressured the woman into surrendering this power long before the bonds were formed, and sex came to be an immunization against deep emotional involvements rather than the tie that bound them. Accepting the desirability of the "sexual revolution" many women denied the truthfulness of the unpalatable (to them) insights about men that mothers have passed on to daughters from time immemorial, and these women have, by becoming breathtakingly ignorant of what men are all about, left themselves without the weapons that women everywhere else have always had. And men claiming to be their allies smiled the smile of the fox in the chicken coop.

A woman's conclusion about whether the surrender of power for a reduction of guilt was worth it is a function of her values and desires. Most men were, of course, perfectly willing to accept an increase in sexual power *and* immediate satisfaction of sexual desires.

The institutions governing sexuality, like all other aspects of social life, represent compromise, in this case between too much restriction, with its unnecessary guilt and its suppression of desire, and too little restriction, with its reduction of female power and male civility. The contemporary eye sees the former balance between desire and propriety—people weren't all *that* chaste fifty years ago—as hypocrisy. Perhaps such "hypocrisy" is the most civilized resolution of the inherent battle between desire and psychological–social necessity. It is, however, a resolution impossible when extreme social movements hold sway.

Just as the women's movement has found that, for all the energy it has expended, it has had no serious effect on male attainment of positions of power, so does the wife find that marriage is not a democracy for the same reasons that bed is not a democracy. She finds that the basic male impulses she so enjoys in bed preclude marital equality of the sort she has envisioned (however she may attempt to explain this fact).

And there will be many women—perhaps the large, if less vocal, majority—who will find that they prefer a man to be a man. In some cases men will repay this with loyalty and love, in others with the astonishing selfishness that this arrangement permits. These are the women who are grateful that they belong to the sex that has the option of deciding to do that which is most important—even those among them who choose not to take the option. But there will be other women who have been so completely socialized that they consider the female's unique ability to act as agent for the continuation of the species and culture as insufficient recompense for the male retention of positions of dominance. Such is the power—and limit—of socialization.

There's a sense, of course, in which none of this matters. Whatever their beliefs, men and women are still men and women, and beliefs that require the impossible are not taken seriously by reality. But the attitudes and values held by men and women *do* determine whether they live their lives on a dance floor or a battlefield, and this is not such a little thing. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Symposium

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT?

JACOB NEUSNER

A YEAR AGO, Governor Kirk Fordice of Mississippi scandalized *bien-pensant* opinion by saying that this is a Christian country. The contretemps took wing when a fellow governor suggested that he should have used the more inclusive phrase "Judaeo-Christian," and Mr. Fordice declined to do so. He explained—eloquently and, to my mind, convincingly—that he was defending Christians at that moment because at that moment "Christians were under severe attack." He would have risen to the defense of Judaism and Jewish culture had they been under attack.

His point was completely constructive: "The less we emphasize the Christian religion, the further we fall into the abyss of poor character and chaos in the United States of America." Amen, brother! Had he said the Buddhist, Judaic, or Muslim religion, he would have been just as right. We cannot build a decent society on secular foundations. Islam knows that; Judaism knows that; why should Christians say any less?

Commentators, meanwhile, had begun examining—in some cases, exhuming—the remarks that other conservative Christians had made over the years in which a division between Christians and others, or even between some Christians and other Christians, was assumed or explicitly stated. Thus *Reform Judaism* quoted the Reverend Pat Robertson, who, in 1980 at a staff meeting of the Christian Broadcasting Network, described Jews as "spiritually deaf and spiritually blind" but liable to be "brought in as offerings to the Lord"—or, in plain language, persuaded that Jesus is the Messiah. And the supposition, always latent in the media, that conservative Christians are exclusivist both religiously and politically was up and running.

To get one obvious point out of the way first: Mr. Robertson's desire to convert Jews to Christian belief, while it may offend some Jews, can hardly be described as exclusionary. It makes an absolute claim about where religious truth lies, but it does not assume that outsiders cannot see the light. Quite the contrary.

But if we assume that most Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, and so on will *not* convert to Christianity, does that mean that no political alliance is possible? Or is it rather the case that when it comes to the kinds of moral values expressed in politics, evangelical Christians have more in common with conservative Jews, conservative blacks, and the so-called "white ethnic" Roman Catholics, than any of these groups has with the secularists who seem to dominate American public life?

Certainly, conservative Jews cannot look to their secular brethren as allies. As a leading conservative Judaic figure, Dennis Prager, writes: "Most American Jews derive their values not from Judaism but from the dominant secular liberal culture. Thus, many Jews believe that all they need to do in order to formulate a Jewish position is: 1) Note that 'Judaism teaches compassion.' 2) Take the liberal position, which is the one that always seems to be the most compassionate. 3) Label that position 'Jewish.' "

IT WOULD BE nice, therefore, if Jewish conservatives could look to the Christian Right (both Catholic and Protestant) for inspiration and support. For the many conservatives who practice Judaism, Christianity should be not an enemy (we are not out shopping for salvation somewhere else) but an ally and friend.

First, we all believe that, made in God's image and after God's likeness, all humanity possesses inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of a happy life. We equally believe that, absent such a foundation in faith, the conviction of the sanctity of human life is likely to give way to a view of humanity as negotiable, a view that speaks of "ethnic cleansing" or "extermination" (comparing human beings to dirt or vermin, as in the Serbian and German instances in our times) or describes a fetus as a blob of protoplasm.

Second, we look to religion for the source of wisdom

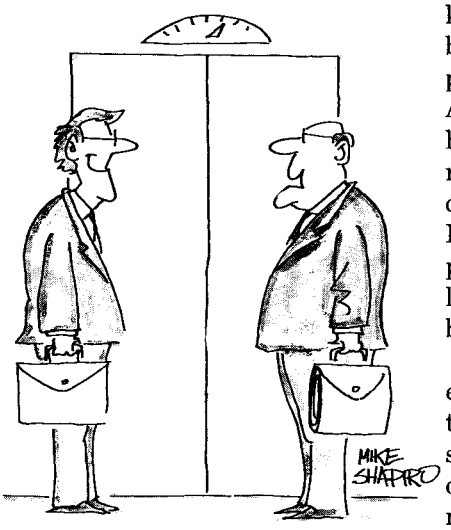
Mr. Neusner is Distinguished Professor of Religious Studies at the University of South Florida, Tampa, and author of A Rabbi Talks with Jesus: An Interfaith, Intermillenial Encounter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and conscience to sustain this society. For we see national purpose in no other place. Communism once animated lives but was shown to be a monstrous fraud. Nazism and Fascism hide out in caves in Idaho. Science tells us how to accomplish our goals, but who is to help us identify our task and frame our vocation? We who believe in God have our answer, and that is why we pray for guidance and acknowledge help when it comes.

Third, we believe religion really is a native category for Americans. The First Amendment—protecting religion *from* government, as much as guaranteeing freedom from religions that the citizen has not voluntarily chosen—presented religion with the greatest gift any political document has ever conceived: definitive status as a fact of life.

Furthermore, all studies of the relationship between religion and political action—from Gerhard Lenski's 1960 classic, *The Religious Factor*, through the annual studies by Professor Andrew Greeley's National Opinion Research Center—have pointed to a single conclusion, which is that religion is a principal variable in explaining the choices people make. It follows that while we keep church apart from state, we cannot hope to keep religion out of politics. It is sheer fantasy to suppose that the way people worship on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday has no bearing on how they vote on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. To exclude religious argument from the political sphere—for instance, Catholic arguments on abortion or evangelical Protestant concerns about pornography—would be to exclude whole ethnic communities from political influence. All in the name of "diversity."



"I have no scruples, but I hire people who do."

And so the real political question facing the Right is whether Protestant Christian conservatives wish to include or exclude Jewish, Catholic, or Muslim ones; in short, whether religion is to form an exclusive or an inclusive force on the Right. Secular-minded folk will of course throw up their hands in horror that I should even raise the question. Obviously, all conservatives will deplore exclusivism; after all, we really do want to be invited to White House receptions again.

But if I ask a question of religious belief to religious believers, the answer cannot come out of unbelievers' appeal to tolerance. It deserves a religious response.

What should that response be? Maybe God really is telling conservative evangelicals to take over the country. If so, they should heed Him. But I am not hearing that message from them at all. What I am hearing is that they believe, as I believe, that God has defined a mission for America, and that through prayer and reflection we have to discover what we can of that vocation of ours as a nation.

And, secondarily, that the Christian Right has come to realize that near-term and eschatological goals have to be sorted out. What God will do at the end of time hardly determines what we are going to do in 1996.

At this time, militant secularists rule, driving the last vestiges of religious affirmation out of the public square: Santa Claus but no crèche, "Jingle Bells" but not "Silent Night," Hanukkah dreidles but not Hanukkah candles. The Christian Right bravely resists such secularization of political discourse, and many other Americans applaud. And yet—and here, surely, is the problem, and the reason for this symposium—in its use of exclusionary language, the Christian Right denies itself the counsel and support of people who share most of its political goals and many of its religious beliefs.

The Christian Right faces a crisis of euphemisms. When many people hear the word "Christian," they take the sense to be "not-Jewish," or "our kind of Christian only." Yet nearly the whole message set forth by the Christian Right can find its counterpart, point by point, in Judaism or Islam: belief in the sanctity of the human person, created in God's image; belief in God's will rather than secular "values"; belief that right and wrong come to us from revelation. But the Christian Right's difficulty in framing a doctrine of inclusion, reflected in its failure to find the right euphemisms to signal its intent, excludes natural allies and co-workers.

Whether resurrecting the language "Judaeo-Christian" can serve is for them to decide. For, most concur, while there is no Judaeo-Christian theological tradition, there is a Judaeo-Christian moral tradition—encompassing the Ten Commandments, for one major example—that unites us all.

Why not use the formulation, "America is a nation that fears God"? And cannot our meaning be borne by language that says, "This country is founded on the belief that we are subject to the justice and mercy of a caring, loving God, to whom we are responsible"?

If the Christian Right used words such as these, the 90 per cent of the American people who year after year profess to polltakers that they believe in God, and the nearly as high proportions of the population who pray at home or in synagogues, mosques, temples, and churches—all can join in answering, Amen. □

Kirk Fordice

RABBI Neusner is undoubtedly correct that the media presuppose that conservative Christians are exclusionists, both religiously and politically. That's what caused the uproar at my "Christian

Mr. Fordice is governor of Mississippi.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nation" comment in the first place. The media are wrong. I am a Christian and I am a conservative but there is not a religiously exclusive thought in my head, and I believe my life clearly illustrates all these facts. It's a shame media types never seem to have any inclination to examine one's life for a clue to inner meanings, but rather just take, out of context, whatever sound-bite of the moment strikes their fancy.

The Christian background of, and influence upon, the founding of our nation are incontrovertible by any serious scholar, but so is the absolute protection that the Founding Fathers provided when they barred Congress from prohibiting the free exercise of any religion. Perhaps that beautiful tolerance for other religions is the ultimate tribute to early Christian influence in America, and I subscribe to it absolutely as I do all tenets of the Constitution. Indeed I'm now sworn, as governor of Mississippi, to do just that.

Rabbi Neusner and I are in substantial agreement. I highly respect his scholarship and intellect and feel we are fellow strivers among those who seek to embrace a religion, any religion, and to celebrate the moral values and codes of conduct that stem therefrom, and who are therefore embattled and besieged at a time in our history when high values, morals, and good character are sorely needed. We depart on one minor point, though, in that I have little enthusiasm for his suggestion that the "Christian Right" has a "crisis of euphemisms" and a failure to "find the right euphemisms." After all, his God and my God are not the same in that mine comprises Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I can live with that if he can. We've about worn out euphemisms in America anyway. □

George Weigel

I'D LIKE to see Rabbi Neusner and raise him.

The Religious Right does have an inclusion problem in some of its styles of public advocacy, and that problem isn't solely the result of media hysterics fulminating about the high-tech Savonarolas in Chesapeake, Virginia. Given the realities of American religious diversity, it's a problem between evangelical and fundamentalist Protestants and conservative Catholics; between conservative Christians and conservative Jews; and between conservative believers and secular conservatives.

In order to reclothe the naked public square, believers have to be able to translate their religiously grounded moral convictions into language and imagery that can be engaged by those fellow citizens who don't share our particular theological convictions, but with whom we can, and must, make common political cause. We've got to talk to each other, and we've got to talk a genuinely public talk in the wider society. (For, in this instance, you've got to be able to talk the talk in order to walk the walk.) And to do this, we need a grammar for the debate that will help transform plurality into genuine pluralism.

Now for raising the ante: I trust it won't be thought hopelessly sectarian if I suggest that Roman Catholicism's experience with the natural-law tradition has a lot to offer as a "grammar" for disciplining public moral argument. Take, for example, the abortion issue.

We'll never convince some people that right-to-lifers aren't "religious fanatics." But if we argued, persistently and forcefully, that our defense of the right to life of the unborn is a defense of civil rights and of a generous, hospitable American society; if our resistance to abortion-on-demand were framed as resistance to an undemocratic and drastic constriction of the community of the commonly protected; if we drove home the natural-law point that the private use of lethal violence against an innocent party is an assault on the moral foundations of any just society—if we did these things, we would be giving expression, in a genuinely *public* way, to the religiously based moral convictions that motivate us. *And* we would be creating the "grammatical" circumstances in which the present logjam on this issue just might be broken.

The development of this kind of natural-law grammar shouldn't cause too much heartburn for conservative Protestants attentive to the Calvinist concept on common grace. And isn't there a conversation to be engaged here with conservative Jews who reflect on the role of the Noahide laws in a non-Jewish society like the United States?

As Rabbi Neusner makes clear, there is no need to preclude the use of inclusive (the word has been wrecked by the feminists, but it'll have to do) Biblical language in public life. But a natural-law "grammar" has one further advantage: it can help discipline the tendency in some quarters of the Religious Right—like those quarters given to producing "Christian voter scorecards"—to suggest that divine revelation provides a clear answer to virtually every conceivable public-policy issue. "In your heart, you know He's Right" is bad politics and even worse theology. □

Mr. Weigel is president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C., and the author or editor of 14 books on religion and public life.

Ralph E. Reed Jr.

JACOB NEUSNER'S essay is a breath of fresh air on a subject that ordinarily leads to harsh words. That old American adage that religion and politics are topics best left alone says something about our culture.

It was not always so in America. We are a people whose civic discourse has been informed by Judaeo-Christian tradition. For centuries the lexicon of our political language was the Bible. Benjamin Franklin rose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a particularly tense moment at the Constitutional Convention in 1787 and asked, "If a sparrow shall not fall from a tree without God's consent, how shall we build a nation without His aid?" All the debaters recognized that he was paraphrasing the Bible.

Franklin was not alone. One study of 15,000 documents from the Colonial era found the Bible the most often-quoted source, with 34 per cent of all citations. Indeed, the Bible was cited more by America's Founders than Montesquieu (8.3 per cent), Blackstone (7.9 per cent), and Locke (2.9 per cent) combined.

Yet today our culture is militantly secular, to the detriment of us all. Columnist Molly Ivins recently proposed revoking the tax exemption of churches that speak out on controversial issues. An interesting twist to the First Amendment, to be sure.

Hysterical fears about religious conservatives abound. So frightening is the involvement of Christians in American politics that a *New York Times* editorial recently warned that it "confronts us with a threat far greater than the old threat of Communism." Joe Stalin, move over!

Part of the explanation for this paranoia is a disengagement of cultural elites from the religious faith of the American people. There is also the element of pure politics: no one objects when religious organizations on the Left call for greater spending on failed welfare programs or cuts in defense spending.

In addition, those of us who bear His name must share some of the blame. Oscar Wilde once observed: "Sometimes you can tell someone that he is going to hell in such a way that he wants to get there as quickly

Abortion: A Principled Politics

THERE ARE several lessons to be learned from Republican George Allen's stunning victory in the Virginia gubernatorial election, but one of the most important is how a conservative can handle the divisive abortion issue.

In 1989, the Republican gubernatorial candidate, Marshall Coleman, wavered in his pro-life position when confronted by a staunchly pro-choice opponent, Doug Wilder. Vacillation cost him precious support—without gaining him any votes from the other side—and he lost a very close election. The candidate this time, Mr. Allen, facing a radically pro-choice Democrat, Mary Sue Terry, took a moderate position on abortion, stuck to it, and won.

In addition to favoring parental rights and informed consent, Mr. Allen's position was that a woman should be allowed to have an abortion only until the point in pregnancy when there is medical evidence of a hearbeat and brain activity. While a position like Mr. Allen's is not satisfying as a long-term goal to those who oppose abortion for moral reasons, it has the advantage as a short-term goal of being acceptable to the majority of Americans.

Polls consistently show that between 15 and 25 per cent of the public are on each extreme of the abortion issue. That leaves 50 to 70 per cent of Americans in the middle. In the end, this majority will play the decisive role in determining the outcome of the abortion controversy.

According to a recent Gallup survey, 73 per cent of Americans support a prohibition on abortion after the first trimester of pregnancy (about ten weeks after conception). This survey shows that 82 per cent of those who are strongly pro-life, as well as 82 per cent of those in the middle, would support such a proposal. More surprisingly, even 46 per cent of those identified as strongly pro-choice agree that abortion should be limited to the first trimester.

Other polls have consistently shown that, while a majority of Americans support a woman's right to choose an abortion in the early weeks of pregnancy, a majority also believe that at some point the government acquires the right to intervene to protect the life of the unborn child. But what should that point be?

THE universally accepted medical and legal definition of the end of life is the irreversible cessation of all functions of the brain, as measured by a flat electroencephalogram (EEG). Conversely, the presence of brain-wave activity is a "vital sign" of life. Brain-wave activity is consistently present by eight weeks after conception. (The heart has already been beating since three weeks after conception.) Thus the eight-week-old fetus is undeniably alive, according to the most widely accepted definition of life.

Furthermore, eight weeks is designated by scientists as the end of the embryonic period and the beginning of the fetal period. By then, every internal organ and external feature found in an adult human being has been established. The heart, kidneys, liver, stomach, and others organs are functioning, and all external bodily parts are formerd.

The educational impact of trying to accord legal protection to unborn children with both vital signs of life (heartbeat and brain-wave activity) should not be underestimated. The vast majority of Americans would undoubtedly be surprised to learn that the vital signs of life are present as early as eight weeks.

Furthermore, this proposal does not contradict the pro-life tenet that human life begins at conception. It merely establishes the most currently attainable point for beginning *legal* protection.

Of course, the Supreme Court would have to recognize that an eight-week limitation on access to abortion is constitutional. In its most recent abortion decision, *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*, the Court overturned *Roe* v. *Wade*'s "rigid trimester framework." Nevertheless, the Joint Opinion by Justices O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter reaffirmed *Roe*'s "central" holding that "the Constitution protects a woman's right to ter-

Mr. Hemler was the founding president of the Tri-Cities chapter of the Tennessee Volunteers for Life. Mr. Wilkins is a professor of law at Brigham Young. Dr. Fischer is a physician with the Children's Clinic PC in Kingsport, Tennessee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW West

Published in Conjunction With
The Claremont Institute

NR West Editor
Harold Johnson

Contents

Learning from The Flames of Malibu *page 1*
The Week In The West *page 2*
West World *page 4*
Wolf at the Door *page 6*
The Unidentified Michael Jackson *page 7*
West Coast Diary *page 8*

NR West/Claremont Institute
Suite 330
250 West First St.
Claremont, Calif. 91711

LEARNING FROM THE FLAMES OF MALIBU

Did we sacrifice lives and land in order to save a lizard?

DEROY MURDOCK

DID FILMMAKER DUNCAN GIVINS and a retired postal worker and her invalid husband perish in the recent Southern California firestorm so the coast horned lizard might live? No one knows for sure. But that conflagration might have been less deadly had firefighters been free to set "prescribed burns" to clear the thickets of wild foliage which blanket the craggy mountains beside the Pacific.

Prescribed-burn acreage in the Southland has dropped from twenty thousand acres in 1987 to five thousand today, largely due to environmental red tape and concerns about wildlife and air quality. "It takes us, in some cases, months, if not years, to analyze and reach a point where we can conduct this activity," says Dave Neff of the California Department of Forestry.

In just one example of this problem, local homeowners, worried about the lizard as well as scrub oak trees, sued in early 1992 to stop a controlled burn above Malibu. Later, the city of Calabasas demanded a full

(Continues on page West-5)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK IN THE WEST

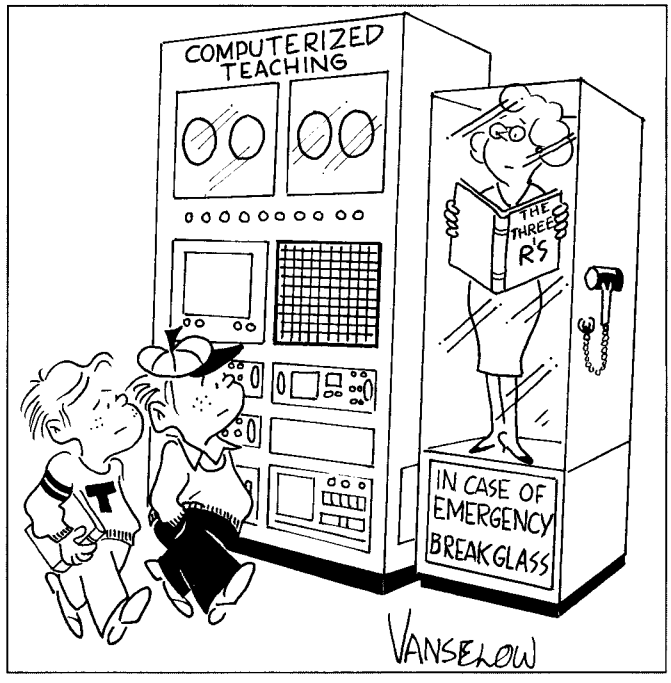
■ As Congress struggles with the details of health reform, California vintners fear that wine may yet join cigarettes as a target for higher taxes. This would be typical of the Clinton Administration: First it drives us to drink, then it raises taxes on alcohol.

■ *Another* gas-tax increase? A California environmentalist group, the Planning and Conservation League, is considering a statewide initiative to slap a special 4 per cent sales tax on gasoline. This would come on top of the recent accomplishments of the tax'em-till-they-bleed school of politicians. Pete Wilson's sales-tax increases are factored into every gallon of petrol purchased in the Golden State. Bill Clinton and George Bush both raised federal gas taxes with pledges of deficit shrinkage (pledges that immediately ran out of fuel). Gas taxes hit the poor and lower-middle-class hardest, because the cost of traveling to work eats up a bigger portion of their incomes. Gas taxes weaken the economy by raising the cost of commuting or shipping goods. Gas taxes hit especially hard in Western states, where many people have to drive great distances to work. The Planning and Conservation League has been accused of buying financial contributions for their ballot measures by packing the initiatives with pork-barrel fancies for donors. Seems the only folks for whom they're not willing to cut a deal are taxpayers.

■ Guess all that talk about a deficit crisis at L.A. City Hall was mistaken, because the City Coucil, at the urging of self-proclaimed lesbian councilman, Jackie Goldberg, has decided it can afford to start paying spousal benefits to the unmarried lovers (straight or gay) of city employees. All in the name of equal rights and open-mindedness, you know. But this subsidizing of what used to be called shacking up has its limits. As of press time, the policy was limited to one live-in companion per employee. Polygamists, unite.

■ Sharon Sharp says she quit as chief of the California Lottery to spend more time with her family. And we have some Elvis sightings for you to check out. Mrs. Sharp packed her bags soon after it came out in court that former lobbyist Clay Jackson, on trial for allegedly bribing a state senator, had bragged to business associates about his chumminess with the lottery's top lady, calling her "our gal." That accolade hardly helps Mrs. Sharp quiet charges she played footsie with GTECH, a firm represented by Jackson, which won a $400-million contract to run the lottery's computer games. The Wilson Administration isn't yearning for a protracted scandal, so Mrs. Sharp develops a need to spend more time with her kin. Hmmm. Wouldn't this be an appropriate time to reconsider the lottery itself? Whether or not Mrs. Sharp is clean, the enterprise itself is inherently suspect. A bonanza for folks in search of cushy employment, it's never been noted for efficient admin-istration (what government business has?). There's been a need to introduce more and more games to slow the inevitable decline in participation. The poor have paid in, proportionately, much more than the well-off. And a dubious get-rich-quick message is telegraphed to young people, for whose edification, indirectly, the whole project—with funds earmarked for schools—was supposed to have been established. Yes, repealing it would put a slight crimp in educational budgets. But that might exert pressure on fatty bureaucracies. Come to think of it, is there any better argument for putting the whole thing out of its misery?

Forget the Laugh Factory; the nation's zaniest gag writers work in government offices marked "civil-rights division" or "equal-opportunity enforcement." In the Southern California city of Orange, a health spa for females, the West Coast Fitness Health and Wellness Center for Women, was told by the state last year that it must open its doors to men—or close. The club's managers did as so many entre-preneurs have done when under assault from the state's regulators: they chose the second option. Now, how-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever, the spa has reopened, under new ownership, renamed Ms. Fitness. In an attempt to appease the civil-rights deities in Sacramento, Ms. Fitness lets men work out, but only during specific hours when women can't use the facilities. But don't be surprised if the social engineers still aren't satisfied. Feminist attorney Gloria Allred, who never met a single-sex anything she couldn't sue, has said that different hours for men and women in the same gym amount to "separate but equal." Kark Marx, eat your heart out. You too, Groucho.

■ In Oregon, more than three-fourths of voters said "no" to the latest proposal to institute a state sales tax. The politicians are putting them down as undecided.

■ Voters in Washington State overwhelmingly approved the "Three Strikes You're Out" initiative which will park in prison, permanently, any thug with a trio of violent offenses to his name. Next year it may be California's turn to follow suit. Several groups fed up with the indulgent sentencing of savage criminals have announced they'll attempt to get a clone of the Washington proposition on the Golden State's ballot. Our only question: Why *three* strikes? Throwing away the key after the second barbarism would deprive the culprit of a chance to put a third notch on his belt—or on someone's skull.

■ Time was when comedian Mort Sahl came across as a liberal. But to listen to his new show on KIEV-AM in Los Angeles, it's clear he can no longer talk about the Left with a straight face. (His salute to Bill Clinton: "Long may he waiver.") Sahl tells of being invited to do an ACLU tribute to Harry Belafonte at a Los Angeles hotel. When he arrived he was greeted by a nervous ACLU functionary: "The board [Ed Asner et. al.] is a little concerned about you," she said. "Do you really know Reagan?" "Yes," he replied. "And Bush?" "Uh-huh," he answered. Then Sahl asked her: "What made you join the ACLU?" "Because they stood up for Nazis in Skokie," she said. To which he replied: "So it's okay to be a Nazi—but not a Republican?"

■ San Francisco's politicians are talking about legalizing prostitution. It's odd that they're finally sanctioning what they have been doing to the public for years.

■ There may have been a toxic mix of drugs in his veins, but at least River Phoenix's arteries were clear: An animal-rights activist, he shunned meat on principle. "Youthful veterans of the [Sunset Boulevard club] scene insist that the reglamorization of drugs by the same celebs who might lend their names to Save Our Oceans and People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals isn't just Hollywood hypocrisy," reports *Entertainment Weekly*. " If you look at it, it's really not that contradictory," says a drug connoisseur who travels the Los Angeles club circuit. "Because the whole drug culture and alternative music and eating healthy are all about one thing, which is leading a non mainstream lifestyle." "Hollywood hypocrisy" sounds more accurate to us.

■ With fanfare, the *Los Angeles Times* editorial page recently produced a long chin stroker calling for the outlawing of handguns. The only surprise is that this editorial was so long in coming; in one form or other, you can always count on the liberals to come out for unilateral disarmament.

■ California still has some things to brag about—or, rather, California tax collectors do. According to the National Governors Association, Californians last year were socked with the country's biggest tax increase. California's $1.6-billion in new levies accounted for more than one-third of all the new taxes imposed by states across the nation. Meanwhile, new U.S. Commerce Department figures rank California last among the fifty states in personal-income growth over the past year (3.2 per cent compared to a national average of 5.5 per cent). The top state in this category was California's low-tax neighbor, Nevada, where incomes rose a vigorous 10.7 per cent on average. Coming in second was Utah, also known for modest taxation, which recorded an 8.6 per cent growth in personal income. Of course, none of these figures take into account California's public employees, who've been guaranteed substantial pay raises for the next three years. We'll just have to hope there will be enough government workers to support the rest of us in our old age.

■ As a specialist in taking over and turning around foundering businesses, Los Angeles businessman Sanford Sigoloff has shown aggressive impatience with managerial bloat. Now Governor Pete Wilson has nominated him to be interim state schools superintendent, charged with rooting out the system's cellulite. A monumental task, for which Mr. Sigoloff is probably a good choice—if Jenny Craig isn't available.

■ The Decade of Greed is over, so now Clinton fan Barbra Streisand can go ahead and accept a reported $20 million for two New Year's concerts to be held at the new MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. Oh, yes, she will be crossing a picket line to do the gigs and pocket the dough, according to her spokesmen. Miss Streisand can never be accused of selling her principles cheap.

■ The good news is that the California economy has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

produced hundreds of new small businesses. The bad news is that they used to be big.

West's Welfare Quandary

BACK IN 1988, a welfare-rights activist visited the editorial board of a Denver newspaper to complain about the treatment she'd received by the city's press and public. Dorothy King had won local fame—or infamy—by leading a break-in and squatting protest at one of the area's many abandoned homes intended for sale by the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Her campaign pressured officials to surrender several of those houses to the welfare-rights community.

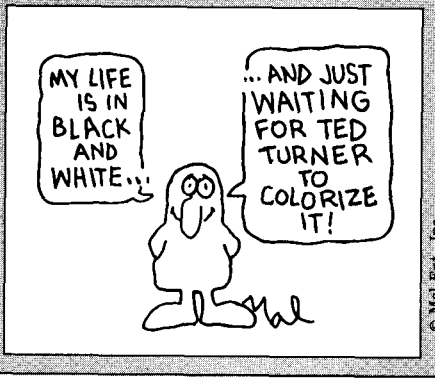
But while Dorothy King had won, a lot of middle- and lower-class Denverites who were struggling to pay their own way weren't applauding. She complained of being jeered at on Denver streets. And she'd had about enough of it, she told the gathered newspaper editors. Why, California offered a much better deal, she harrumphed. Out there on the coast, a person could get some respect: welfare, for instance, was a lot less chintzy.

Now fast-forward ten months or so. It's July, 1989, and a California news story carries a familiar name. Dorothy King has just occupied a vacant federally owned home—in Oakland. "King kicked open the

WEST WORLD

■ Could former California Assemblyman **Tom McClintock**'s run for state controller be a plus for Gov. **Pete Wilson**, whom McClintock blasts for high-tax policies? McClintock on ballot could draw to polls conservatives who might otherwise stay home, say some analysts. . . . L.A. Mayor **Richard Riordan**, registered Republican, says he has not decided whether to support Wilson for re-election. . . . **Kathleen Brown** may not have conceded the center-right entirely to the GOP. Her education-reform plan calls for cutting bureaucracy and revamping bilingual-education to focus on instruction in English. . . . The proposal drew fire from a curious quarter—the Wilson Administration. Education Secretary **Maureen DiMarco** defended bilingual-education, attacking Brown's idea as "a very simplistic comment about a very complex subject." . . . Insurance Commissioner **John Garamendi** isn't helped in his try for Democratic gubernatorial nomination by his department's growing reputation for bungling. The agency seized furniture worth up to $100,000 from a supposedly tainted insurance company—and sold the items for a grand total of $850. Department spokesman **Elene Stern** defended the transaction saying it did not violate department policy. . . . **Willie Brown** muses about not only running for the state senate, but seeking presidency of the body when he gets there. That would make him first legislator in California history to head both branches. . . . Sen. **Barbara Boxer**'s call for sending National Guard to border with Mexico boosted her approval rating to 29 per cent in August from 22 per cent in May, according to statewide Field poll. She's still ranked lower than Sen. **Dianne Feinstein**. . . . Republican Nevada State Assemblyman **Jim Gibbons** says there's a good chance that he will run for governor. In the meantime, he's pushing the Gibbons Tax Restraint Initiative, which would require a two-thirds vote of both houses of the legislature to raise state fees or taxes. He offered the measure during the 1993 legislative session, but the Assembly's Democratic leadership prevented it from coming to a vote.

■ Last year **Cherina Medina**, a twenty-year-old European history major at Mills College in Oakland, held a "spontaneous kiss-in" with her girlfriend in front of the FBI recruiting table on the all-women school's campus. The president of Mills said the FBI, which, until this month, barred open gays and lesbians, would no longer be welcome at career fairs. . . . Says **Tim Reeves**, a student at San Francisco State: "It's hard to organize [gay] students when you're competing with the gay capitol of the world." Still the school boasts a Queer Residents Alliance in the dorms for gay students, a lesbian and gay faculty, and staff organization and La Raza, a group for hispanic gay, lesbian and bisexual students. The school also offers a lesbian and gay studies minor.



■ Threats of censorship from Sen. **Paul Simon** and others stir an alliance of conservatives in Hollywood to join in an open letter of protest in *Variety*. Sponsored by **David Horowitz**'s Center for the Study of Popular Culture, signers include **Pat Sajak** and producers **Rob Long** and **Lionel Chetwynd**, along with producers **Ted Steinberg**, **Dan Schrier**, and **Larry Mollin**. The next Hollywood Forum sponsored by Horowitz's group will address sexual harassment in Hollywood. Call 800-752-6562. . . . Plans by Quintus Productions to do a movie on the life of **Sam Walton**, founder of Wal-Mart, may not proceed without obstacles from liberals. For example, there's this pre-emptive strike from *Daily Variety*'s **John Evan Frook**: "It may be a challenge to keep the character sympathetic, since he was controversial for funding conservative interest groups."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back door of a neat but weathered wood-frame house Tuesday morning," the wire service reported, "accompanied by two of her children and Tom Osher of the Food Not Bombs organization . . ."

So Dorothy King had made good on her vow to head West, and in the process she had added to California's teeming population of the government-dependent. Her story puts flesh and blood on statistics that indicate California is a welfare magnet, its generous handouts drawing would-be recipients from every state and, it seems, from nearly every nation.

In the city of San Bernardino, for instance—the first stop westbound from Arizona and Nevada, where welfare pays a fraction of what it does in California—more than half the population is on relief.

How to stall this caravan of subsidy-seekers? The Wilson Administration has been stymied by the Legislature and the courts in broader efforts to lower welfare payments to the levels of the states from which new immigrants arrived, and to refuse to underwrite illegitimate births.

Obviously, there is no real compassion in opposition to such reforms. People who can support themselves should be prodded to do just that. They should be jostled into the job market, into the social mainstream—not just for the sake of taxpayers, but for their own economic and psychic health.

Welfare "lifers" deserve to be set along a road to freedom—instead of along a cross-country trek to whatever state has the cushiest benefits.

(Continued from page 1)

environmental impact report. Finally, fire officials settled out of court and cancelled the burn.

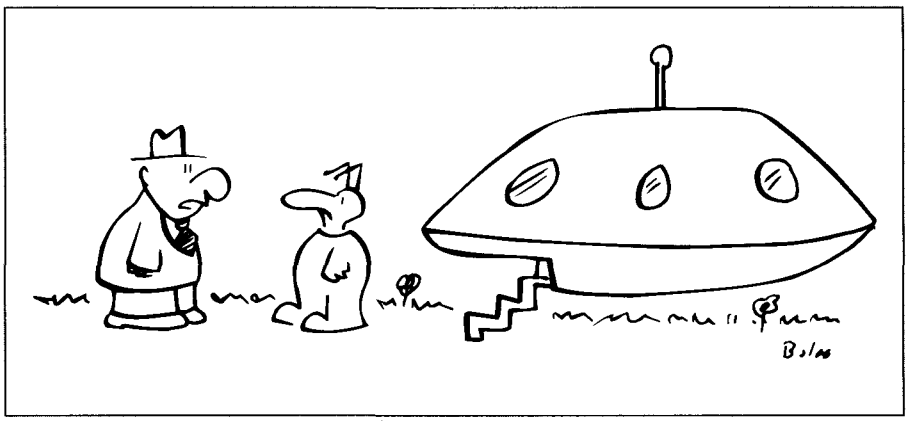
Near Old Topanga Road November 2, in an act of pure evil, an arsonist with even less concern for human life or property set Malibu aflame. With most of the brush spared from supervised burns, these hillsides instead blazed out of control for two days. Much of one of America's most scenic communities now is largely a singed moonscape. Amid the charred palm trees and blackened boulders, a few gaunt chimneys are all that remain of many of the nearly four hundred homes that were consumed.

Three people were killed and 111 injured. Thousands of lives have been up-ended. Some 18,000 acres look as if swabbed with tar. Surveying the scene, it's hard to imagine any coastal horned lizards survived this inferno.

Mr. Murdock is president of Loud & Clear Communications, a New York marketing consulting firm.

We hope that you continue to enjoy NR West, now published in conjunction with the Claremont Institute. If you are interested in placing an advertisement, please contact Brian Kennedy, at Claremont: 919-621-6825.

If you have news or editorial ideas, please write to Harold Johnson at the Claremont Institute, Suite 330, 250 West First St., Claremont, Calif. 91711, or call 714-771-7502.



"Hey, you don't want me to take you to my leader—he'll only tax you to death."

Those who put lizards first are not alone. While most environmentalists advanced the laudable goals of fighting pollution and preserving natural habitats, some ecofreaks and animal-rights advocates jeopardize human safety to ensure the comfort of inferior species of flora and fauna.

Some on the far fringes of environmentalism see humans as a planetary carcinogen. Once homo sapiens are extinct, they reason, Earth will return to its proper equilibrium. As David Foreman, founder of Earth First! declared, "I see no solution to our ruination of Earth except for a drastic reduction of the human population."

Such thinking has put humans in harm's way to "save" nature. One group of eco-terrorists nailed metal spikes into timber in the Pacific Northwest to discourage logging. So what if a lumberjack strikes a spike and his chain saw explodes?

In August 1992, the Fund for Animals and other animal-rights groups sued the U.S. Government to halt the shooting of large flocks of laughing gulls at New York's JFK Airport. Guns were trained on the birds as a last resort when loud noises and other tactics failed to scare them off.

The problem? Aircraft engines inhale gulls with frightening results: Between 1987 and 1991, 44 take-offs were aborted and forty jet engines were damaged or destroyed. Last February 25 an Avianca jet made an emergency landing after a laughing gull disabled one of its two engines. Still, the Fund and its allies set aside the safety of thousands of air passengers and sued on the birds' behalf. After many legal hassles, the FAA was granted a waiver last May to resume the gull-thinning operation.

Some zealots also are opposed to using animals in scientific studies to save or improve human lives. "Even painless research is fascism," says Ingrid Newkirk, founder of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. "Even if animal research resulted in a cure for AIDS, we'd be against it," she adds. Miss Newkirk seems driven less by a love of animals than by a deeper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conviction that humans are no better than other creatures. As she once put it: "A rat is a pig is a dog is a boy."

To doctors, though, this quote is not as outrageous as it sounds: A pig's heart, in some cases, is a boy's heart. Miraculously, America's "unreformed" medical system now transplants animal organs into humans. But even this is unbearable to some livestock lovers. "I'm appalled at the audacity of humans believing that we have the right to manipulate other living creatures to fit our needs," animal rights advocate Christy Waehner recently lamented in *Newsweek*. People "forget that even a pig is a sentient being."

With ethics on the run, nihilism on

Wolf at the Door

BEFORE the embers were cold after the recent fires in Southern California, it emerged that prudent measures to cut brush in the tinder dry hills had been blocked by environmental concerns. Critics thought immediately of the parallel to the devastating Yellowstone fires of 1988, in which unsound environmental policy had played a part in making the magnitude of that disaster much worse.

The government's environmental mismanagement of Yellowstone and other natural resources in the West have been ably exposed in books such as Alston Chase's *Playing God in Yellowstone* and Karl Hess's *Visions Upon the Land*. But even now the next chapter in government duplicity about protecting the western environment is being written.

The new issue is wolf recovery. The U.S. government sponsored the wholesale slaughter of wolves in the West more than fifty years ago, leading to the near-extinction of the wolf in the continental U.S. (Wolves are not, however, biologically endangered, and have continued to thrive in Alaska and northwest Canada. There are estimated to be more than fifty thousand in North America.) Now, in the era of the Endangered Species Act, the government wants to bring wolves back to Yellowstone and other western states.

There are some good environmental reasons to revive the wolf in Yellowstone and selected other areas. The disappearance of the wolf has led to population explosions of deer, elk, and mountain sheep, whose subsequent overgrazing has contributed to the environmental degradation of Yellowstone and other western parks (Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado is another ecological basket case because of Park Service mismanagement).

But ranchers, hunters, and others in the West have legitimate worries about the renewed presence of wolves in their midst. Wandering wolfpacks may exact a high cost to livestock ranchers, and might lead to reductions or even a ban on seasonal hunting of elk and deer, a time-honored tradition in the West. Hence, wolf reintroduction has become a highly charged emotional issue.

That's where the politics come into play. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has announced a plan to introduce three hundred wolves in areas in Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. After three years, Fish and Wildlife says, these three hundred would generate ten wolfpacks, and the wolf will have recovered sufficiently to be removed from the Endangered Species List.

Charles Kay, a wildlife biologist with the Institute of Political Economy at Utah State University, smelled a rat among the wolves. According to Prof. Kay, these numbers are much too small to support a viable wolf population. Kay charges that the Fish and Wildlife Service produced these numbers without any sound scientific basis, and deliberately kept the numbers low so as to allay the fears of ranchers and hunters in the region. A Freedom of Information Act request which was filed by Prof. Kay revealed that the Fish and Wildlife Service had "not contracted and undertaken any studies which deal with minimum viable populations of the Northern Rocky Mountain wolf."

Kay realized that the lack of objection to this plan from environmentalists meant that the fix was probably in. When the Fish and Wildlife Service moves to "delist" the wolf, environmentalists will sue to keep wolves protected and win. But having gotten the wolf's nose in the western tent, so to speak, the wolf population will grow substantially. Once the wolf is in place and growing, it will be nearly impossible politically to control their numbers. The recent outcry over the proposal in Alaska to thin the wolf population by only three hundred (out of a population of seven thousand) is a good example.

KAY WROTE up his extensive critique of what is going on and published it last summer in *Petersen's Hunting Magazine*. The article created a sensation within the Fish and Wildlife Service. Ed Bangs, the wolf recovery project leader for the Service, phoned the president of Utah State University to suggest that Kay be disciplined. Bangs also encouraged others to write to Utah State complaining about Kay's supposed "unprofessionalism."

But other independent wildlife experts are on Kay's side of the controversy, and have publicly attacked Bangs' "thinly veiled attempt at character assassination." Dr. Michael Soule, a noted wildlife biologist, agrees with Kay that "the ten-pack number is more a political than a biological threshold." Bangs' heavy-handed overreaction has led to calls for his resignation from a few northwestern newspapers.

This is another startling example of how politics take precedence over science in western resource and wildlife issues. There are increasing rumors of disappearing files and summary dismissals of internal critics of politicized resource policy.

Opinion polls show that the U.S. Park Service, Forest Service, and Fish and Wildlife Service are among the most popular government agencies with the American public. But, you never know, Smokey the Bear could be the next subject of scandal in government.

—STEVEN HAYWARD

Mr. Hayward is research director for the Pacific Research Institute in San Francisco.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rise, and some 23,000 murders haunting us each year, it comes as little surprise that so many find human life so trivial. The celebration of the lizards and disdain for humans most likely neither burned out nor faded away in the scorched mountains of Malibu. □

Our Pop Culture

THE UNIDENTIFIED MICHAEL JACKSON

K. E. GRUBBS JR.

THE BREATHLESS news-reporting—televised suspiciously during the ratings period—of the mysterious Michael Jackson's whereabouts occasions a few observations on the state of Western legal institutions and popular culture. That culture, of course, has snowballed into a universal force, for the most part a liberating phenomenon. A case can even be made that the penetration of rock videos into the late Communist empire impacted that empire just as shatteringly as Joshua's horn.

In the past decade a central, prancing figure in that revolution has been the strange little gloved creature who emerged from a family singing group to captivate those unformed souls in the world who throng to various stadia in order to practice idolatry. In a sense Michael Jackson and other "superstars" redirected the idolatrous impulse away from political tyrants. They served the objectives of the free world. Do they disserve it now? Do they shatter the legitimate pillars of our own culture?

If the complaints brought against him are true, Jackson will not be known as the first to violate those norms. The late Jim Morrison of *The Doors* comes readily to mind. The antics of Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry, whose music means more to me than Jackson's ever will, certainly raise eyebrows if not the moralistic scorn they probably deserve. But the offenses imputed to Jackson do seem qualitatively worse, involving as they do the molestation of innocent children, for which behavior our religious tradition prescribes millstones.

Usually such charges raise my skepticism. It was popular not long ago to suppose that all charges of molestation were true, on the dubiously sentimental grounds that "children do not lie." But of course children, as several tests in court have proven, do lie. They can be manipulated through suggestive interrogators.

Even so, another level of skepticism overpowers my interest, itself driven by skepticism, in seeing Michael Jackson absolved. The larger skepticism I must aim at Michael Jackson himself, his weirdly constructed persona, his carefully crafted image. Nor is it simple fogeyhood to point out that, culturally, this pop emperor is naked. The man's talent, such as it is, reduces to a novel, herky-jerky, calisthenic kind of dance. One can marvel at his energy and at the same time know that his performances are musically bereft.

He is also spiritually bereft, notwithstanding all the image-spinning that presents him as a Shepherd tending the world's prepubescent lambs. If he is confronted by a wolf, his response is both fright and flight. He absorbs his fright in drugs. He takes flight to a dry-out center notably distant from the U.S. legal system. His sponsors and allies in the pop culture constellation—Liz? Quincy?—will doubtless attest to his spiritual tenderness, but when do we get to see him bear his cross manfully?

This will appear to some as a cheap shot, but this performer's development was long since arrested on the way to doing much of anything manfully, including finding a voice. That matters, really. In our culture we love the heavenly pitches of our choirboys. We also expect them to develop fully, as aural evidence of growth, of rounding out, of finding an assertive dimension. That Michael Jackson struggled to stay a choirboy unnaturally, and found global adulation thereby, suggests the workings of a cultural Gresham's Law: Bad art drives out good.

Think again about that bizarre halftime show at the Super Bowl, accompained by the videos played to world audiences at that pinnacle moment in Jackson's life. He danced hubristically and instantaneously from world capital to world capital, in part a Pied Piper, in part a Savior. The video even suggested a bodily ascension into Heaven. In the Super Bowl he emerged as the touching defender of childlike wonder and innocence — this from a figure noted for crotch-grabbing and window-breaking. Where was the transformation? Or are we to derive the notion that the celebration of Bad leads cleanly to salvation?

It is profoundly troubling, this bogus religiosity and well-advertised humanitarianism that seems to walk hand-in-hand with violence and nihilism. If it was incalculably deadly against another false system, namely the Soviet imperium, it is also damaging to the good, the true and the beautiful. To my chagrin, I came upon this reality last September in the streets of Taipei.

It was there, in the bustling capital of the Republic of China, whose startling social and commercial successes can be attributed to the spiritual disciplines that once defined America, that I found myself caught in a traffic jam brought on by one of Michael Jackon's "Dangerous" concerts. Earlier that afternoon, waiting in the Kaoshiung airport on the southern tip of the island, I found myself amid knots of newly affluent adolescents who had purchased air fare for a night of Michaelmania hundreds of miles from home.

Suddenly I wanted to shout to those Taiwanese teen-agers not to buy. Not this time. Not this pop icon. He might never have touched that anonymous 13-year-old. But, overarching our laws, he is guility of an egregious cultural corruption nonetheless. □

Mr. Grubbs is editorial and commentary director of the Orange County Register.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pols and Pulpits

MEMORIES. I had flashbacks the other day when I read a newspaper article on religion and politics in Southern California. It bemoaned that right-wing Christian footsoldiers are increasingly a force to be reckoned with in local elections—to the consternation of liberal pols, some of the mainline clergy, and those "non-partisan" watchdog groups that harrumph about the importance of church–state separation.

For me, it all triggered recollections of my own experiences over the years with politically passionate pastors. The difference is, most of those who preached at me about politics while I was growing up were evangelizing the liberal persuasion.

I'm a cradle Episcopalian, you see, and while that veddy proper church may once have been known to wags as the Republican Party at prayer, it long ago put the torch to that stereotype.

As far back as the mid 1960s, the hierarchy voted to rain greenbacks on black militants in "reparation" for white folks' sins of earlier centuries.

At about the same time, sitting with his parents in a pew in Denver, a young grade-schooler heard a sermon on how Barry Goldwater, if given the chance, would lead us down the primrose path. Later there would be homilies on the virtues of urban renewal, school busing, gun control, and nuclear disarmament. In my case, little of it took, but not for lack of earnestness on the preachers' part.

My encounters with pulpit-thumping for the liberal agenda continued when I moved to California. There was the great nuclear-freeze pinup, for example, when I was singing in the choir at All Saints Episcopal Church in Pasadena ten years ago. A pro-nuclear-freeze initiative was on the ballot that year, and, predictably, the rector of All Saints, the well-known Reagan-basher George Regas, was jazzed about it. One Sunday he showed up in the choir room with a basket of blue ribbons. Choir members were asked to show support for the freeze by attaching the ribbons to their white robes.

Everybody pinned one on but me.

It all underscores a double standard, doesn't it? Many mainline clergy and parishioners have been political animals for years, generally leaning leftward. You heard no alarms about this from People for the American Way or Americans United for Separation of Church and State. Bill Clinton can campaign in black Baptist churches and nobody complains. (And Jesse Jackson, no stranger to political campaigning, was at the pulpit of All Saints in Pasadena just recently.)

But let evangelical Christians or Orthodox Jews set foot in the political arena to promote their own values and the alarms start sounding. Suddenly we've got a Threat to the Constitution.

According to the newspaper piece that sparked my musings, two local politicians in particular claimed to be shocked and outraged after being targeted by Christian conservatives. Apparently leaflets were distributed outside the two candidates' churches letting people know they're pro-abortion.

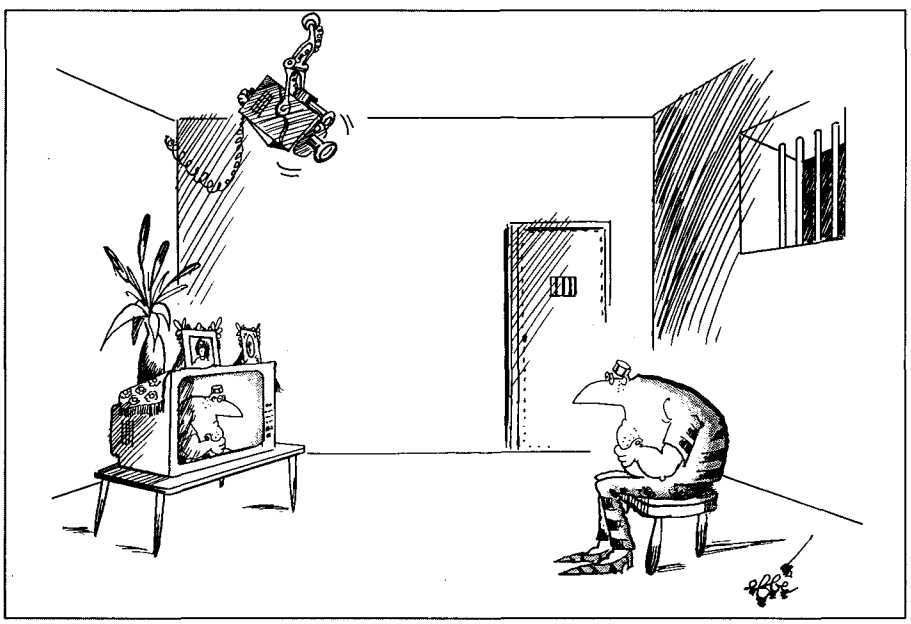
Does that really rate an uproar? Sure it's hardball, but is it any different in principle from the way some progressive churches used to target politicians who opposed civil rights?

My own outlook toward political activity by religious groups is quite liberal: I'm entirely open to it, no matter what side of the spectrum they're coming from. The Christian can even argue that the logic of his creed commands involvement. At the center of that faith, after all, is the notion that what goes on in this world counts in a profound way, and therefore should engage the thinking, concerned churchman. Isn't that an implied message of the Incarnation, the doctrine that God didn't remain a distant ethereal entity, but came into this world as a flesh-and-blood human being?

WHAT ABOUT the threat to the church–state dividing line? Most fevered warnings about this danger boil down to intellectual bosh. How much poorer would our heritage be if the constitutional doctrine of church–state separation had been decreed to mean that religious people could not focus their moral perspectives and energies on public policy? Most of the great liberating movements of our history, from the break with England to the fight against slavery, to the Progressive Era campaign against machine politics, to the twentieth-century battle for equal rights for blacks and for women—and now, many would add, for the unborn—were either spearheaded or powerfully assisted by churches.

Keep religion out of politics? Heaven—and Washington—forbid.

—HAROLD JOHNSON



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as possible." The language of religious conservatives must be inclusive, not exclusive, and rely on persuasion rather than domination.

Those of us in the faith community have a special obligation to speak in a way that uplifts rather than tears down. We must recognize that the public square is not a church. Like the church, it contains saints as well as sinners, but unlike the church, it does not lend itself to the enforcement of a doctrine of faith.

If those who are completely secular will acknowledge the affirmative role of religion, just as those of us who are religious can acknowledge that religion can sometimes be twisted to ungodly ends, then we can move forward toward common ground. Jacob Neusner is right that we need a language adequate to that task. Not all who share our politics share our faith. We must speak in a way that recognizes that ambiguity while affirming our own deeply held beliefs.

Alexis de Tocqueville observed: "Despotism may be able to do without faith, but democracy cannot. Religion is needed . . . in democratic republics most of all." We will never have heaven on earth. That is what the Soviets tried to build, and flames now lick the ruins of their failed utopia. But we can have citizens whose hearts turn heavenward. And we must. Indeed, our entire system of government rests on the assumption that our citizenry lives by an internalized code of conduct that flows from religious faith. □

Mr. Reed is the executive director of Christian Coalition, a pro-family grassroots citizens' organization.

minate her pregnancy in its early stages."

However, the Joint Opinion defined "early stages" of pregnancy as any point prior to fetal viability: "Viability marks the earliest point at which the State's interest in fetal life is constitutionally adequate to justify a legislative ban on nontherapeutic abortions." Viability is declared to be "the point at which the balance of interests tips" away from personal liberty and toward fetal life. However, fetal viability now occurs at 23 to 24 weeks' gestation. That is the end of the *sixth month* of pregnancy, an extreme definition of "early stages"—especially since the Joint Opinion said it was merely recognizing the "constitutional liberty of the woman to have *some* freedom to terminate her pregnancy" (emphasis added).

The Joint Opinion asserted that the Court "must justify the lines we draw. And there is no line other than viability which is more workable." A line drawn at eight weeks, however, could be seen as being precisely more workable than a line drawn at viability because it can be justified by applying to the beginning of legally protected life the same medical and legal criteria now used to define the end of legally protected life. Furthermore, with modern ultrasound technology, physicians can easily delineate this eight-week point.

Nor would this new line place an "undue burden" on a woman's ability to make an abortion decision; it would leave ample time for her to decide whether or not to abort. A woman can easily discover she is pregnant, using an over-the-counter pregnancy test, by two weeks after her first missed menstrual period, corresponding to the fourth week after conception. This would leave her at least a four-week window to secure an abortion.

The *Casey* Joint Opinion concluded that a change in constitutional principle is an appropriate response to "facts that the country could understand, or had come to understand already, but which the Court in an earlier day, as its own declarations disclosed, had not been able to perceive." Several facts regarding abortion apparently have not yet been "perceived" by the Court.

To begin with, over 70 per cent of Americans believe that abortion should *not* be permitted during the second and third trimesters. This is something that the country has "come to understand already."

Second, the Joint Opinion justified its result, in part, on the ground that abortion must be available "in the event that contraception should fail." This was premised on the assumption that "[a]bortion is customarily chosen as an unplanned response to the consequence of unplanned activity or the failure of conventional birth control." The available data, however, indicate that abortion has instead become a primary method of birth control. In 1978, 41 per cent of the women seeking an abortion in Utah reported that they had omitted their contraception or did not use contraception at all. By 1985, that number had risen to 66 per cent and by 1989 to 68 per cent. These statistics are typical. By providing unrestricted access to abortion throughout the first six months of pregnancy, *Roe* (and now *Casey*) discourage women and men from exercising sexual responsibility.

Finally, it is certain that a fetus will—at some point long before birth—feel pain. The purposeful dismemberment generally involved in abortion would clearly inflict pain on a being with a functioning brain and central nervous system. Surely we are a compassionate enough society to seek to err on the side of the "little ones" (Latin meaning of "fetus"), by prohibiting abortion after the onset of brain-wave activity.

PUBLIC POLICY on abortion can only move in tandem with public sentiment. Public policy which reflects one extreme or the other in the current debate will only continue to polarize our society.

It is surpassingly important that we begin to move to some common ground—however uneasy—on this difficult issue. An eight-week limitation on abortion access represents just such a common ground. The time is now ripe to seize the initiative and lead our country to a creative response on this emotional issue.

—Steven R. Hemler,
Richard G. Wilkins, and
Frank H. Fischer, MD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helo

"Do we have to jingle all *the way?"*

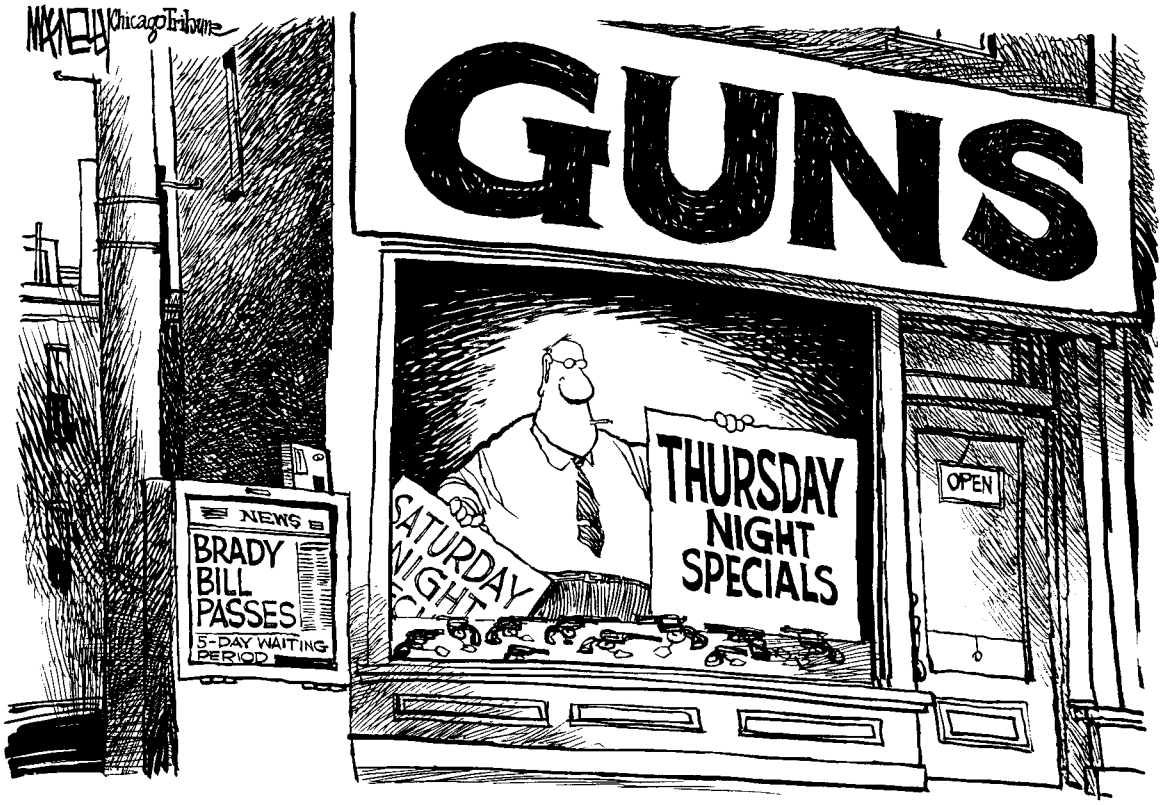
"This is my tenth 'Hillary' this week."

Mrs. Clinton's Workshop

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
  What's Hillary been making?
In rooms that offer privacy,
  She's got the patients quaking.
Would her reforms relieve us from
Deductibles that leave us numb,
Or should she make the Hoover hum
  And do some cookie-baking?

W. H. VON DREELE

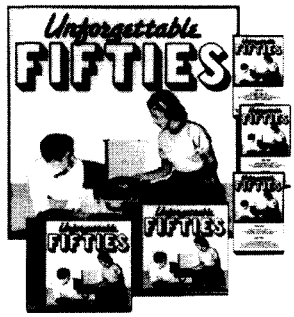
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not Available In Stores

50 Biggest Hits By The Biggest Stars Of The 50's



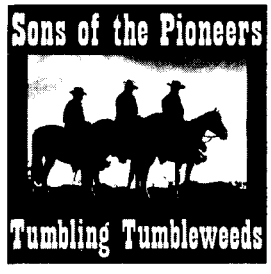
All original recordings by The McGuire Sisters... Patti Page... Nat "King" Cole... Jo Stafford... Johnny Mathis... Guy Mitchell... Rosemary Clooney... Eddie Fisher... Teresa Brewer... Tony Bennett... The Four Aces... and so many more!

What wonderful tunes and magical memories come flooding back from those wonderful years. Let's turn back the clock to those happy days when we all liked Ike and loved Lucy and the music was pure fun.

Music, Music, Music Teresa Brewer • **You Belong To Me** Jo Stafford • **Love Is A Many Splendored Thing** The Four Aces • **Slowpoke** Pee Wee King • **Sincerely** The McGuire Sisters • **Heartaches By The Number** Guy Mitchell • **Tennessee Waltz** Patti Page • **That's Amore** Dean Martin • **Blue Tango** Leroy Anderson • **Because Of You** Tony Bennett • **Be My Love** Mario Lanza • **I'm Walking Behind You** Eddie Fisher • **Que Sera Sera** Doris Day • **Sh-Boom** The Crew Cuts • **The Naughty Lady Of Shady Lane** The Ames Brothers • **Mona Lisa** Nat King Cole • **Catch A Falling Star** Perry Como • **Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White** Perez Prado • **He'll Have To Go** Jim Reeves • **Oh Lonesome Me** Don Gibson • **Oh My Pa-Pa** Eddie Fisher • **Round And Round** Perry Como • **The Wayward Wind** Gogi Grant • **Sixteen Tons** Tennessee Ernie Ford • **The Three Bells** The Browns • **Autumn Leaves** Roger Williams • **April Love** Pat Boone • **Tammy** Debbie Reynolds • **Chantanoogie Shoe Shine Boy** Red Foley • **Sugartime** The McGuire Sisters • **Volare** Domenico Modugno • **This Ole House** Rosemary Clooney • **Patricia** Perez Prado • **My Prayer** The Platters • **Don't Be Cruel** Elvis Presley • **The Rock And Roll Waltz** Kay Starr • **You, You, You** The Ames Brothers • **Cattle Call** Eddy Arnold • **Mack The Knife** Bobby Darin • **The Thing** Phil Harris • **Mister Sandman** Chordettes • **Hot Diggity** Perry Como • **Purple People Eater** Sheb Wooley • **Moonglow And Theme From Picnic** Morris Stoloff • **Hearts Of Stone** Fontane Sisters • **Rag Mop** Ames Brothers • **Chances Are** Johnny Mathis • **Love Me Tender** Elvis Presley • **Little Things Mean A Lot** Kitty Kallen • **Goodnight Irene** Gordon Jenkins with The Weavers

UNFORGETTABLE FIFTIES
#124511 3 Cassettes $19.98
#124529 2 Compact Discs $24.98

Sons Of The Pioneers



The Sons Of The Pioneers and their famous partner, Roy Rogers, rode the range and sang 'round the campfire in over 75 movies, singing the great western songs loved by all. In this double-length album you will hear all those legendary hits performed in the authentic style that grew out of the Old West.

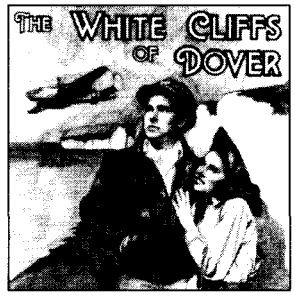
Tumbling Tumbleweeds • Cool Water • Red River Valley • The Last Roundup • San Antonio Rose • Whoopie-Ti-Yi-Yo • Riders In The Sky • Twilight On The Trail • Home On The Range • Room Full Of Roses • Ragtime Cowboy Joe • Along The Navajo Trail • Wagon Wheels • Take Me Back To My Boots And Saddle • Empty Saddles • The Shifting Whispering Sands • O Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie • Don't Fence Me In.

SONS OF THE PIONEERS
#120717 Cassette $9.98
#120725 Compact Disc $14.98

The Right Music...

Your Favorite Music and Entertainment on Cassettes and Compact Discs!

A Memorable Collection for Sweethearts Everywhere!



The White Cliffs Of Dover

42 Great Love Songs From World War II

★ Original Hits! ★ Original Stars!

Here are 42 of World War II's most cherished love songs which will rekindle your warmest memories. The songs of separated sweethearts... and coming home again. The songs which kept our loves and our hearts strong. The songs with the melodies we'll never forget... and words which will last forever.

Always Deanna Durbin • **Seems Like Old Times** Guy Lombardo • **I'll Be Seeing You** Jo Stafford • **Moonlight Becomes You** Bing Crosby • **My Devotion** Vaughn Monroe • **Lili Marlene** Perry Como • **My Prayer** Ink Spots • **I Think Of You** Tommy Dorsey, Frank Sinatra • **Marie** Tommy Dorsey • **Sleepy Time Gal** Harry James • **Harbor Lights** Frances Langford • **My Buddy** Sammy Kaye • **Linda** Buddy Clark • **Deep Purple** Larry Clinton, Bea Wain • **The Gypsy** The Ink Spots • **Embraceable You** Jimmy Dorsey, Helen O'Connell • **Where Or When** Guy Lombardo • **Love Letters** Dick Haymes • **I Can't Begin To Tell You** Harry James, Betty Grable • **As Time Goes By** Dooley Wilson (Sam) • **To Each His Own** Eddy Howard • **Miss You** Dinah Shore • **Auf Wiederseh'n, Sweetheart** Vera Lynn • **Five Minutes More** Tex Beneke • **Now Is The Hour** Bing Crosby • **Something To Remember You By** Dinah Shore • **Dancing In The Dark** Artie Shaw • **Peg O'My Heart** Harmonicats • **La Vie En Rose** Edith Piaf • **That Old Black Magic** Glenn Miller • **Sleepy Lagoon** Harry James • **It Had To Be You** Helen Forrest, Dick Haymes • **Serenade In Blue** Glenn Miller • **Mexicali Rose** Bing Crosby • **That Old Feeling** Shep Fields • **By The Light Of The Silvery Moon** Ray Noble, Snooky Lanson • **I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire** The Ink Spots • **We'll Meet Again** Guy Lombardo • **Mam'selle** Art Lund • **Maria Elena** Jimmy Dorsey, Bob Eberly • **You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To** Dinah Shore • **White Cliffs Of Dover** Kay Kyser

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER
#124917 3 Cassettes $19.95
#124925 2 Compact Discs $24.95

OUR GUARANTEE:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Right People

From National Review's Own Music Service

Mairzy Doats

44 Wacky Hits from the Fun 40's

Bring back all those memorable moments with the great songs by the great stars that gave our country a laugh when it needed it most, and it's not available in any store.

Mairzy Doats The Merry Macs • **Aba Daba Honeymoon** Debbie Reynolds & Carleton Carpenter • **Rag Mop** The Ames Brothers • **Chickery Chick** Sammy Kaye • **Civilizaton (Bongo, Bongo, Bongo)** Danny Kaye & The Andrews Sisters • **Woody Woodpecker** The Sportsmen & Mel Blanc • **The Thing** Phil Harris • **Manana** Peggy Lee • **Cocktails For Two** Spike Jones • **Buttons And Bows** Dinah Shore • **Too Fat Polka** Arthur Godfrey • **I've Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts** Freddy Martin with Merv Griffin • **Cement Mixer (Put-Ti Put-Ti)** Alvino Rey • **I'm My Own Grandpa** Guy Lombardo • **Pistol Packin' Mama** Bing Crosby & The Andrews Sisters • **I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover** Art Mooney • **Huggin' And Chalkin'** Hoagy Carmichael • **Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy** Red Foley • **Twelfth Street Rag** Pee Wee Hunt • **Deep In The Heart Of Texas** Alvino Rey • **Beer Barrel Polka** Will Glahe • **Bell Bottom Trousers** Jerry Colonna • **Across The Alley From The Alamo** The Mills Brothers • **The Hut-Sut Song** Freddy Martin • **Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop** Tex Beneke & The Glenn Miller Orchestra • **Three Little Fishies** Kay Kyser • **Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief** Betty Hutton • **I Never See Maggie Alone** Kenney Roberts • **Doin' What Comes Naturally** Dinah Shore & more!

MAIRZY DOATS
#115212 3 Cassettes $19.95
#115220 2 Compact Discs $24.95

The Mills Brothers

"Their Best-Loved Hits."

The fabulous Mills Brothers have made generations of music lovers happy for over four decades. Hear all of their greatest hits in their sensational new collection.

Paper Doll • Till Then • Glow Worm • Up A Lazy River • Cab Driver • Moonlight Bay • Nevertheless • Basin Street Blues • Daddy's Little Girl • Opus One • Be My Life's Companion • You Tell Me Your Dream • Across The Alley From The Alamo • Someday (You'll Want Me To Want You) • You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You • The Jones Boy • You Always Hurt The One You Love • One Dozen Roses

THE MILLS BROTHERS
#116517 Cassette $9.98
#116525 Compact Disc $14.98

If for any reason you are not 100% satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 15 days for a complete refund. So order with confidence!

Instrumental Gold

There's something magical about a melody. Even without words, certain music seems to touch the heart. Rekindle an emotion. Bring back the tender memories of the best times of our lives. Never before have these easy-listening, instrumental greats been gathered into a golden treasury like this.

40 Original Hits! All The Original Artists!

Theme From "A Summer Place" Percy Faith • **The Poor People Of Paris** Les Baxter • **Love Is Blue** Paul Mauriat • **Autumn Leaves** Roger Williams • **Lisbon Antiqua** Nelson Riddle • **Moonglow And Theme From "Picnic"** Morris Stoloff • **Wonderland By Night** Bert Kaempfert • **Stranger On The Shore** Mr. Acker Bilk • **Chariots Of Fire** Vangelis • **Last Date** Floyd Cramer • **Canadian Sunset** Hugo Winterhalter, Eddie Heywood • **Music Box Dancer** Frank Mills • **Sail Along Silvery Moon** Billy Vaughn • **Maria Elena** Los Indios Tabajaras • **Only You** Frank Pourcel • **Blue Tango** Leroy Anderson • **Holiday For Strings** David Rose • **The Hot Canary** Florian Zabach • **So Rare** Jimmy Dorsey • **Third Man Theme** Anton Karas • **Ebb Tide** Frank Chacksfield • **Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White** Perez Prado • **Unchained Melody** Les Baxter • **Ruby** Richard Hayman • **Never On Sunday** Don Costa • **Moon River** Henry Mancini • **Somewhere My Love** Ray Coniff • **Shangri-La** Robert Maxwell • **Yellow Bird** Arthur Lyman • **Quiet Village** Martin Denny • **A Walk In The Black Forest** Horst Jankowski • **Song From"Moulin Rouge"** Percy Faith • **The Entertainer** Marvin Hamlisch • **The Stripper** David Rose & lots more!

INSTRUMENTAL GOLD
#127217 3 Cassettes $19.95
#127225 2 Compact Discs $24.95

A Big Band Treat With A Brand New Twist!

Glenn Miller Meets Ray Anthony!

The beautiful and legendary big band sound of Glenn Miller is now in the capable hands of Mr. Ray Anthony. Ray was in the trumpet section of the original Miller band in the early Forties, and today he keeps that magnificent sound alive with this vibrant new stereo recording. Here is his wonderful big band playing ***"In The Miller Mood"***, 14 fabulous hits that were never played by Glenn Miller but should have been. Hits of yesterday. Hits of today, with Ray Anthony's warm, romantic trumpet sounding better than ever, and his always danceable rhythms.

Unforgettable • Twilight Time • To Each His Own • Memory (From "Cats") • Moon River • Blue Velvet • So Rare • Anytime • Somewhere Out There • Day By Day • Columbia The Gem Of The Ocean • Sunset Serenade • Through The Eyes Of Love • Up A Lazy River

RAY ANTHONY
#131912 Cassette $10.98
#131920 Compact Disc $14.98

National Review Music Service, Dept. 046995
150 East 35 Street, New York, NY 10016

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Item No.	Qty	Title	Total Price

☐ Check Enclosed (make payable to National Review)
Charge My: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
☐ Discover Exp. Date _____

Sub-Total	
NY, NJ, IA Res. add sales tax	
Postage and Handling	**$3.50**
Check or Charge Total	

Card No. _____

Signature _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Trapp Family Christmas

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

ONE OF the reasons—I say one of the reasons because I could think of *several* others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates were taking turns being president of the Planned Parenthood Association was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas. Which who doesn't, including people like me, who know? I know why Ben Heath, who is tied to me by the bonds of marriage, has the spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles, and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet (new last January) is permanently (though not uninterestingly, I always think) spangled. I know I look absolutely insane crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and then galloping madly off in the dark, jingling sleighbells and shouting, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon with "MERVYN" spelled out in red Scotch tape. I know no one can eat those Cut'n'Bake cookies after the children have decorated them with green sugar and cinnamon hearts (Christmas trees), and then with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow (Santa Clauses), and then with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon (angels). I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to match candid blue eye to candid blue eye with a ten-year-old and say: "But, sweetie, how should *I* know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Ever think of that?"

I also know ten children who aren't going to see this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

I know all that. What I didn't know till this year was what Ben meant, every Christmastide, when he tossed out, not at all at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be materialistic for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to get a Chatty Cathy apiece, but spiritual for them to share one. I mean, that's what I thought until one afternoon last week.

That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they *were*, that's all; they *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack in the door, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure.

What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters to share the loot. They itemized, giving reasons for their choice, the siblings they would gladly exchange for a hockey stick or an army bugle or a Barbie doll with a different dress for every single day of the week. From what I could hear through the crack, *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandable—let's face it—but not nice.

THEN AND THERE I decided (yes, *again*) that there is more to old Ben than meets the eye, and that this Christmas the Heaths would be spiritual. Spiritual *also*, I mean. At my age you can't just cut those old materialistic ways right out of your life. And by coincidence I happened to be reading, at the time, a book called *Around the Year with the Trapp Family*. Actually, I was reading it to find out why the Trapps play the recorder better than we do, a fact which is widely bruited by those who have heard us, though not necessarily the Trapps. It turned out, though, that the Trapp family spends its year not practicing the recorder, as I had hoped, but "Keeping the Feasts and Seasons of the Christian Year," which is, in fact, the subtitle of the book. We plunged into keeping the Christmas Season of the Christian Year like the Trapps. Some of us (me) plunged more enthusiastically than others (Jim, Pam, John, Priscilla, Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet, and their father).

Certainly some of the things the Trapp family does at Christmas are not entirely suited to the Heath fam-

A Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR *tradition. This and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas stories are collected in* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell? *(National Review Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ily. I know. I *know*. And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional *Spekulatius* on December 6 (St. Nicholas's Day), for instance; or the traditional *Kletzenbrot* on December 21 (St. Thomas's Day); or even the traditional *Lebzelten*, *Lebkuchen*, Spanish Wind, Marzipan, Rum Balls, Nut *Busserln*, Coconut *Busserln*, *Stangerln*, *Pfeffernüsse* and Plain Cookies on December 23. Especially since the freezer was bulging with all those still Uncut'n'Unbaked rolls of cookie dough. Nor did I consider for more than one mad moment suggesting that all the children take a nap before Midnight Mass and that their father awaken them by initiating a procession from room to room with a lighted candle, singing "Shepherds Up!" (each verse pitched a half-tone higher than the last), though I think it would be lovely, myself. Maybe when Ben is older . . . mellower . . .

We *did* make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, and it was beautiful; but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals, and though they said it was all right to hang the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't even *discuss* letting us light the candles after the wreath was hung. Anyway, I know perfectly well that Ben Heath would light off for the South Seas before he would light the candles, stand under the wreath, read the Gospel for the day, and listen to the children sing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above and rain ye clouds the Just One. . . ." Even if I could get the children to sing it. Are your children *giggly*?

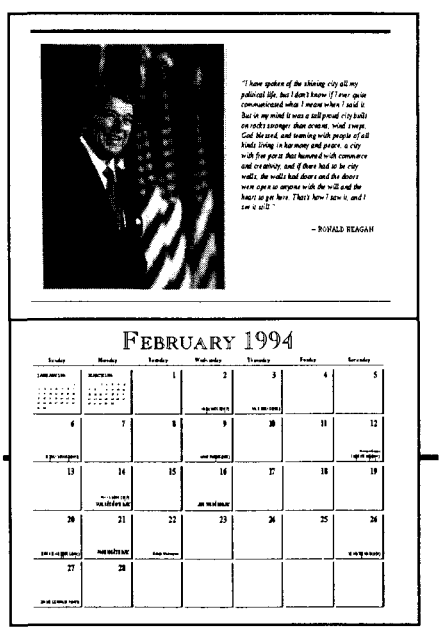
The Trapps say that "Silent Night" should be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve, and I agree with them, and the children agreed with me, which would have been enough to make me abandon the whole idea if I hadn't been so bemused with good will and all. It wasn't till I got the notes from Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates that I remembered that the Fourth Form Glee Club Concert, the Grade VII Carol Sing, the Grade VI Christmas Vespers, the Grade III Christmas Play, the Grade II Christmas Chapel, the Grade I Christmas Assembly, the Kindergarten Christmas Program, and the Nursery School Christmas Party (to all of which I have been kindly invited) have three things in common: rehearsals, Heaths, and "Silent Night." *I quite understand*, I wrote Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates.

I REALLY DIDN'T SEE how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, at the beginning of Advent, everyone writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket, which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing "Ye heavens, dew drop from above." Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl*, and the idea is, you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual, and also fun, doesn't it?

1994: Year of the Conservative!

Celebrate conservatism throughout the year with...

The
AMERICAN
CONSERVATIVE
CALENDAR
1994


"I have spoken of the shining city all my political life, but I don't know if I ever quite communicated what I meant when I said it. But in my mind it was a walled city, built on rock stronger than cement, wind swept, God blessed, and teeming with people of all kinds living in harmony and peace, a city with free ports that hummed with commerce and creativity, and if there had to be city walls, the walls had doors and the doors were open to anyone with the will and the heart to get here. That's how I saw it, and I see it still."
– RONALD REAGAN

Magnificent full-color photographs and quotes from your favorite American conservatives:

Ronald Reagan
William F. Buckley Jr.
Pat Buchanan
Antonin Scalia
Phyllis Schlafly
Jesse Helms
Robert Novak
and More!

More than 100 birthdays highlighted.

Order yours today!

Send a check or money order for $10.95 per copy plus $3.00 P&H (add 50¢ for each additional copy) to:

The American Conservative Calendar
P.O. Box 4386-L
Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Make check payable to:
The American Conservative Calendar

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ NR2

Number of Calendars _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And it works out *beautifully* in the Trapp family. In fact, through Advent until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of *Christkindlen* who have found their shoes shined, their dollhouses tidied up, or the table already set the day it was their turn. But there *are* a few technical problems that I feel you should know about, just in case you plan to be spiritual next Christmas.

IN OUR house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing, and I said, what did he mean, too old: most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi song aren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at 15, what did he think I was; and he said too old at 42 (*never* tell your children your age), but anyhow, I won, because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his driver-education permission slip—and also, if I didn't drive all over New England every Saturday to see the Kingswood JV wrestle, who would? Then the others said, what about Timothy and Janet? Timothy and Janet were too little to do good turns to their *Christkindlen*, so why should they be anybody else's *Christkindlen*? I said, I *must* say, this didn't sound very much like the spirit of Christmas to *me*, and I would take care of the babies' *Christkindlen* if everyone was so worried, and let's *draw*, for heaven's sake!

So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one, which turned out, after we hit her on the back, to be John. So we made another slip for John (a piece of paper *our* baby has eaten is *distinctive*) and we drew again and eight of them drew their own names. I said, maybe it would work out better if *I* drew a name for each of them, and they said, no *sir*, not and have you know who everybody's *Christkindl* is and comparing what everybody did for their *Christkindlen*, no *sir*, Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but it was getting pretty late, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's, and so on. (Well, unless I *tell* you, how will you ever know how to do it?)

When we had all drawn (which took far more time to do than to read about, no matter what you're thinking), everybody opened his little slip of paper "at a given signal." That's how the Trapps do it, and that's how we did it. I said: "Everybody ready? One. Two. Three. Open. Well, pick it up and open it *now*, Alison! Everybody does *not* have to fold their paper up again and forget the names they drew. . . . Besides, how could they? . . . Not fold the papers, for heaven's sake; forget the *names*! . . . Well, all right . . . all *right*, I said; *we're starting over.* Everybody ready? One. Ready—Alison, anybody would think you were five and a half. Two. Three. Open. ALISON!!"

So we opened our little slips of paper at a given signal (the Trapps said "a" given signal, after all, not *which*) (what irritates me is that Alison can't even *read*!) and everybody learned the name of his secret—*secret*, mind you—*Christkindl*. This is another uniformly joyful moment in the Trapp family. At this moment in the Heath family, Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John, and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim, and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh, *Mother*, do I have to have that pest?"

Buckley said: "Mother, how do you think that makes a poor little boy feel to have everybody in this whole absolute world call him a pest every absolute minute?"

Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John. John has Jim. Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other.

The non-readers came running up to find out who their *Christkindlen* were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear.

"Pam," shrieked Betsey.

"Betsey has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear.

She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I *know* sumpeen. I *know* sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared.

"Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else. The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right this time: I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

A few minutes later they thundered upstairs to homework or bed, and even over the rattling of the window panes I heard the negotiations starting. "Well, then, will you trade Priscilla for Alison and a nickel? For Alison and a dime? For me not hiding your shell collection? For me not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a *Christkindl* hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow (and he just can't *learn* anything that way, can he, Mother?), or throwing a *Christkindl*'s cherished leather jacket into the washing machine (because it was so absolutely *filthy* he could have got *germs* from it, Mother), or taking the batteries out of a *Christkindl*'s flashlight because she reads under the covers after bedtime (and that's why practically *everybody* practically *constantly* goes blind, isn't it, Mother?), everybody was getting pretty tense, not to mention bloody, until one of them—I haven't asked which—found a solution: every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl*'s pillow. Well, I *know* that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that my baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning Janet allows her *Christkindl* to rock her a little; and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summing Up

DID THATCHERISM MATTER?

Britain, and the rest of the world, have changed a great deal since Margaret Thatcher took office in 1979. How much of the credit (or blame) goes to her?

TIM CONGDON

IN 1979 the British people voted in a new Conservative government under the leadership of Margaret Thatcher. Mrs. Thatcher had a radical program of reform and a strong sense of her own personal mission to implement it. It is not certain whether she will be regarded by future historians as a world figure comparable with Winston Churchill. But it is already clear that "Thatcherism" has become a globally recognized term, used in countries as different as Mexico and Poland to denote policies of a certain type. Although the word "Churchillian" has become part of the English language, there is no such thing as "Churchillism." In fact, Margaret Thatcher is unique among British prime ministers in having spawned an "ism."

The radical program of reform on which Mrs. Thatcher embarked in 1979 was motivated by a particular interpretation of British and world history, and by a consequent view of the kind of country that Britain had been and still ought to be. According to this interpretation the expansion of the British empire in the two hundred years up to 1914 was to be understood not as a sequence of territorial annexations, but as the growth of certain institutions embodying certain vital principles, such as that the rule of law should restrain the arbitrary decisions of the state and that citizens had rights (to liberty and property) which could not be infringed at will by their rulers. The notion of "economic policy" evolved only gradually over the two hundred years. But by the second half of the nineteenth century three ideas—that trade should be free from artificial restrictions, that budgets should be balanced, and that the value of the currency should be kept stable by linking it to gold—defined an orthodoxy which few statesmen then questioned.

Mr. Congdon is economic advisor to Gerard & National in London and managing director of the economic consulting firm Lombard Street Research.

Decline and Restoration

THE DECLINE of Britain began in the late nineteenth century. As Lady Thatcher says in her memoirs (reviewed in this issue, p. 60), "Beginning in the 1880s, our industrial supremacy had been steadily eroding in the face of first American, then German competition." The two world wars in the first half of the twentieth century "drained" the nation "in defense of common civilization" and left Britain "suffering from . . . economic and financial anemia." In her view, the thirty years starting in 1945 saw "a sustained attempt" to "kick-start a resurgence along lines which—whether we call them socialist, social democrat, [or] statist . . . —represented a centralizing, managerial, bureaucratic, interventionist style of government." But this merely aggravated the problem, so that by 1979 "we were widely dismissed as 'the sick man of Europe.'"

In the two hundred years to 1914 Britain had championed the freedom of the individual over the power of the state and enjoyed an extraordinary record of national success. But in the twentieth century, and particularly after 1945, Britain had undermined the freedom of the individual and expanded the power of the state; at the same time, Britain had sunk in international influence. Mrs. Thatcher's agenda was to restore the traditional British values of personal freedom and self-reliance, to recall the philosophical basis of earlier success, and so to change the direction in which British society appeared to be headed. In 1975 her closest political associate, Keith Joseph, had written a pamphlet with the title *Reversing the Trend: A Critical Appraisal of Conservative Economic and Social Policies*. Postwar politics had seen, according to Joseph, a "socialist ratchet," in which "Labour moved Britain toward more statism; the Tories stood pat; and the next Labour Government moved the country a little further left." Over the following four years in Opposition, Margaret Thatcher and Keith Joseph developed a program whose aim was, not just to halt the slide toward social-

ILLUSTRATION BY R. KENTON NELSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism, but to turn it around. They knew they were challenging the prevalent intellectual mood of both the period and the nation.

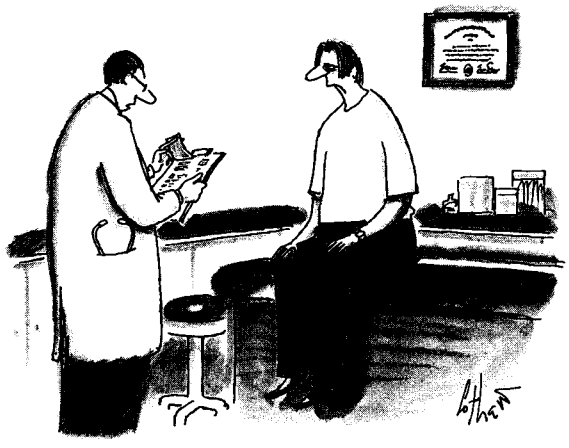
Accounting for Success

NOW, almost twenty years after they began this effort, it is not too soon to bring together a provisional balance sheet of their successes and failures. The accountancy of ideas is necessarily more subjective than the accountancy of statistics. Even so, no one can dispute that the Thatcherite program has mattered. A host of changes have altered the character of British society and the British economy.

The size of the state sector has been reduced, less by reductions in government expenditure than by the privatization of formerly state-owned industries. As Lady Thatcher notes in a footnote in her memoirs, "The proportion of the British workforce employed in the public sector crept inexorably upward from 24 per cent in 1961 to reach almost 30 per cent by the time we came to office. By 1990 through privatization and other measures we had brought it down again to a level below that of 1961." Private-property rights have been extended, partly by the sale of the state-owned industries, but also by encouraging tenants of homes owned by local authorities to buy them, by phasing out a state-supported system of pension provision and helping people to arrange their own pension plans, and by making the tax system more supportive of enterprise and thrift. Britain today has more homeowners and more shareholders than ever before. They represent a powerful electoral force in favor of the Conservative Party and the free-market economy. The trade unions, which had become so strong in the 1970s that they were consulted on all major government policies, have been humbled. The collapse of the unions' political position has been accompanied by an astonishing reduction of labor militancy. In the 1960s and 1970s Britain typically had more days lost through strike action than other industrial nations; now it has some of the most tranquil labor relations in the world. The economic success of Thatcherism can best be summed up in the statistics showing that, in the 1980s, manufacturing productivity rose faster in Britain than in any other industrial country.

The changes in Britain over the past 14 years have been far more extensive than in any other leading nation. They have redefined its social and economic character, and consequently its international image, in a quite remarkable way. Paradoxically, however, this has had the effect of making the relationship between Britain and the rest of Europe increasingly awkward on both sides.

Whereas in the 1970s Britain was widely judged to have a socialist and high-cost economy compared with its neighbors, today its economic structures are more capitalist and market-oriented than theirs, and its costs are lower. Alone of the 12 members of the European Union, it has refused to sign a "Social Charter" which would add to European industry's already costly burden of social protection. Britain's low costs and good labor relations have made it a magnet for American and Japanese investment, causing resentment elsewhere in Europe.



"While we were at it, we tested your outlook on life—it was negative."

The majority of Mrs. Thatcher's parliamentary Conservative colleagues agreed with her resistance to the socialist drift in the European Union, but disagreed with her hostility to monetary integration and particularly with her rejection of the European Exchange Rate Mechanism. In fact, it was differences over the ERM between her and her two leading ministers, Geoffrey Howe and Nigel Lawson, which culminated in her downfall in November 1990.

It is fair to say that Western Europe is the one region where Thatcherism has made little impression. All over the Third World, governments are privatizing industries, scrapping trade barriers, deregulating monopolies, trying to bring budgets under control, reducing taxes, and so on. Much of this—it has to be said—reflects the dynamics of policy fashion in the countries concerned rather than the influence of Thatcherism as such. Nevertheless, the policies are frequently described as "Thatcherite." In Eastern Europe, Communist autocracies have been succeeded since 1990 by an assortment of regimes, often without any definite ideological focus. But most of them believe that they have to expand the scope for private property and market forces, and that they must make at least a pretense of adopting democratic institutions. Margaret Thatcher's impact has been particularly great in Poland, where a free-market academic institute bears her name. In Russia itself the "Iron Lady," who symbolized the West's determination to defeat Communism, is a folk-hero with a large segment of the population.

No one can prove that the course of world history would have been different if Mrs. Thatcher had not become Britain's prime minister in 1979. But at least the question of the extent of her role can validly be asked. The question would make no sense if posed about any other Western statesman of recent years—except Ronald Reagan, with whom she had a strong and carefully nurtured rapport. Thatcher and Reagan were the two catalytic Western leaders in the process of Soviet decline and collapse, by far the most important geopolitical event since the end of the Second World War.

On the domestic front Mrs. Thatcher achieved much of the agenda that she and Keith Joseph had prepared in the mid 1970s. She did reduce the power of the state. She did expand the private sector and liberate market forces. Moreover, by invoking Britain's example, she helped to put socialism on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

defensive all over the world. Unlike any of her predecessors since Churchill, she fought a great fight and promoted a famous cause. She is clearly a figure whose thoughts and actions will be debated for decades to come.

Lucky or Right?

AND YET. Was it all an accident? Did Margaret Thatcher mold her country and her times, or was she merely lucky enough to have the right ideas in the right place at the right time? Her character is as difficult to define as her precise contribution to events. There is the Thatcher of her memoirs, a lady with an omnivorous interest in ideas and policies, an alert and wide sympathy with peoples all over the world, a well-defined agenda and a strong grasp of how to fulfill it. But there is another Thatcher, the Thatcher who over her years in power wearied and alienated almost all her ministerial colleagues, who in her eagerness to dominate the details of an argument often missed the essential point, who ranted, even at her supporters, when she could not persuade by clear reasoning, who claims to have changed history but, in the words of a friend and admirer, simply "cannot put it [i.e., Thatcherism as a set of ideas] together." This second Thatcher is the Thatcher of Nigel Lawson's *The View from No. 11.* That book is a mean, small-minded effort, but some of its darts draw blood.

It was in domestic monetary policy that Mrs. Thatcher's performance was most unsatisfactory, and this failure has obscured the success of Thatcherism in other respects. She emphasized in 1979 that the reduction of inflation was her first task, because the successful management of a nation's currency is the test of its government's practical and moral resolve, and so determines the overall credibility of its policies. She also saw that the key to reducing inflation was to control the quantity of money. The value of money, like the value of any other product, depends on supply relative to demand. If the supply of money increases too rapidly, its value will undoubtedly fall.

When Margaret Thatcher was elected in May 1979 the retail-price index had risen by 10.3 per cent in the previous year. Although the annual inflation rate went up to over 20 per cent in early 1980, it had fallen to under 4 per cent by the spring of 1983. This achievement was vital to the Conservatives' enlarged majority in the general election of that year. Mrs. Thatcher was widely seen as having slain the dragon of inflation. However, in late 1985—for reasons which are still difficult to understand—the Thatcher government abandoned control over the money supply. Monetary growth accelerated sharply. At first the results were pleasurable, with the British economy enjoying a full-scale boom between 1986 and 1988. But after the usual lags, inflation began to climb. The annual increase in the fiscal year ending October 1990 was 10.9 per cent, higher than when Mrs. Thatcher first became prime minister. The announcement of this figure coincided with her fall from office.

Only one verdict is possible on this aspect of her policies: failure. She did not establish an *enduring* framework of financial control, comparable in effectiveness to the orthodoxy of balanced budgets and the gold standard that Britain had maintained during its period of world leadership. This failure blighted other parts of her program. As inflation rose in 1989 and 1990, it gave enthusiasts for full British involvement in European monetary integration their most compelling argument: that British policy-makers—any British policy-makers—could not be trusted to run their own currency. According to Mrs. Thatcher's critics, Britain had to participate in the European Exchange Rate Mechanism if it wanted to bring inflation down in a sustained way.

In her discussion of monetary policy in *The Downing Street Years*, Lady Thatcher rightly puts much of the blame on her Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. (now Lord) Lawson. But that raises the obvious question of why she allowed him to bungle monetary control. Part of the answer is that Mr. Lawson was backed by a powerful coalition drawn from the Foreign Office, which saw his exchange-rate policy as a step toward European integration, and from British industry, which saw it as a safeguard against sharp swings in export profitability. Mrs. Thatcher had to battle hard to get her way. In addition, by the late 1980s she was spending so much time on international diplomacy that her control over domestic policy-making had deteriorated.

Early 1988 seems to have been the watershed. In March she attended a NATO summit in Brussels, where she supported President Reagan—despite European objections—in his arms-control negotiations with Gorbachev. She was obviously crucial in maintaining a strong Western position against the Russians. Everyone in the free world should be grateful for that. But she ought to have been worrying not just about the numbers of nuclear warheads, but about the monthly UK monetary statistics. At the date of the NATO summit sterling M3 was 20.8 per cent higher than a year earlier. Not surprisingly, 1988 was to see wildly excessive growth of demand and output, a drastic lurch into deficit on the balance of payments, and the onset of serious inflationary trouble.

What Might Have Been

THE THATCHER government showed that it was possible for Britain to reduce its inflation rate from 20 per cent to under 5 per cent, and—despite the accompanying unemployment—still to remain a law-abiding and democratic society. At that point, it would not have been technically difficult to eliminate inflation entirely and to start making the pound sterling once again one of the world's most respected currencies. That would have been an overwhelming achievement, which would have given Mrs. Thatcher the political momentum to take her domestic reforms much further. Instead the progress against inflation was squandered in the second half of her government.

Whatever "Thatcherism" was, is, or may become, the policies of Britain's Conservative government in the 1980s were not the consistent application of a set of principles and theories. In many ways the outcome was paradoxical. At its inception her government was supposed to put the restoration of a sound currency first. It was more monetarist than supply-side in its outlook. In practice its record on inflation was mediocre and its greatest success within the UK was to promote a new managerial realism across the economy. As government subsidies and regulations were cut, and as producers of, for example cars, steel, and coal were forced to compete without artifi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial support, British productivity improved dramatically. These successes were vital and have proved permanent. But they were later obscured by the inflation generated by an incompetent monetary policy, by the high interest rates required to suppress that inflation, and by the recession initiated by those interest rates and then aggravated by the extreme severity of a monetary policy imposed on Britain by its membership (until last year) in the ERM. Ironically, however, as a result of that severe monetary policy, Britain's inflation has fallen to the lowest levels in a generation. (Money-supply growth collapsed from about 20 per cent in 1989 to under 4 per cent in 1992.) So in the 1990s Britain may enjoy low inflation with good progress on the supply side. There may indeed be a post-Thatcher economic semi-miracle."

Margaret Thatcher may not have planned or envisioned the precise sequence of events that produced this result. And there was a strong element of luck in her name's being attached to the most powerful political trend of the late twentieth century. But does anyone else have a claim half as good? □

Quotas on the American Dream?

ASSAULT ON THE MORTGAGE LENDERS

In the name of racial justice, the Clintonites want the power to decide who gets a home of his own.

ROBERT STOWE ENGLAND

QUIETLY, behind the scenes, the Clinton Administration is preparing for the biggest regulatory crackdown of recent years. Attorney General Janet Reno is linking up with banking regulators and with HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros to end the supposed epidemic of discrimination against minorities in making home loans. The implications for society at large are ominous.

Here, as in affirmative-action efforts in hiring, college admissions, and the drawing of voting districts, the Washington establishment is obsessed with "disparate impact," which it equates with racism. In the mortgage-lending area, there is ample evidence of disparate impact to feed this obsession. Data collected by the Federal Government reveal that in 1992, while 16 per cent of white applicants for mortgage loans were rejected, 36 per cent of black applicants were rejected.

But does disparate impact indicate racism? According to Lawrence Lindsey, the Federal Reserve governor who oversees the collection of mortgage-lending data, even the celebrated Boston Fed study that inspired this crusade found that factors other than race—such as one's credit record and whether one has sufficient income to meet the payments—are enough to account for nearly all the difference in rejection rates. Furthermore, a different analysis of the data in the Boston Fed study by David Horne, an economist with the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, finds no evidence of a pattern of discrimination. In any case, Census data show whites and blacks, taken as groups, have similar default rates. If discrimination were in fact occurring—that is, if banks were applying a higher standard to blacks than to whites—you would expect blacks to have a *lower* default rate.

The essentially irrational assumption underlying the notion that there is widespread discrimination in mortgage lending seems to be that lenders are willing to give up good profits in order to feed their subtle but thorough-going racism. Says Senator Don Riegle (D., Mich.), "They talk about how the free-enterprise system is supposed to work, but it's sophistry, as we all know." Senator Riegle (one of the Keating Five who plans to retire rather than run for re-election next year) has made a holy crusade of mortgage-lending discrimination since he took over the Senate Banking Committee in 1989.

Senator Riegle has found enthusiastic allies in the Clinton Administration, particularly Attorney General Reno, Secretary Cisneros, and Comptroller of the Currency Eugene Ludwig. As Ludwig told the Senate Banking Committee, "We have to use every means at our disposal to end discrimination and to end it as quickly as possible."

One Size Fits All

MR. LUDWIG'S idea of ending discrimination is for blacks and whites to have the same rejection rates, regardless of the legitimate reasons for differences. The crackdown is already well under way, as the Administration turns many of its bank examiners into discrimination police by re-interpreting the Fair Lending Act of 1968 and the Equal Credit Opportunity Act of 1974.

The primary responsibility of banking regulators—the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency (OCC), the Federal Reserve System, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC), and the Office of Thrift Supervision—has always been the safety and soundness of banks and thrift institutions. In the last few decades a separate cadre of bank examiners for fairness and consumer protection has been established. These so-called "compliance examiners" represent the shock troops of the Clinton assault. Ludwig is increasing the number of OCC compliance examiners from 330 to 530 by next year. Already they've been busy examining loan files; their work has resulted in four referrals to the Department of Justice for further investigation. Miss Reno, meanwhile, has chastised the other bank regulatory agencies, including the Federal

Mr. England is a Washington-area writer on financial and political matters.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reserve, before the Senate Banking Committee for failing to get with the program.

While Justice has not yet identified any of the four referrals, two of them have publicly identified themselves: Shawmut National Bank of Hartford, Conn., the largest mortgage lender in New England, and Barnett Bank of Jacksonville, Fla. Only two weeks after Miss Reno's slap at the banking regulators in Senate testimony, the Federal Reserve Board, usually not prone to politicizing its bank examinations, prevented Shawmut from acquiring New Dartmouth Bank of Manchester, N.H., under a rarely used provision of the Community Reinvestment Act (CRA) of 1977, claiming Shawmut had discriminated against minorities. While it is impossible to judge the case against Shawmut without more information, the timing of the denial is suspicious. Henry Cisneros quoted Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan as saying in Senate testimony that an end to discrimination would boost economic activity. Mr. Greenspan has made no secret of his campaign to win over the President on the issue of the Fed's independence, endangered by battles with congressional leaders like House Banking Committee Chairman Henry Gonzalez. Thus, the Fed's Shawmut action might be seen as the regulatory equivalent of sitting next to Hillary Clinton at the President's inauguration.

Tightening the Screws

THE SHAPE of the future may be seen in a case that actually pre-dated the Clinton Administration—the case against the Decatur Federal Savings & Loan of Atlanta. That case was referred to Justice during the Bush Administration, and, under the threat of litigation, Decatur Federal agreed to a draconian settlement last year that permeates almost every activity the bank conducts. The settlement includes Maoist-sounding sensitivity training for Decatur's loan officers and recommends bonuses for those who bring in minority loans.

Justice's case against Decatur was not based on individual complaints and contained no proof that any single minority loan was rejected without just cause. It relied entirely on a computer model that attempts to duplicate the factors that banks consider when

making loans—a process that is an art, not a science. As Congress's leading mortgage expert, Representative Bruce Vento (D., Minn.), explains: "We can't take away the judgment of individual financial institutions about what is a good credit risk. You can't put that into a computer because there are too many uncertainties. You have to have a market test at some point." Nevertheless, Justice's computer concluded that Decatur Federal had discriminated.

The Federal Reserve now has its own computer program too, according to Lawrence Lindsey, who revealed its existence in Senate testimony. The Fed apparently used it to make its case against Shawmut Bank and is using it to ferret out more cases to refer to the Justice Department. Furthermore, under the new examination process at both OCC and the Federal Reserve, compliance examiners can look through an entire mound of applications until they find a single case of an approved white loan applicant whose qualifications are close to those of any rejected minority applicant, which includes blacks, Hispanics, Asian-Americans, and Native Americans. This one close match would establish that the bank had discriminated. Stephen Cross, OCC's deputy comptroller for compliance management, says that perhaps as few as four examples a year would lead to a finding of a pattern of discrimination. Since no two applications are ever identical, this approach allows the discrimination police considerable latitude.

Mr. Ludwig is in the process of rewriting regulations for the Community Reinvestment Act so as to offer further inducements for banks to allocate credit by race. In the past, banks and thrifts were rated on the efforts they made to reach out to minorities. Under a directive from President Clinton, however, Ludwig plans to introduce new CRA regulations that will require lenders to meet certain numerical guidelines in total minority loans. Ludwig calls these "performance-based standards"—that is, they will judge institutions not on their efforts but on the results. Congressional supporters of the performance-based CRA standards, such as Senators Paul Sarbanes (D., Md.) and Carol Moseley Braun (D., Ill.), and Representatives Joseph Kennedy (D., Mass.) and Maxine Waters (D. Calif.), deny they are quotas—but some CRA consultants and Wall Street banking analysts say that banks having trouble finding qualified minority candidates will simply approve the minimum number of bad loans and consider them, as one put it, "blood money for the politicians."

The Clintonites go out of their way to gloss over the real agenda at work in the mortgage crackdown; they insist they would prefer the voluntary cooperation of mortgage lenders and that enforcement is only a last resort. Inside the velvet glove, however, is an iron fist. Miss Reno testified that many banks and thrifts have told her they want to lend more to minorities but have been unable to do so. These benighted institutions must be "educated," she says, in how to recognize discrimination in their own lending practices. It's so subtle and insidious, she explains, that the lenders do not see it themselves.

'Subtle Discrimination'

MISS RENO, like other mortgage militants, believes banks discriminate by such means as telling white applicants how to correct their applications so as to get loan approval, but not telling black

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

applicants. The authors of the controversial Boston Fed study concur. The truth is, however, that most banks now routinely review all rejected minority applications, sometimes passing the loan file to the president's office. The Consumer Bankers Association has found that 88 per cent of banks responding to its annual "affordable housing" survey now automatically review all mortgage rejections.

HUD is also enrolled in the battle to ferret out "subtle discrimination." For now it is concentrating on a group of lenders known as "mortgage bankers," who are not covered by the Community Reinvestment Act. Mortgage bankers do not take deposits and do not hold mortgages in their own portfolios, as banks and thrifts sometimes do. Instead, they sell all their mortgages to investors in the secondary market. These firms are not closely regulated like banks and thrifts; they are therefore not hampered in reaching less profitable markets by the high cost of regulation, and so can be far more aggressive in filling in the gaps in the mortgage market. Ironically, therefore—in view of HUD's targeting them—mortgage bankers originate 80 per cent of government-guaranteed Federal Housing Authority (FHA) loans, which disproportionately benefit minorities.

The HUD crackdown on mortgage bankers is being administered by Assistant Housing Secretary Roberta Achtenberg, who before being tapped for the Clinton Administration gained fame in San Francisco for pressuring big corporations to stop funding the Boy Scouts. She has hired an independent testing firm that has been for several months sending out phony black, white, Hispanic, and Asian-American mortgage applicants to see if minorities are treated differently from whites. If a single loan officer or other employee in any way treats a single black applicant less favorably than a white applicant, then it can be considered a case of discrimination. Discrimination can be something as simple as not smiling at the black tester, having smiled at the white one.

Miss Achtenberg has considerable leverage against mortgage bankers, since HUD oversees the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation (Freddie Mac) and the Federal National Home Association (Fannie Mae), two government-sponsored private enterprises which buy mortgages from mortgage lenders and sell them to investors in the secondary market. If HUD denied a mortgage banker the right to sell its mortgages to Freddie Mac or Fannie Mae, that would force the banker out of business.

Pre-emptive Action

MEANWHILE, mortgage lenders are feverishly trying to improve their lending to minorities without sacrificing good underwriting principles. For several years now, mortgage lenders have been discovering that education and counseling can increase the pool of potentially credit-worthy minority homebuyers. Many minority applicants are rejected because they apply for a larger mortgage than they can afford or because they have failed to clear up past delinquent loans. Under "affordable housing" programs devised without Washington's help, lenders are finding that many rejected applicants can pass muster as early as a year after initial counseling and remedial action. The education reduces the credit risk of the borrower by making him or her a more responsible mortgage holder. The cost of the education is generally absorbed by non-profit organizations which provide it free to all would-be homeowners.

Mortgage lenders have been working vigorously on other fronts too. Increasingly, minorities can qualify for loans without conventional credit criteria, by counting regular rent and utility payments as proof of creditworthiness. Also, Fannie Mae, Freddie Mac, private mortgage insurers, and mortgage lenders have worked together to develop programs that combine counseling with lower down-payments (as low as 3 per cent of the applicant's own money), since the lack of a down-payment is the leading obstacle to greater minority home ownership. Happily, these affordable-housing loans have so far produced delinquency and default rates similar to those for loans with more conventional criteria.

To be sure, many potential applicants do not know of these affordable-housing programs, which have been around only since 1989. Mortgage lenders have found that advertising does not do the trick. It seems to require one-on-one contact to drive the message home, and so they have started trying to track down more of these potentially credit-worthy homebuyers by working with community housing groups, holding seminars, and sending out mailings.

Color-Blind Markets?

INDEED, some mortgage lenders now believe that low- and moderate-income borrowers are one of the growth markets of the 1990s. If left alone to devise methods of reaching this market, they will do so in a color-blind manner without sacrificing credit standards and without redistributing costs by charging other borrowers more for their mortgages. The alternative can already be seen at work at banks and thrifts struggling to improve their lending to minorities. The Consumer Bankers Association reports that 69 per cent of banks in its affordable-housing survey subsidize their minority-outreach programs, usually by offering lower interest rates, but also by incurring higher operating costs to administer the loans. Among banks that subsidize, 76 per cent of the subsidies come from bank profits, while the remaining subsidies come from government programs and non-profit organizations. The Clinton Administration's heavy-handed, race-conscious approach threatens to forcibly expand this small subsidy foothold.

The crackdown is, therefore, not a boon but a roadblock to racial progress. If it succeeds in driving banks to make bad loans in order to improve their minority-approval rates, this will eventually lead to more foreclosures in troubled inner-city communities. It will also reduce the available capital to credit-worthy borrowers, forcing more Americans to settle for a less attractive home than they had expected. Some whites who formerly would have qualified at the margins for a mortgage will be denied their chance at the American dream. And mortgage rates will rise for everyone to cover the losses from bad loans.

The Clinton method will achieve faster, but short-lived, results for minority rejection rates. And in the process it will heighten racial divisions in our society. As in every other field in which quotas have been tried, they will hurt the people they are trying to help—and everyone else, too. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON BOOKS AND BUCKLEY

- ***The New York Times Book Review*** (on *Atlantic High*): "Mr. Buckley is great fun to be with. Endlessly entertaining, gabby, opinionated, witty, sentimental, amusing, warm, and knowledgeable."
- **Norman Mailer**: "No other actor on earth can project simultaneous hints that he is in the act of playing Commodore of the Yacht Club, Joseph Goebbels, Robert Mitchum, Maverick, Savanarola, the nice prep school kid next door, and the snows of yesteryear."
- **Ronald Reagan**: "When Bill Buckley slows down, it is to a speed that leaves others in the dust..."
- **Charlton Heston**: "He's run a magazine and for mayor, written novels and commentary, played the harpsichord and Moses to modern conservatism, while keeping a proper perspective between God and country, friends and family."
- **George McGovern** (on *Racing Through Paradise*): "A delight...for me, the best of his writings. How can he be so clear and compelling on sailing and so confused on politics?"
- ***Chicago Sun Times***: "A first-class writer who brings class to the genre."
- ***St. Louis Post-Dispatch***: "As always, Buckley's erudition and humor shine through."
- ***San Diego Union***: "Subtleties and acuteness of observation and authority and wit."
- ***Chicago Tribune*** (on *Stained Glass*): "Intelligent, urbane, and witty."
- **John Kenneth Galbraith**: "Mr. Buckley should give up politics and concentrate on writing."
- ***The New York Times***: "There's a lightness of touch and a facileness of invention that suggests that even if he is dead serious...he is having nothing but fun in putting his ingredients together."
- **Murry Kempton**: "Buckley tempts you to remember Macaulay's grudging compliment to Burke, which was that he generally chose his side like a fanatic and defended it like a philosopher."
- **Publishers Weekly** (on *Right Reason*): "Buckley is at his brilliant, biting best in this latest collection of his political pieces from *National Review* and elsewhere..."
- ***Washington Times***: "Mr. Buckley's thrice-weekly columns...are marvels of a mind at work."
- ***The Christian Science Monitor***: "There are many beautiful pieces... whose characteristic tone derives from the ancient quality of pietas, love for country and family and God. His daily attention to the minutiae of the republic needs no documentation, nor does his religious integrity..."

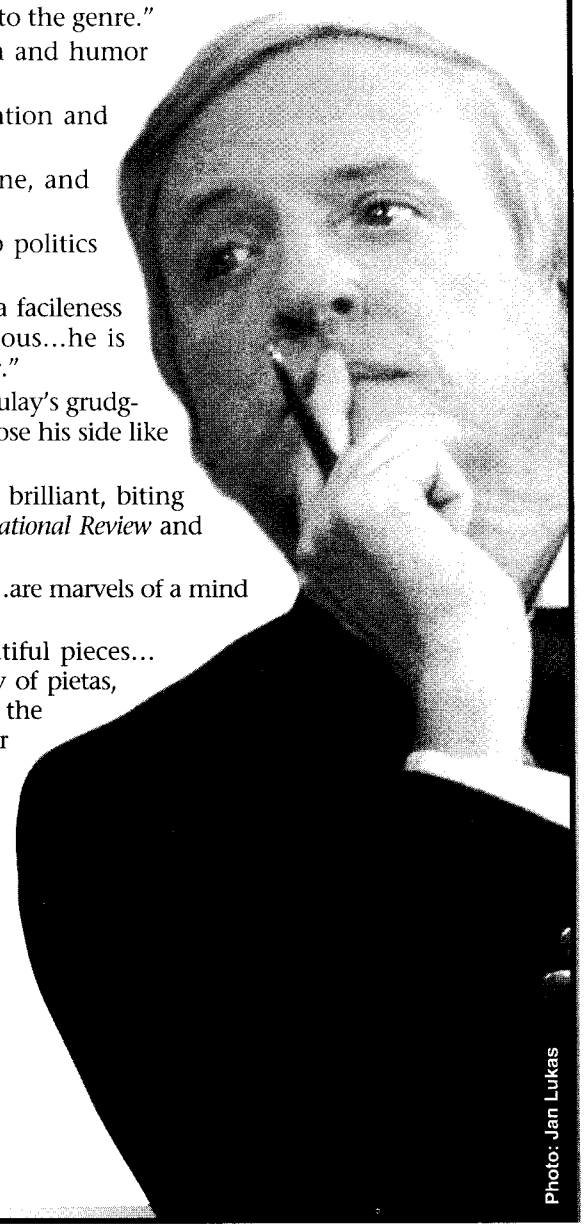


Photo: Jan Lukas

Read

Happy Days Were Here Again

the newest book from

William F. Buckley, Jr.

RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fusion in Our Future

THE DOVE OF WAR

The arms-controllers won't even think about fusion weapons. But that won't make it go away.

S. T. COHEN

IN THE spring of 1958 I visited the Livermore nuclear-weapon laboratory. I had been consulting there since the lab was founded in 1952. As a military analyst I was searching for new ideas that fitted into notions I had developed, most importantly for a small, discriminate battlefield weapon that made political sense—namely, one not producing widespread urban destruction and radioactive contamination of the sort that would result from using our inventory of tactical nuclear-fission weapons.

In short, I was looking for the neutron bomb, which I had conceptualized a few years before. However, up to that point the lab had had nothing under way to make this weapon feasible. This visit proved to be more of the same, as the scientist in charge of battlefield weapons updated me on his programs. As I got up to leave, he requested I stay on for a bit, to hear about their peaceful-explosives program. I sat down and he called in one of his assistants, who had initiated work on a nuclear-fusion device.

This device, code-named DOVE, fascinated me. It contained no fissile material; rather, its explosive power derived from heavy hydrogen—deuterium and tritium. Because of its extremely low nuclear cost and its high yield—comparable to that of a very large conventional bomb—it would, in a military application, represent a revolutionary new class of weapons. A device of this nature, having a yield the equivalent of 10 tons of TNT, could kill enemy troops with radiation out to hundreds of yards, with no significant urban destruction and contamination. It could thus fulfill the long-held objective of civilized nations: to defeat the aggressor without destroying the civilian fabric, a goal not achievable with conventional weapons.

After calculating the effects of such a warhead I introduced this concept around Washington. One person I briefed was Paul Nitze, the high priest of nuclear-arms control, who then headed the policy branch of the Office of the Secretary of Defense. While not openly hostile, he was guarded when I informed him of the very low nuclear cost of a DOVE warhead—roughly one-hundredth that of a battlefield fission weapon, meaning that these things could be turned out by the hundreds, in contrast to the relative handful of fission weapons usually assigned to a new nation joining the nuclear club. Put another way, were such weapons feasible, the problem of stemming nuclear-weapon proliferation could become a nightmare—which plainly was on Nitze's mind.

Shortly after briefing Nitze, I paid another visit to Livermore. Thanks to my promotional efforts they had been directed by Washington to give DOVE top priority. The most promising approach was to use a large spherical high-explosive charge to concentrate the explosive energy in a very small capsule containing deuterium and tritium. In theory, this would cause the desired thermonuclear reaction. The program proceeded for some years and finally was terminated for lack of progress. Later, the Los Alamos laboratory had a go at it. But to my disappointment, and theirs, the problem remained intractable. The program ultimately was ended.

Several years before Livermore began DOVE, the Soviets had started their own "pure-fusion" development. Unlike the U.S. they were quite open about it, claiming it was directed solely for peaceful applications. In 1957, Soviet nuclear-weapon designer L. A. Artsimovich presented a paper in Geneva describing experiments done in 1952, based on the same high-explosive implosion technology used in DOVE. He claimed progress had been made. Shortly thereafter, however, Soviet researchers stopped all public mention of the project.

On the other hand, the Soviet military had no hesitation in writing about such devices in their open military literature. In 1961, Colonel M. Pavlov, writing in *Red Star*, discussed almost precisely what I had briefed Paul Nitze on. Pavlov's calculations of weapon effectiveness were almost identical to mine, which were classified. This indicated to me that although the Soviets were not talking about research on DOVE, they were doing it.

Cross Their Hearts . . .

WHEN Boris Yeltsin visited Washington a couple of years ago, he addressed a Joint Session of Congress and declared that the Russians no longer would lie to us. For this he received a prolonged standing ovation. If the U.S. Congress took him at his word, who am I to be skeptical? I accept the statements by him and other Russian officials who publicly comment on matters of military importance.

Last year, in discussing what they call "third-generation nuclear weapons," Russian general/academician Ye. Negin stated that his country already is producing very-low-yield nuclear explosives "in which a doubling of yield is achieved with a hundredfold reduction of weight compared to existing weapons." Two years earlier Viktor Mikhailov (now Russian Minister of Atomic Energy) had commented on these weapons: "You can drop a couple of hundred little bombs on foreign territory, the enemy is devastated, but for the aggressor there are no consequences."

Before analyzing these statements, let me ask whether anyone can imagine a U.S. Secretary of Energy or a Defense Department general making any such remarks about nuclear weapons. In this respect the candor shown by the Russians, as Yeltsin promised, has been truly remarkable.

Mr. Cohen is a retired nuclear-weapon analyst.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As to being able to double the yield at a hundredfold reduction in warhead weight, without getting into classified material I can unequivocally say that this simply isn't possible today for small battlefield weapons using fissile material. This has to do with the problem of "critical mass," where some minimum weight of fissile material, at the kilogram level, is required to produce any yield at all. For example, a team of really clever scientists could design a fission warhead to produce a very low yield with a kilogram or two of plutonium, the whole warhead weighing perhaps 10 to 15 kilograms. But to double the yield while bringing the weight down a hundredfold implies a warhead weighing less than the amount of plutonium required to get the device to work.

This clearly implies the Russian general was referring to some version of DOVE, based on a detonation technology that doesn't exist in the United States. And considering U.S. policy toward improving nuclear-weapon technology, it is doubtful that it will in the foreseeable future.

In a pure-fusion weapon, such as DOVE, the weight of the nuclear material required may be as low as a thousandth of that required in a fission weapon. So if we take General Negin at his trustworthy word, just what has been going on in Russian labs to allow this fantastic claim? What reason do we have to believe that Russia—and maybe other nations as well—has accomplished what we haven't?

The Hunt for Red Mercury

AN ARTICLE appeared in *Barron's* this February ("Nuclear Shell Game," by Andy Zipser) that discussed an exotic new material known as "red mercury," an antimony mercury oxide. It was originally explored and developed by the Soviet Union as a more efficient detonating mechanism for nuclear warheads, so efficient, according to one Russian, that "a bomb the size of a grenade could blow a ship out of the sea." So precious is this material that it reportedly has fetched under-the-counter prices ranging from $150,000 to $500,000 a kilogram.

Typically, this substance was derided, debunked, and dismissed by the American anti-nuclear-proliferation community. When asked about it, Robert Gates, then director of the CIA, responded: "We have seen the reports, we have not seen any hard evidence to substantiate the reports, but we take all the reports seriously." (Whatever that means.) My interpretation of Gates's response is that this business is for real but we can't afford to take it seriously in public at a time when U.S. policy has effectively eliminated the relevance of nuclear weapons to "real world" problems.

The point here is that, if the new warhead, instead of using plutonium, uses tritium (which, like plutonium, is produced in nuclear reactors), we are faced with a substance the existing nuclear non-proliferation treaty (NPT) does not deal with.

"Benjamin has asked me to become his first wife."

The NPT contains no provisions for monitoring tritium production, primarily because at the time the treaty was signed in 1967 it was assumed that pure-fusion warheads were little more than a theoretical possibility. This may have seemed a valid assumption at the time, but time marches on.

In recent years unclassified research has been conducted on a new class of materials (including red mercury), referred to as ballotechnics. These materials use a number of elements in low-density powder form. When they are subjected to high-pressure shock compression, chemical reactions take place which under certain conditions can produce energy concentrations considerably in excess of those from high explosives. Ballotechnics therefore offer a significantly greater prospect for success in attaining a very-low-yield pure-fusion weapon than the high-explosive techniques we and other nations have explored. Such success would open a nuclear Pandora's box that U.S. policy would just as soon see closed.

Star Wars, or Trust?

TEN YEARS ago, in his famous Star Wars speech, President Ronald Reagan proposed a joint U.S.–Soviet venture toward achieving defenses against nuclear ballistic missiles. Nothing happened. Today it is the Russians who are pressing for such cooperation. Leonid Fituni, director of the Center for Global and Strategic Studies at the Russian Academy of Sciences, has noted that at their summit meeting in April, Presidents Clinton and Yeltsin discussed a joint project called "Trust," in which plasmas (volumes of heavily ionized gases) produced by new non-nuclear high-tech methods would be created to form an extensive shield in the upper atmosphere against incoming nuclear re-entry vehicles (RVs). As explained in *Izvestia*, "The energy is not concentrated on the target itself (as is the case for conventional U.S. schemes), but on the area of atmosphere directly in front of it, in its flight trajectory. It ionizes the area and completely disrupts the flight aerodynamics. . . ."

Far and away the most effective way of producing such a shield would be to use low-yield pure-fusion warheads, utilizing high-energy neutrons (which constitute the bulk of the energy release of the explosive) to ionize the area to a far greater extent and intensity than would be possible with any non-nuclear method. If such explosives are able to be developed using ballotechnics, the opportunity exists for cheaply producing a shield which may throw RVs sufficiently off course as to seriously reduce their accuracy or perhaps even cause their destruc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. American nuclear strategy has been based principally on achieving long-range ballistic missiles with sufficiently high accuracy to enable the destruction of heavily hardened enemy missiles and command centers. Were the Russians to achieve such a means of nullifying our attack strategy, the consequences could be grave indeed.

The ABM treaty of 1962, which the Clinton Administration rigidly adheres to, would forbid the testing of such a system. However, it is one thing to prohibit the Russians from testing such a system and quite another thing for us to actually verify that they are complying. The warheads in question would be so devoid of tell-tale radioactivity that it is extremely improbable that our verification system would even be aware of what was going on.

Of course, it is now politically incorrect to imagine a serious Russian nuclear threat against us. But politics may change, and Yeltsin, whom Congress feels we can trust, may be replaced by a Stalinist hard-liner whom we can't trust. In which case, the U.S. Government should be taking the red-mercury issue far more seriously than it appears to be doing.

The Next War

THE Clinton Administration's defense policy has emerged as pretty much the same as the Bush Administration's. We plan to keep our conventional forces sufficiently strong to cope with two foreign wars at the same time. And since President Bush, after the Gulf War, ordered the destruction of U.S. battlefield nuclear weapons, including neutron bombs, if we engage in such wars we had better hope our non-nuclear capabilities can do the job.

If perchance ballotechnic pure-fusion technology were to fall into the hands of troublemakers such as Iran and North Korea, and if we intervened in any subsequent aggression against their neighbors, we would not get off so easily as we did against Iraq. These nations might not have military forces of our caliber, but they could have a class of battlefield and air-defense weapons whose effectiveness vastly exceeded that of our most advanced conventional systems. In which case a distinct possibility exists that we would lose on the battlefield, leaving us with the unhappy and immoral prospect of using strategic nuclear weapons against enemy urban-industrial complexes. This is a situation the U.S. should do everything possible to avoid. We are not doing this.

The Terrorist Threat

THAT nuclear terrorism against the United States has not occurred so far into the Nuclear Age is a great blessing. Considering the thousands of warheads around the world, it seems little short of miraculous that one hasn't been stolen, or sold, or given to terrorists for malicious purposes—and used. In many ways the U.S. is just as porous to the infiltration of nuclear terrorists as to that of drug smugglers or illegal immigrants.

On the other hand, were ballotechnic pure-fusion technology to be developed by such acknowledged terrorist-supporting nations as Iran, Syria, Libya, North Korea, and perhaps even Iraq—or transferred to them (by, say, unemployed Russian nuclear scientists), the terrorist threat takes on new dimensions. These warheads could be clandestinely tested underground. Being neutron bombs, their blast component would be minimal and their small radioactivity could be easily contained. We have been good at observing from a satellite the construction of an underground test site for regular nuclear weapons. But how does a satellite observe the construction and operation of a test facility where the blast explosive power to be contained is the equivalent of only 1 or 2 tons of TNT? How can a seismic monitoring system differentiate such a burst from a high-explosive one? It can't.

Were terrorist states to develop or buy these weapons, the specter of a new kind of nuclear threat would loom over the West. It would not be the fear of weapons of mass destruction blowing up our cities, but rather the infusion of perhaps hundreds of mini neutron bombs. One of these devices—carried in a brown paper bag and deposited in a trash can between the two World Trade Center buildings, could kill thousands of people but leave the buildings quite intact.

(Continues on page 76)

Become a

Card Carrying

Clintagonist (klin-tag'-a-nist) *n.* 1. One who ruefully vilifies the "tax and spend" policies of Slick Willie. 2. One who acts as an adversary to Clintonomics.

Clintagonist

Call Toll Free

1•800•NO•BILLY

(1•800•662•4559)

$9.95 Membership includes a coffee mug and bumper sticker with our symbol, and a membership card good until 1996, *when we send Hillary, Bill and Al back to the sticks!* You will also receive an emergency phone sticker bearing the phone number of the **Slick Willie Joke Line**

VISA MasterCard

A database of the best jokes about the worst White House ever!

Great Gift Idea!!!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

December 6, 1993

Dear Rusty,

These past few weeks have been hectic, but with Thanksgiving over and Christmas coming up, I've been able to spend more time with Tip and the kids, and even to squeeze in a few of the long, reflective, deeply personal solitary walks that I'm known for. (By the way, did you get the clipping I sent you—"The Drama of a Gifted Vice President," by Katherine Boo, from the Washington Post? Mom and I come off well, but Tipper comes off a little stiff.)

Right now, the whole family's gathered around the pressed-newspaper fire, and I'll be totally honest with you, Rusty: I've never been happier. I'd gladly give up the most important and influential Vice Presidency in the history of our nation for a lifetime of holidays with Kristin, Sarah, Karenna, and Little Al.

Of course, since I'm their father, I'll have a lifetime of holidays with them anyway, so I won't need to give up what it's pretty much a foregone conclusion that my Vice Presidency will be, namely historic, powerful, and effective. But I would give it all up, Rusty. And pretty much alone among her peers, Katherine Boo figured that out. I'll send you a copy of her article on me if you didn't get it. Actually, I'll have someone in the State Department pouch it down to Brazil.

Still, I'm determined to have a traditional family Christmas. Luckily, everybody in the Administration has been really accommodating. Tony Lake swings by in the morning for my national-security briefing before heading for the White House. (National security is one of my new responsibilities.) And Les Aspin and "Chris" Christopher have been spending more time here at the house, working away on foreign policy in the family room. (Foreign policy is another.)

Everyone here says "hi," especially Karenna, who's down from Harvard and wants me to tell you that she's decided to double-major in Environmental Politics and Multicultural Literacy Studies, so you may have another Gore down there in Brazil soon! Karenna had barely unpacked her bags when she announced that she was now a "strict vegan." Tipper practically hit the ceiling.

"You're a what?" she cried.

"A vegan," Karenna said, "and a strict one, too."

Tipper looked at me, stricken. "Did you hear that, Al?" she said ruefully. "We pay $20,000 a year for that school, and our daughter comes out a vegan. They ought to put warning labels all along the Mass Pike."

I wasn't sure what to say. On the one hand, I respect Karenna's right to choose her own lifestyle. On the other, I understand what Tipper was feeling. But on the still other hand, I had to know what a "vegan" was before I came down on one side or the other.

"Hey, Kar, what's a vegan, anyway?"

Karenna rolled her eyes. "Dad, a vegan is someone who has renounced meat, meat products, dairy products, and animal fats . . . that kind of thing. Basically, all I eat now is fruits and vegetables. Preferably ones that just sort of died on their own, without the impetus of farm machinery."

"What about leather?" asked Tip. "What about the Austrian riding boots?"

"Out the window," replied Karenna. "Literally. I tossed them onto Mt. Auburn St. A homeless guy everyone calls 'Uncle Ammonia' wears them."

"Cool!" Little Al chimed in.

"Those boots cost almost $4,000!" shouted Tipper.

"Those boots cost the life of an innocent cow, who was senselessly butchered!" Karenna shouted back.

"Cool!" Little Al said.

"You begged for those boots," Tipper continued. "You dragged me all over town to find them. You needed them for school, you had to have them."

"Well, Mom. I changed my mind, okay?"

Kristin and Sarah appeared out of nowhere.

"Mom," Kristin asked, "can Sarah and I have her old shoes and sweaters since she doesn't want them?"

"What do you wear on your feet?" Tipper asked.

Karenna shrugged. "Geoffrey and I weave sandals from the reeds that grow in the backyard."

Suddenly Tipper's voice got very low and deliberate. "Who," she began slowly, "is 'Geoffrey' and what is the backyard in back of?"

Well, I could see that this conversation was going nowhere, so I told Tipper that I needed to talk to her about some Supreme Court nominees (another new responsibility) and I asked Karenna to prepare the family a vegan meal. And that, I'm proud to say, took care of that particular squabble. Except for Little Al, who pronounced his sister's eggplant-and-nut loaf "smelly."

Gotta go, Rust. The two Marines are here with the nuclear "football" and they don't know where to put it. Next to the "Red Phone," I guess.

Merry Christmas, Rusty. Though to be honest, this year the Gores won't be celebrating Christmas per se. Karenna's got the whole family into another holiday altogether. So Happy Kwanzaa!

Al

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To England's Rescue

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

MRS. THATCHER'S account of *The Downing Street Years* further infuriates her critics by its commercial success. In the first two weeks after its appearance, more copies of her book sold than of any other book in the history of British publishing. She stopped traffic in London when she made an appearance at Hatchards to autograph books for avid buyers who lined up for blocks. I have idly wondered, since she is now Lady Thatcher, seated in the House of Lords, whether she can get away with signing merely "Thatcher," which economy is an appanage of the titled class. If it is true that she signed over one thousand books on that occasion, then I reckon that omitting "Margaret," or even "M," added hundreds to the number she'd otherwise have handled.

It astonished, and disturbed, some observers that a great many of the crowd lining up to get the lady to sign her £25 book were young people. This distressed her critics on several grounds. The first is that yesterday's prime minister in Great Britain very rapidly becomes a nobody. Indeed, contrasting with the relatively lavish way we equip our ex-Presidents, a retired prime minister is treated like a Dickensian clerk, given a dingy little office somewhere, with part-time clerical help, as quickly forgotten by the general public as Mrs. Thatcher's predecessor.

The Downing Street Years, by Margaret Thatcher (HarperCollins, 914 pp., $30)

And then—*young* people! In the first place, young people forget quickly, and it has been three years since Mrs. Thatcher ceased to govern; in the second place, anti-Thatcher fever has run riot in critical circles, so that on top of disappearing from sight because that is the conventional thing to do, she should have disappeared from sight as Great Britain gradually came to terms with its disgraceful fascination with the lady for eleven and one-half years. Something like the rapid evanescence of Franco from the Spanish scene, so soon after his death, would have been appropriate. It simply was not in the cards that Mrs. Thatcher should be treated by young people like the revival of the Beatles.

The phenomenon required one or two reviewers to acknowledge, however grumpily, that Mrs. Thatcher has transcended her politics. One has to struggle to remember exactly what "Gaullism" was; but not at all to remember who Charles de Gaulle was. It is of course so with Winston Churchill and, it gradually transpires, it is so with Margaret Thatcher. Hate her though they do—and that hatred is as consuming with some critics as it was of Senator McCarthy, years ago—they are left to cope with early signs of that lapidary judgment of history, which is undeniable. It seems to be saying that she and Churchill and Lloyd George are the dominant political figures in twentieth-century British history.

Bonnie Gardner

Her joyously readable book is about her reign as prime minister, beginning with her electoral victory in May 1979 and ending in November 1990 with her melancholy drive to Buckingham Palace to hand over the seals of office to the Queen. Her book doesn't, by the way, deal at any significant length with the punctilios of high life among political royalty, but here and there we get a whiff of it. I got a kick out of reading that when she defeated Labour's James Callaghan, she traveled to Buckingham Palace in the automobile reserved for the leader of the Opposition (she had been that since 1975), did her thing with the Queen, walked back out, and lo! waiting for her was the automobile reserved for the prime minister. Somebody evidently coordinated (and this was before the age of portable telephones) with the chauffeur of the deposed James Callaghan, who rushed to the Palace in the primary vehicle and exchanged it for the secondary vehicle; so that leaving Buckingham Palace after having been transfigured by the Queen, the new prime minister has Cinderella's experience: appropriately, the fancy coach is waiting for her, replacing the old buggy. There will always be an England.

Or will there?

It is I think fair to say that for a while, before Margaret Thatcher, there wasn't that much left of England, in the glorious old sense. Mrs. Thatcher is utterly candid in acknowledging that before her eventful term as prime minister, England was a disheveled mess. A second-rate power, slipping into Third World status. This was so on the international front as well as domestically. The one significant foreign venture (the liquidation of the British Empire was a passive act, bowing under the winds of change) after the victory in the World War was the Suez invasion of 1956 under Anthony Eden, and that had turned into farce. Prime Minister Eden was booted out after President Eisenhower read the riot act to a country that had no alternative but to abide by American judgment over what was permissible in foreign policy in parts of the world where America was also involved.

Under Mrs. Thatcher, the Falklands war changed that. It made no difference to her, and it made no difference

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the British public, that the Falklands was a remote little territory, a couple of islands as logically the property of Argentina as—well, as Gibraltar is logically the property of Spain. But Mrs. Thatcher, as her book illustrates time after time, has the singular power to distill big and complicated events to their essential nature, and this she did in the spring of 1982. The Argentine military had engaged in an unprovoked aggression against a people (a few thousand Falklanders) whose allegiance was to the Queen. Accordingly Mrs. Thatcher mobilized a formidable naval task force, sent it eight thousand miles away, and defeated the Argentine aggressors. It never occurred to her that this might all be a negotiable matter, and she took the earliest opportunity to dismiss from her Cabinet the Foreign Secretary who dared to suggest that some non-military—i.e., inconclusive—solution might be put together.

Her reaction eight years later to Saddam Hussein's invasion of Iraq was similarly reductionist (in the best sense):

> On the evening of Tuesday 23 October I had a meeting with Tom King [Defense Secretary] and Douglas Hurd [Foreign Secretary]. The main purpose was to give guidance to the Chief of the Defense Staff at his meetings with General Colin Powell, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the United States over the next two days. I began by listing our strategic objectives. These were to provide the guidelines according to which British policy in the forthcoming war should be determined. Saddam Hussein must leave Kuwait and the latter's legitimate Government must be restored. All hostages must be released. Iraq must pay compensation. Those responsible for atrocities must be brought to account before an international court. Iraq's nuclear, biological, and chemical capability must be eliminated in the event of hostilities and dismantled in the event of a peaceful withdrawal of Iraqi troops. To do this the widest possible alliance of Arab governments against Iraq must be maintained and Israeli involvement must be avoided. A regional security system must be established to constrain Iraq in the future.

Now this was two months before George Bush asked the Senate for permission to move against Iraq, which permission was grudgingly given. Having mobilized the most concerted diplomatic unity in modern times and assembled the most concentrated firepower in all military history, Mr. Bush proceeded and won his spectacular victory. But, as we all know, it proved incomplete. Of the objectives listed by Mrs. Thatcher in October, three were not realized.

Well, Mrs. Thatcher was not running U.S. foreign policy. Yet after the Falklands experience, it was no longer doubted that Great Britain disposed of the will to make decisive moves in foreign affairs, and we are informed in this book of the role the author played in arousing Mr. Reagan from his post-Reykjavik anti-nuclear trance. There is no speculation on the matter in her book, but those who have heard the lady talk about the Bosnian holocaust reasonably wonder whether the Serbs would have succeeded in their aggressive war if Mrs. Thatcher had still been prime minister, and situated to affect NATO policy.

And there was the domestic mess, of course. It had become plain to see for everyone who had an active curiosity in the matter that socialism simply does not work. But anxious though most people are to do away with socialist forms, they are less anxious to do away with the (apparent) perquisites of socialism. The great middle class in Britain is not about to give up "free" health care, and the new owners of privatized enterprises are happy, when they can, to give themselves uncompetitive sway.

Mrs. Thatcher tells how starkly plain it was, when she came to office, that Great Britain simply wasn't producing at a competitive level. The dire result was increasing deficits, inflation, and high interest rates. The principal reason for the economic decline was the swollen public sector and the hold the labor unions exercised in matters of hiring and work rules and secondary boycotts.

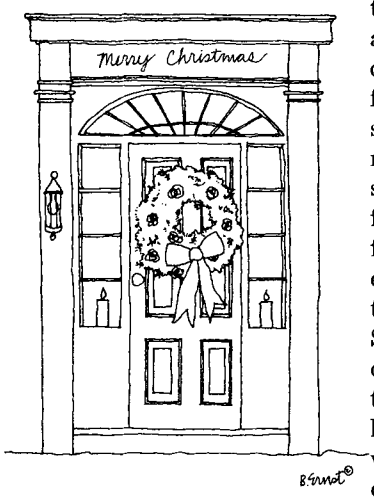
Now those who have the impression that Mrs. Thatcher simply imposed her will on British life will be surprised on reading her book to note how often she had to compromise. She would not have compromised with the Argentine generals or with Saddam Hussein, though even there she needed the acquiescence of a War Cabinet. But at Number 10 she was always conscious of what it was she could get away with doing, and this is limited by political realities. She fought the tough labor unions one inning at a time, and it wasn't until her fifth year in office that she reached Waterloo, walking away with the scalp of Arthur Scargill, the president of the National Union of Mineworkers. It is true that she liberated Great Britain from the dictatorship of the labor barons but not true, alas, that their power is wholly gone. Thirty per cent of British labor is still unionized (which is all right) by bosses many of whom are disposed to ignore market realities (which is not all right), and manage through state action (subventions, protection) to survive, even as they consume not British fat, but bone and muscle.

ANOTHER common American misconception is that the prime minister has plenipotentiary powers so long as he/she commands a majority of the Parliament. No account of a political stewardship more painstakingly reveals than *The Downing Street Years* that this simply isn't the case. In this nine-hundred-page book that moves more or less from crisis to crisis during her three terms, Mrs. Thatcher isn't teaching the reader the realities of power-sharing in Great Britain in the sense that an ambassador-designate to Thailand might expect to be taught the protocols of Siam. She writes as though all of that were well known, and no doubt among close students of British affairs it is. But for the American reader it is a great learning experience, reminding us of features of British political life not widely known. Mrs. Thatcher greatly needed the help of her own ministers, and of course depended for her life on parliamentary acquiescence from the backbenchers. Her failure finally to galvanize her own troops is the critical narrative point in a dramatic story which, after all, ends with the resignation of Mrs. Thatcher after she realized that not even her own Cabinet would fight for her. Why?

The principal formal issues were her poll tax, her criticisms of the European Monetary System, and her resistance to the attrition of British sovereignty. One suspects that the rotational imperative played some role in the matter. She had been around a long time. The British prime minister has only the one decisive power, which is to hire and fire Cabinet members. But once hired, they are at liberty, however precarious the exercise of it,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to pronounce in favor of policies obliquely at variance with those of the prime minister—provided they are willing to run the risk of getting "sacked." What sometimes then happens, and what happened to Mrs. Thatcher, is that the dismissal of successive Cabinet ministers results in the accumulation of enough strength in the party's parliamentary legions to disfranchise the prime minister.



By the time Margaret Thatcher left office, the total burden of government (taxes plus borrowing) on the British economy had fallen from 44 per cent of GDP in 1979–80 to 40.5 per cent in 1990–91. (Within this total, borrowing had been reduced and taxes increased slightly—though the stultifying 98 per cent and 83 per cent marginal rates of income tax had come down substantially to a top rate of 40 per cent.) Only three years after her departure, however, the public sector is larger than ever. It was so with Ronald Reagan—and yet both figures stand with mountainous reputations as enemies of socialist practice, and deservedly so, even though they did not succeed in their highest ambition, which was to serve their countries as grave-diggers for socialism rather than merely as diagnosticians. We learn greatly from this book that the trouble in Great Britain (as in America) has become cellular. The voters can all despise socialism, provided that what we think of as its fruits are not taken away from us.

MRS. THATCHER does not hesitate in her chronicle to speak frankly about her former associates. Some British politicians who were prominent in her early years are complimented for their early work. But when they turned against her, Mrs. Thatcher instinctively tends to rule out, or else ignore, the possibility that they were moved by intensely felt differences about what policies were best to pursue. The reason for this is the nature of Margaret Thatcher. She is capable of compromise when she reasons that she cannot have her way because political obstacles are insurmountable. She is not capable (for the most part) of doubting that what she would like to see done is *what ought to be done*. Because her intelligence is acute and her moral priorities fixed, she profoundly believes that all thinking men and women must recognize the compelling force of her conclusions, and so she has no alternative but to seek out explanations for disagreements or for defiances as eo ipso extrinsic to normative thought and analysis. She is accordingly required to conclude that John Jones defied her either because he was cowardly, or because he was suborned by the enemy, or because his mind had become sluggish, subverting his epistemological apparatus; or because vanity and hedonism had got in the way. When she decided to replace Geoffrey Howe as Foreign Secretary she describes the occasion as follows:

> . . . I called in Geoffrey Howe and said that I wanted him to leave the Foreign Office, where I intended to put John Major. It was predictable that Geoffrey would be displeased. He had come to enjoy the trappings of his office and his two houses, in Carlton Gardens in London and Chevening in Kent.

Unpleasant stuff, and unnecessary. Why shouldn't someone enjoy Chevening in Kent, whatever Chevening in Kent is? And as to the trappings of office, anybody who, having had one, says he doesn't enjoy a car and driver belongs in a Carthusian monastery. Besides which, Mr. Howe did differ (and does) with Mrs. Thatcher on a basic matter (a common European currency), concerning which differences of opinion do not necessarily reflect a propensity for a high lifestyle. But Mrs. Thatcher formed a total position on her old associate (he was her first Chancellor of the Exchequer): "[Howe] never put his heart into the Leadership of the House [the position she had persuaded him to take on leaving the Foreign Office]. In the Cabinet he was now a force for obstruction, in the Party a focus of resentment, in the country a source of division. On top of all that, we found each other's company almost intolerable." What people will put up with for their country! "Almost" is the operative word here.

Mrs. Thatcher, so regularly associated with simple, direct, tough stemwindery, is masterly at the glancing, but marvelously damaging, aside. Summarizing her view of Opposition Leader Neil Kinnock, to be sure, she is hardly oblique. "Mr. Kinnock," she says of his speech in Parliament calling for her resignation, "in all his years as Opposition leader, never let me down. Right to the end, he struck every wrong note . . . [His speech was] standard, partisan rant." But others, and other institutions, are treated more delicately. In analyzing her hardening distrust of centralized European power in Brussels she writes, "If you have no real confidence in the political system or political leaders of your own country you are bound to be more tolerant of foreigners of manifest intelligence, ability, and integrity like Mr. Delors [of Brussels] telling you how to run your affairs. Or to put it more bluntly, if I were an Italian I might prefer rule from Brussels too." Oscar Wilde could not have improved on that.

William Waldegrave, recruited to take on the Department of Health, came in from the Left of the party, "but I had never kept talented people out of my Cabinets just because they were not of my way of thinking." "William was slim, cerebral, and aloof—a sort of Norman St John Stevas without jokes." "Ken Clarke now entered. His manner was robust in the brutalist style he has cultivated: the candid friend." Tristan Garel-Jones's "view of Conservative politics had always been that the line of least resistance is the best course, and I suppose he was only being consistent." "Richard [Ryder] was deserting at the first whiff of grapeshot." Mrs. Thatcher goes to a summit meeting at Versailles a matter of hours before her execution, now clearly impending, after the failure of her hastily mobilized political cadre. "Before leaving for Versailles, I went in to see my old friend Eleanor (the late Lady) Glover . . . We talked for just a few minutes in the ambassador's sitting room. Her maid, Marta, who was with her, [related that she] had 'seen it in the cards.' I thought it might be useful to get Marta on the campaign team."

There is one passage of devastating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human impact. She is engaged now in a last desperate maneuver, consulting one by one her ministers, to establish the substantiality of their support at the forthcoming confrontation in Parliament. "I telephoned John Major at home outside Huntingdon. I told him that . . . Douglas [Hurd, the Foreign Secretary] was going to propose me [i.e., renominate her as Party leader, and therefore de facto as prime minister]. I asked John to second my nomination. There was a moment's silence. The hesitation was palpable. No doubt the operation on John's wisdom teeth was giving him trouble. Then he said that if that was what I wanted, yes. Later, when urging my supporters to vote for John for the leadership, I made play of the fact that he did not hesitate. But both of us knew otherwise." And now everybody knows it.

Things move very fast in British politics, much like the exchange of vehicles from opposition leader to prime minister. "Wednesday 28 November was my last day in office. The packing was now all but complete. Early that morning I went down from the flat to my study for the last time to check that nothing had been left behind. It was a shock to find that I could not get in because the key had already been taken off my key-ring." Opponents of sound, modest, effective government don't really get defeated, they suffer setbacks, and sometimes do so at the whiphand of a political figure who achieves institutional status, as Mrs. Thatcher has done. She learned this lesson very late, and she could not reconcile defeat with her own extraordinary powers to elucidate her case. One month before her resignation she scoffed at the very idea of surrendering. Why should she? "Since I hardly ever felt seriously tired and never felt stale I had no intention of giving that impression." What she needed then was merely to refresh her tactics. "I decided to make some changes in the Cabinet to free up posts at every level and bring on some new faces."

But then for one fleeting moment she acknowledges the larger reality. "I was, however, wrong on one important matter. Of course, I understood that some of my Cabinet colleagues and other ministers were more to the left, some more to the right. But I believed that they had generally become convinced of the rightness of the basic principles as I had. Orthodox finance, low levels of regulation and taxation, a minimal bureaucracy, strong defense, a willingness to stand up for British interests wherever and whenever threatened—I did not believe that I had to open windows into men's souls on these matters. The arguments for them seemed to me to have been won. I now know that such arguments are never finally won." Margaret Thatcher discovered what T. S. Eliot always knew, and what all those Americans who rub their eyes and ask, "Was it only nine years ago that Ronald Reagan won re-election in 49 states?" now know; or should know. Whatever she has left her country with, and this won't be fully known for years to come, she has given readers of her book, British and non-British, an experience both exciting and instructive. And a comprehensive introduction to a remarkable woman who inspires admiration and affection.

Though having said this, I have to confess that she may come back to power, and I have always coveted Chevening in Kent. □

Bush League

MONA CHAREN

Hell of a Ride: Backstage at the White House Follies, 1989–1993, by John Podhoretz (Simon & Schuster, 249 pp., $21)

FOR ANY TRUE Reaganite, there was one phrase used during the 1992 presidential race that made the hair on the back of the neck stand up. That phrase was "the Reagan–Bush Administrations." For though this eluded CBS, *Newsweek*, and the *Washington Post*, it was an article of faith among conservatives that the chasm between the policies of Presidents Reagan and Bush could hardly have been larger had Mr. Bush been a Democrat. In the words of John O'Sullivan, January 1993 marked not the end of the Reagan–Bush era, but the midway point of the "Bush–Clinton era."

John Podhoretz, onetime Reagan speechwriter and a conservative humorist, hammers this point home with wicked intensity. The picture he paints of the Bush White House is that of an Administration committed to nothing except a belief in its own superiority.

Conservatives will recall—now, in the light of the 1992 election results, with a bit of *Schadenfreude*—the arrogance of the newly installed Bushies in 1989. In leaks to the press that clearly reflected the views of the President himself, they boasted of Mr. Bush's "engagement" and "hands-on" approach to government. By the very act of reprinting those quotes now—"Unlike his scripted mentor Ronald Reagan, Bush has displayed spontaneity," wrote David Hoffman of the *Washington Post* on November 26, 1988—Mr. Podhoretz rubs salt into the wounds of the Bush crowd.

It is difficult to think of any Presidency in living memory that committed such a spectacular act of suicide as the Bush Administration. Squandering the greatest political legacy any President has inherited from his predecessor, Mr. Bush was a combination of serene self-confidence and boneheaded political incompetence. Even as the axe was falling, in the autumn of 1992, Bush maintained a bizarre belief that the voters would rally to him. "He wanted to talk about how the voters should vote for him because they trusted him," writes Mr. Podhoretz. "That was it. That was all he wanted to say. It never seemed to occur to him that perhaps it was the worst possible message for him. Because the voters had no reason to trust him; he had lied to them."

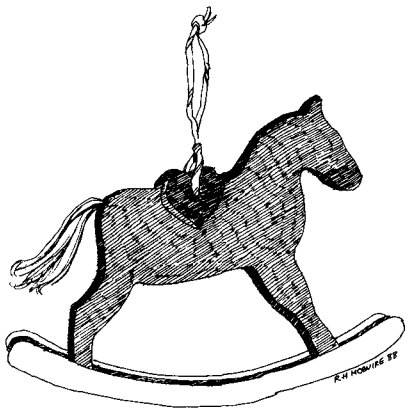
Mr. Podhoretz's device is to focus on the lower-level staffers in the White House, those who were loyal to Mr. Bush personally, to flesh out what was wrong with the Administration. Here a bit of reverse snobbery creeps into the narrative. These were wealthy white Republicans, Mr. Podhoretz implies, the country-club set, who acquired their political views not from NATIONAL REVIEW or from Whittaker Chambers, but rather with their wine spritzers and canapés. Accordingly,

Miss Charen is a syndicated columnist with the Creators Syndicate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they lacked the passion and commitment of the Reaganites. There is probably some truth to this, though the Reagan Administration contained its share of blue-bloods who were no less zealous than the more colorful, working-class converts.

But the bottom line for every Administration is the same: the staff is a reflection of the boss. The Reagan White House, contentious and divided



to be sure, attracted, in addition to the usual opportunists, a fair number of principled conservatives, who often succeeded in putting a Reaganite stamp on policy. The Bush Administration, Mr. Podhoretz makes clear, was stuffed with hollow men because the President wanted it that way.

Hell of a Ride recounts one episode after another of Mr. Bush's political astigmatism. When the furor broke over the federal funding of obscene and anti-Christian art, the President chose as director of the National Endowment for the Arts John Frohnmayer, whom Mr. Podhoretz correctly describes as "a liberal Republican concerned about his reputation in Democratic circles" (a fair description of Mr. Bush as well). Only three years later, when Patrick Buchanan was taking slices out of Mr. Bush's hide in New Hampshire, did Mr. Bush direct that Mr. Frohnmayer be fired. Mr. Podhoretz writes: "Thus an action that Bush could have taken on high ground . . . became instead merely a crass political move. The dismissal did not satisfy conservatives . . . And the chorus of denunciation it earned Bush all over Washington proved that his initial effort to make nice with the other side by picking somebody uncontroversial had ended up backfiring every which way." And so it went.

President Bush fully expected victory in the Gulf War to lead to re-election by acclamation in 1992. When the rude reality of the need to campaign was upon them, the Bushies were confronted with their own sorry record. Mr. Podhoretz recounts what must have been the most mordant moment (of many) during the campaign, when pollster Robert Teeter met with the much-abused speechwriters to search for a "theme."

Mr. Teeter came to the meeting armed with charts he had generated on his home computer. In the first box were the words: "**I have been President for 3 1/2 years.**" Major accomplishments/record: Foreign and domestic. Tremendous benefits for all Americans. Some disappointments." There were eight other boxes, but the most striking was box number three, which read: "**Theme/slogan/name.**" It was otherwise empty. "What I want from you," Teeter told the speechwriters, "is to help me fill this empty box."

Filling the empty box that was the Bush Administration proved too large a task for mere speechwriters. The Podhoretz retelling is sharp, insightful, and very funny. But for some of us, it is still too painful to laugh. □

Socialism Revisted

JOHN GRAY

W. H. MALLOCK is one of a number of arrestingly far-seeing conservative thinkers whose works have been unpublished for generations. Russell Kirk now seeks to retrieve them for us in the Library of Conservative Thought, of which he is editor. The project embodied in such a library is well-conceived and timely, and Mallock is one of the band of almost forgotten conservative thinkers who is most deserving of resurrection. Remembered nowadays, if at all, only for his satirical work, *The New Republic*, which he published in 1877 at the age of 28, Mallock was a resourceful and versatile polemicist against socialism whose arguments have a force and resonance even in our post-socialist age.

A Critical Examination of Socialism, by William Mallock, with an introduction by Russell Kirk (Transaction, 302 pp., $37.95)

His *Critical Examination of Socialism*, now republished by Transaction Books with an elegant and erudite introduction by Mr. Kirk, should be of particular interest in the United States, where it first appeared in 1907 as a postscript to a lecture tour of Mallock's. For, in an evolution of ideas that a dispassionate observer cannot help finding delightfully ironical, doctrinal socialism, with its core ideas of economic planning and wealth redistribution, is alive today only in the United States, having long since been abandoned in Europe. Indeed, were he alive today, Werner Sombart would be compelled to ask, not, Why No Socialism in America? but instead, Why Socialism Only in America?

Whatever the answer to this difficult question—and it must be said that nothing in Mr. Kirk's introduction diminishes the difficulty—Mallock's closely reasoned polemic contains a range of arguments against socialism that will repay careful study three-quarters of a century later, particularly in America. His principal argument is, perhaps, one that invokes a natural monopoly on Ability, and which conceives Ability as the chief source of wealth-creation. Though there is doubtless a good deal more to wealth-creation than Mallock suggests, the proposition that redistributional taxation, beyond a certain point, will destroy the incentives for wealth-creation is well supported by the history of European social democracy, in Sweden and elsewhere, where redistributionism resulted in stagflation and declining living standards.

This is of more than scholarly interest if, as seems likely, the United States is embarked on an anachronistic experiment in redistributionist taxation of a sort that would not now be contemplated by any European social-democratic party. If Mal-

Mr. Gray is a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. This review was written during a period of residence as Stranahan Distinguished Research Fellow at the Social Philosophy and Policy Center, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lock is right, the result can only be a massive fall in living standards in the United States, accompanied, in all likelihood, by a flight of capital abroad and by governmental measures to arrest further capital flight. It will be interesting to observe the process of immiseration by ill-conceived policies of wealth-redistribution, foreshadowed here.

Mallock's book contains much else that is of topical interest, including an incisive analysis of the limitations of democratic institutions that should be read by all those who imagine, contrary to most of the evidence of history, that there is some special affinity between democracy and capitalism. It seems more than doubtful, however, that socialism will remain the chief enemy of conservative values, even in America.

In his excellent introduction, Russell Kirk tells us that "conservatism is not a bundle of exhortations got up by a closet philosopher," since "the sources of conservative order" are not to be found in books but are in "custom, convention, continuity." Now this may have been true in Edmund Burke's day, or even in Mallock's, but it is manifestly false in our own. In our day, the genuine conservative tends to be a bookish theorist, if only because what little is left of "custom, convention, continuity" among us is, especially in America, saturated with modernist and antinomian sentiment. The historical reality, in other words, is not now that—as it was perhaps in Burke's time—of a handful of speculators, bent on disturbing the peaceful slumbers of a tradition-bound and pious people. It is of a rudderless and anomic population, which vents its inordinacies in talk shows and rap music, and to whom the ideas of custom, convention, and continuity are alien and barely intelligible.

The paradox of our time, on which the conservative project may well founder, especially in America, is that the very idea of conventional or traditional behavior is one which has hardly any echoes in ordinary experience and that figures chiefly in the nostalgic dreams of an alienated and beleaguered conservative intelligentsia. Let us hope that subsequent volumes of Mr. Kirk's admirable Library of Conservative Thought assist us in addressing this notable paradox of conservatism in our age. □

FILM

Praise Jack, Shoot 'The Piano'

JOHN SIMON

SHADOWLANDS, by William Nicholson, has already been a successful television movie and stage play, so that a theatrical film may have seemed redundant. Joss Ackland and Claire Bloom on TV, Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Alexander on stage, were everything one might ask for in this (broadly) true story of C. S. Lewis's belated marriage and all too early bereavement. The celebrated Oxford don, literary scholar, children's novelist, and Christian philosopher married, late in life, Joy Gresham, a minor American poet and ex-Communist, Jewish and the mother of one young boy (in real life, two). The movie makes their story as vivid and moving as if you had never seen it before.

C. S. Lewis (Jack to his friends) was an almost smugly devout Anglican; a confirmed, indeed ossified, bachelor, who shared his digs with his somewhat worldlier brother, Warnie, a retired army officer; and a person who probably never met a Jew or Communist in all his previous life. Joy Gresham, who had come to England to escape from her husband, a drunken and adulterous novelist, was, like her son, a great Lewis fan, so it was only natural for them to meet in London, and for the Greshams eventually to visit Lewis at Oxford. It was almost as natural for Lewis and Joy to become friends, even though her tartly outspoken ways raised many an Oxford eyebrow. What was less expectable was for Jack to marry Joy—to be sure, only in a marriage of convenience, to enable her to obtain British citizenship, but definitely not a place in his bed.

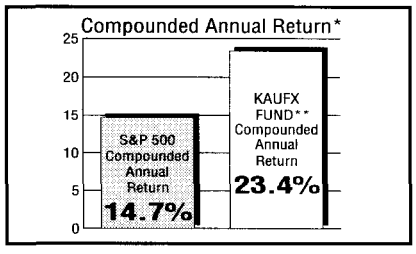
The Greshams remained in London until Joy was stricken with bone can-

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

"one of the best five-year track records in the business."

—The New York Times 9-12-93

The Kaufmann Fund



Lawrence Auriana and Hans Utsch, Portfolio co-managers.

"mines territory that most fund managers won't go into, exciting and unique growth opportunities...."

—Don Phillips, Morningstar, as quoted in The New York Times 9-12-93

Morningstar 5 Star (*****) Rating (as of 8/31/93)

For information call: **1-800-666-9233**

IRA

*** Per Lipper Analytical Services.**

***The Fund's compounded annualized return to September 30, 1993 for the one year, and 2/86-9/93 (since inception) periods are **38.59%**, **16.32%** respectively. Total returns for periods ending September 30, 1993 are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. There is a 0.2% redemption fee and a 12b-1 fee in excess of 0.25%. For more information including charges and expenses, please read the prospectus carefully before you invest. The performance cited represents past performance which is not indicative of future results; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost.*

THE KAUFMANN FUND, INC. 17 Battery Place, New York, NY 10004 • Fax (212) 344-6227

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cer too advanced for a cure. It was then that Lewis realized he truly loved this spirited, iconoclastic woman, and married her again—this time in a bedside Anglican ceremony, in the eyes of God, as he put it. Almost miraculously, Joy had a remission, and she and Jack enjoyed a real marriage for a brief while, though she warned him that, for this happiness, he would have to pay with a lifelong sorrow. After her death, Lewis sank into profound despair, mitigated only by his religion and having to look after Douglas, to whom shared grief brought him closer than before.

That is the story in essence, but Mr. Nicholson's sensitive and incisive reimagining of it makes it enormously rich in humor, drama, local color, and psychological detail. And surprisingly, Richard Attenborough—who, for my money, never made a good movie (only overblown and naïve spectaculars or tiresome whimsies)—directed this with remarkable poise, empathy, and finesse. He captures the austere beauty of Oxford as tidily as its quaint rituals and academic bickering; also the slightly stiff yet companionable coexistence of the Lewis brothers. And he finds the right rhythms in which to tell the story of Jack and Joy—of how she thaws him out even as she wins over a harrumphing contingent of scholars and backbiters.

Less commanding than Joss Ackland's, less wry than Nigel Hawthorne's, Anthony Hopkins's Jack—more fumblingly introverted and emotionally corseted—is just as good, and possibly nearer the truth. Debra Winger has neither Claire Bloom's loveliness nor Jane Alexander's ironic *hauteur*, but she has a wonderfully idiosyncratic bounciness—almost a tomboyish *diablerie*—that befits this latter-day Madame Sans-Gêne to perfection. And when the going gets rough, she and Mr. Hopkins wring the heart with the best of them. When he, in the most unadorned language and with only slightly heightened inflection, tells her that he can't bear to lose her, the scene cuts quickly and unartily to the quick, to art.

Edward Hardwicke is a quietly winning Warnie; Joseph Mazzello a nicely unprecious, unprecocious Douglas; and John Wood, Maurice Denham, Peter Firth, along with many others, contribute handsomely. Roger Pratt's camera catches noble, history-laden stone exteriors as respectfully as warm, wooden interiors worn smooth with living. If George Fenton's music does not quite have the same tactful reticence, it is still tasteful enough. *Shadowlands* reports, but does not revel in, harsh realities, even as it unlipsmackingly savors happiness and humor. Every one of its tears, like every one of its laughs, is scrupulously earned, and understatement has never been deployed to better effect.

■ At a New York Film Festival press conference, Jane Campion said she had originally intended to have the Cannes grand-prize-winning ***The Piano*** end with the drowning of the heroine. Instead, she has her going off to live happily ever after with her lover. I wonder about a writer–director who ends up making the opposite of what she set out to do.

The film starts with Ada, a Scottish mail-order bride, arriving on a desolate New Zealand coast with her small daughter, Flora. It's sometime in the nineteenth century, and there is no dock; the sailors unceremoniously dump people and their belongings on a deserted beach. Next day, Stewart, the husband, arrives with some Maori carriers. As the return trek leads through muddy jungles, Stewart decrees that Ada's most precious possession, her piano, be temporarily left behind, exposed to the mercy of the waves and weather. Ada, by the way, is mute, and communicates with her daughter in a home-made sign language; with others, via a notebook she wears around her neck, on whose pages she furiously scribbles the notes she hands out. Early sequences of the film have voiceover narration in Ada's voice at age six, when she voluntarily stopped speaking. Don't inner voices mature?

We never find out anything about Ada's background, her first husband, and how Stewart acquired her in marriage. Or why she gave up speaking. Later, Flora will offer a wildly fanciful explanation that we, clearly, are not meant to believe. When mother and daughter spend that first cold night on the beach, they sleep under Ada's hoopskirt; who would have thought a crinoline could provide shelter for two? Why would a welcoming husband abandon his bride's beloved piano, her chief mode of self-expression, when there are enough porters to carry it; and why not at least move it out of the reach of the waves? Later, it is Stewart's less affluent partner, Baines—an Englishman gone native, who sports Maori tattoos on his face—who buys the piano from Stewart, and seems to have no problem hauling it to his homestead. That the piano should play perfectly after what it's been through is one of the film's most resounding lies.

Ada refuses to sleep with her husband, which he meekly accepts; he'll wait. Baines tells Ada he'll let her have the piano back in exchange for lessons. She goes to his house to give them, each session earning her a black key or, if she is particularly complaisant, more than one; the white keys, evidently, have no market value. Baines watches her from odd angles, including from below, often playing with her various extremities—with anything but the keyboard. Eventually, he presents himself to her naked and panting with desire; session by session, he has already removed quite a bit of her clothing. She succumbs, and they make wild, un-Victorian love. After that, things become rather more implausible.

Jane Campion prides herself on leaving much unexplained. She has every right to be proud: at leaving things unexplained, Miss Campion is a champion. We do not even get a sense of topography, of the distances between places, of what kind of settlement this is, of the reasons for the comings and goings of certain other white persons. As for the Maoris, they are lazy, giggling children, given to making rude jokes about the whites, which are sometimes, not always, translated by subtitles. Flora's actions consistently make no sense, but she at least has the excuse of being a child. What the adults do would make sense only as the wet dream of an inane woman, which *The Piano*, apparently, is not meant to be.

A final example. When Ada, who now plays teasing sexual games with her embarrassed husband (who had watched her through a window make

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

love to Baines, and said nothing, only to keep her later under household arrest), decides to send a love message to Baines, she writes it on a key she rips from her piano—as if there were no paper, and as if Baines, who is illiterate, could read it. She entrusts the missive to Flora, who, perversely, walks miles to deliver it to Stewart instead, even though she bears him no particular allegiance. The consequences are dire, of course, but in an utterly loony way. Miss Campion claims kinship with Emily Brontë; but *Wuthering Heights*, another overheated spinsterish fantasy, makes a lot more sense, and has a little thing called genius going for it.

Even the music is absurd. Except for one piece of mauled Chopin, the score is by Michael Nyman, one of the most self-important, overrated, and, to my ears, worthless composers around; for this period piece, he has written his usual New Age claptrap. Yet, in other ways, Miss Campion is a stickler for accuracy, especially when such accuracy looks or sounds ridiculous to us, e.g., people wearing London street clothes and shoes to slosh through jungle mud.

Holly Hunter looks dismal and ghostly most of the time, her two white ears protruding through an oily, slicked-down carapace of black hair like a pair of stale shrimps. She plays piano and bizarre equally well. Harvey Keitel manages to act supremely randy in a childlike way, and wears his blue Morse-code-like tattoo with a straight face, which is an accomplishment. Sam Neill struggles with a role as unappetizing as it is thankless, and Anna Pacquin is an adorably precocious brat ripe for strangling. What possessed the Cannes judges to divide the Golden Palm between this and *Farewell My Concubine*, which is at least indisputably a film? The only similarity between the two lies in each having a main character one of whose fingers gets lustily chopped off. □

ART

The Assassin Who Failed

JAMES GARDNER

NOTHING kills an artist quite like a full-dress retrospective. Henri Matisse and Robert Ryman, though fine painters, are looking a little wan these days, after their life's work was assembled for all to see at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Such exhibitions, occasioned by our love of an artist's best and most famous works, invariably bring us into unlovely confrontation with what he himself might have wished to conceal, and few artists can survive such close scrutiny.

Unexpectedly then, Joan Miró, who was always impressive, has emerged from his ordeal at the Modern even more admirable than before. At the same time, this gifted Catalan, whose centenary we celebrate, seems more marginal than we realized. Of course, the point of the exhibit was to assert not his marginality but his centrality, since he spent most of his life in Paris when Paris was the center of everything, and he was acclaimed by the greatest cultural minds of that time and place. Picasso, for example, his Catalan compatriot, thought Miró the only artist to have taken painting beyond the point where Picasso had left it.

And yet, as the exhibition reveals, though Miró may reflect many tendencies of Modernism, especially Surrealism, he summed up none of the art that preceded him and he gave rise to none of the art that came after. Thus we are able to say of him, as we could not say of Klee or Mondrian or even Matta, that if he had never existed the history of art would not have been very different from what it is.

Or rather, it would have been different in only one sense, namely that it would not have included Joan Miró, and that would have been a very great omission. For Miró, in his steady, dependable way, was one of the visual giants of the century. His work is effortlessly and almost infallibly beautiful. His images have no message to them, yet they are living human documents of an almost unfathomable sensitivity.

Allied to this emotional integrity was an early mastery of color and form. Miró began as an Expressionist, reveling in the thrilling chromatic possibilities of pigment liberated from its ancient fealty to the retinal world. But he did not pursue this with the scientific pretensions of the early Picasso, and he seems never to have seen the point of Cézanne. Rather, what charmed him were pure colors illogically applied, as in an early scene of Prades, a Catalonian village. This view could almost be by Cézanne, except that there are more pinks, cobalts, mustards, and mauves in the lower half of the composition than Cézanne used in his entire career. When, a year later, Miró painted a pair of Cubist nudes, he was too devoted to color in the first, and to realistic details in the second, to employ the Cubist idiom with any kind of conviction.

Miró fully comes into his own in his stunning scenes of the small provincial village of Montroig. Against a steel blue sky stands an adobe house fronted by a palm tree and a snuff-colored field. The power of this and similar works is in the successful balance of cold dispassion in registering the specific details and a highly personal, even sentimental touch in the paint itself.

But Miró is at his best and most typical when he is most abstract, much as he would have hated to hear that. He let it be known fairly early on that, "I consider it an insult to be placed in the category of 'abstract' painters." Yet even if his images never lose that final link to the real world, their charm is almost wholly that of abstraction. In *The Birth of the World*, against one of those foggy moodscapes that Miró often chose as his backgrounds, there

Mr. Gardner's book, Culture or Trash?, *has just been published by Birch Lane.*

New England's Finest Hotels

When you think of New England, think of Tara Hotels. We offer 14 unique hotels throughout New England, with one thing in common - legendary Tara service.

Tara Hotels

THE FLATLEY COMPANY

1-800-THE-TARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occurs the drama of a reddish sperm-like dot, trailing a yellow tail, snaking its way between a pair of angular black shapes. *Dog Barking at the Moon* is a sparsely composed, immaculately balanced image in which a brightly illumined ladder recedes into the blackness of the night, while a rainbow-colored canine bays at a Cubistic moon.

Miró is a far more elegant if less passionate painter than Picasso. Even in *Barcelona Composition, March 31, 1933*, whose swirling forms and grasping, disembodied arms recall the later Picasso's figural vocabulary, there is a noticeable sense of well-being rather than emotional intensity. In every way the painting is more elegant than anything Picasso would ever have attempted. It is a polished performance in which fields of navy and russet and forest green seep into one another in an unresisting dream-like legato. Miró's art is remarkably inventive within a fairly circumscribed number of artistic terms, and thirty years after that first painting, in *Blue II* from the early Sixties, he achieved a similarly beautiful effect with a fiery stripe and a syncopation of black dots puttering across a cool blue field.

His final work, made when he was in his seventies and eighties, represents a slight falling off. One reason for this is his attempts at sculpture, of which he acquitted himself with more competence than inspiration by imitating a far inferior artist, Max Ernst. As for his later paintings, some of them have power, but they are no longer infallible, straining as they do toward a passion and panache which the younger artist would have resisted.

In one sense Miró's life was, on its own terms, a failure. He claimed his ambition was "to assassinate" painting. It was a silly thing to say, but that's how artists talk. How gloriously and consistently Miró missed that mark, how nobly he nourished that which he would slay, is now on view at the Museum of Modern Art. □

NIGHTLIFE

Blossom Dearie and the Lost City

HADLEY ARKES

WHEN commentators try to characterize, in a stroke, the style of life in New York at a certain period, they are often drawn to such figures as Jimmy Walker or Alexander Woollcott. But those figures are given their resonance, as markers of a style or an age, by being placed in a circle, a cluster of people with a sharply etched character. We think, of course, of the Algonquin Roundtable, the circle containing George Kaufman, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley. They are all amplified, in retrospect, by recalling the flavor of the conversation that surrounded them. If we think of Damon Runyon, it is clear that the characters who peopled his stories of Broadway were drawn from the remarkable range of types that were in fact brought together in the net of Runyon's friendships. That net would encompass people in journalism, show business, and the underworld; it would take in Walter Winchell, Al Jolson, and Frank Costello.

For some of us these characters still retain such a vivid presence that we almost feel like *poseurs* when we gather late at night, around the time, after the shows, when Waldo Winchester (Winchell) and Ambrose Hammer (Brooks Atkinson) would be gathering at Mindy's. And yet, that is also our homage to them: they offered the most compelling example of friendship conveyed in a crackling style. Beyond that, their wit would be drawn outside their private lives, to public things (*res publicae*, we might say), and they would furnish, in their meetings, the kind of conversation that would be taken, for years, as a defining mark of life in "the city."

That urbanity has largely receded from the cities. That sense of the matter struck me in an instant when a friend in New York introduced me to the work of "Hutch" (Leslie Hutchinson), who used to sing in London in the 1930s. Hutchinson was a black singer with an elegant presence, rather similar to the persona marked out today by Bobby Short. He flexed his arts in a similar setting, in tony cafés, not overly large, with a gathering of urbane listeners in evening dress. As with Bobby Short, he would show his main strength with Cole Porter and composers working in that style. His voice was firm, with many shadings; his piano strong without being showy, and it was colored to be set off precisely against his delivery of the lyrics. But it was the lyrics that made him memorable.

We cannot preserve the generation of the Thirties, but we can try to preserve the sensibility marked in their lyrics. That sensibility reflected a certain worldliness, even among people who were not burdened with a college education. These people could show rather refined discriminations in their manners. They could also retain a moral compass without much pretension, and even while making allowances, as Evelyn Waugh used to say, for people whose diaries would be much in need of editing.

That sensibility was summed up in the style of singers such as Hutch, and it can still be observed in a few, rare places, where there is a constituency for it. Those places are mainly in cities, and among the cities, mainly New York. And again, the identifying sign can be found in the lyrics. In an audience tuned to this temper, the pleasure comes in knowing the old lyrics—but then a deeper satisfaction comes in discovering original but unfamiliar lines in old standards, in the songs we thought we knew. And so, my friend wanted me especially to hear, on a tape of Hutchinson, this passage in "These Foolish Things":

The sigh of midnight trains
in empty stations,
Silk stockings thrown aside,
dance invitations . . .

It was not simply that the lyrics were racy, though it was important, of course, that they had an edge of sex. The appeal came through allusion, or intimation, with rhymes that were fetching, but with a comic tartness. Aficionados often draw on this repertoire to pose puzzles to teach other. Fill in the lyric: "You're the top /You're the steppes of Russia . . ."—what comes next? "You're the pants on a Roxy usher." At dinner a few weeks

Mr. Arkes is the Edward Ney Professor at Amherst College and a contributing editor of NR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago, a young Englishman living in New York was remarking on how powerfully he was drawn to this country, how thoroughly he liked the USA. Something in his words seemed to be struck off from Noël Coward's bantering song, "I Like America." I began fumbling, or fishing, for the precise lyric, and one of our party completed it.

I like America,
I have played around
Every slappy-happy hunting ground
But I find America—okay.

I've roamed the Spanish Main
Eaten sugar-cane
But I never tasted cellophane
Till I struck the USA.

THE NEW YORKER who introduced me to Hutch took it as an obligation even more pressing to show me the work of Blossom Dearie. I confess that Miss Dearie was at first only a hazy presence for me, even though she had managed to establish herself in the rank of serious musicians and singers by the mid Fifties. She had come from Upstate New York, in the Catskills, but she made her way to New York City, and from there, eventually, to London and Paris. She would feed her own legend through the simple device of bearing the name she was given at birth by her Scottish father. She would let other people stoke their imaginations in trying to guess the meaning behind the name. On this side of the Atlantic, her following could be found along a circuit that stretches from San Francisco to Montreal, but it finds its base finally in New York, at the Ballroom on West 28th Street. (She is expected to return for a long stay beginning later this month.) There, she settles herself in at the piano—in that line of Henry James, she grasps her warrant—but with the ease of one who is offering, for the evening, some of her most engaging works, to friends long seasoned.

The voice is curiously, seductively high-pitched. Seductive in the sense that it draws the listener to wonder, first, about the mystery behind that voice: Is it an advertisement of innocence, or a feigning of gentleness? But there is no feigning: there *is* gentleness, but also a certain steeliness. The first hint is in the piano, with the evidence of a firm, sure hand, setting out the frame or design of the piece. The voice is modulated, and shaded carefully to fit the character of the composition. There is playfulness, in abundant measure, and a spirit that seems ready, at any time, to break through the constraints of the form; but it becomes plain, instantly, that there is no inadvertence here.

What, for example, could be all that new in Rodgers and Hart's classic, "Manhattan"? ("We'll take Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island too . . ."). That song has become quite familiar to us over the years, as it has been rendered by our most gifted singers, such as Ella Fitzgerald, and we have come to absorb its rhythms. Miss Dearie can impart her own effect, though, by subtly altering the rhythm, or waiting an extra beat before delivering the lyrics we expect: "And tell me what street compares with Mott Street innnn July, sweet pushcarts gently . . . gli-ding by." In that delicate shift, she makes us aware of a different voice, and of a work suddenly reshaped by a different hand. One might say that she tells us what we already knew, but had not been quite aware that we had known.

She produces this effect, again, mainly by slowing the rhythm, making the beat and the words linger, letting the sense of the song press itself upon us simply by opening it up to us. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare has one of his characters describe "a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors that his valor is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion." What must be grasped, I think, in Blossom Dearie is that she offers precisely the opposite state of being: she does not crowd her humors, but allows them the space to breathe, to reveal themselves more fully. The strands of these compositions become clearer, the sentiments less compressed, more distinct, more resonant. There is, altogether, more to savor. The textures are not smoothed over, but sharpened. The sardonic becomes tarter, the whimsical becomes slightly more knowing and playful. Thus her song "My Attorney, Bernie":

When I dine with my attorney,
Bernie,
He buys wine from the rare,
imported rack.
That's 'cause Bernie is a purist,
Not your polyester tourist.
Bernie waves the glass
around a while
Then takes a sip and always sends
it back.

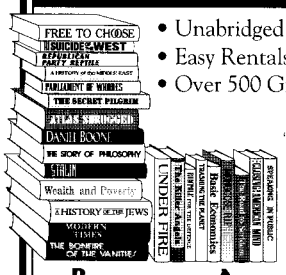
In her own composition, "Blossom's Blues," she offers a tongue-in-cheek version of the racy blues numbers struck off in the past by black mamas:

My name is Blossom;
I was raised in a lion's den.
My nightly occupation?
Stealing other women's men.

I'm an evil, evil woman,
But I want to do a man some good.
I'm Gina Lollobrigida,
I ain't Red Riding Hood.

A singer such as Karen Akers can sing Stephen Sondheim's song "I Always Get My Man" ("Sooner or later you're gonna be mine / Sooner or later there's nowhere to hide")—and one has the sense, instantly, that something deliciously sinful is going to take place when she does get her hands on him. But even with "Blossom's Blues,"

AUDIO BOOKS

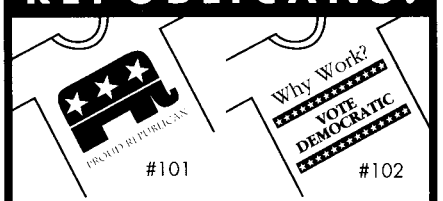


- Unabridged Recordings
- Easy Rentals by Mail
- Over 500 Great Titles

"I go through a book a week using time otherwise wasted in taxis, shaving or walking"
—George F. Will

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. N, P.O. Box 969, Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue Call:
1-800-729-2665

REPUBLICANS:



POLITICALLY INCORRECT SPORTSWEAR
T-Shirt $14.00 Sweatshirt $20.00 (M/L/XL/XXL-red and blue print on white cotton)
Bumperstickers $2.00 Prices include shipping.
Call or write for free 8 page catalog.
RIGHTWEAR P.O. Box 387 Lagrange, IL 60525
24 hr. catalog request line 312.472.8338
or fax 312.472.8353 *Wholesale inquiries welcome*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is hard to imagine that this good woman is going to unloose so muscular a passion as to leave marks. Reading that gentle voice, we would expect her to do nothing more rapacious than envelop that man with her love.

And therein, lies a large part of the appeal. From her earliest days, with the small voice and the looks of the attractive ingenue, she has seemed vulnerable, innocent—and yet interested, worldly, willing to take her chances. People don't pack the clubs, after all, to hear Major Sarah Brown from the Salvation Army, singing songs about temperance. There has always been that hint of the sexual, just below the surface, restrained by an ineffaceable good breeding, but ready at any moment to be uncoiled. That voice of the "experienced" woman is made plainer, without being strident, in the song "You Fascinate Me So" ("You're like the finish of a novel that I'll finally have to take to bed"). And with that touch of sensuality, she has been able to restore the charm to a song like "Tea for Two," hackneyed by now into a nearly terminal cutesiness. She can redeem songs from a banal overuse and, with an unfeigned tenderness, restore them as love songs.

At the same time, she is not gushing, and she never slips into the soupy. Behind the tenderness, there is a believable steeliness, which comes through powerfully in a song called "What Time Is It Now?":

What time is it for us, my love,
What time is it now?
Time to stay, time to go? . . .
Don't look at the clock, love,
Look at me.

The song is haunting and sad, and done with a spareness—with an absence of affectation—that makes it utterly convincing. It is hard, in fact, to imagine anyone who could have done it better. And measured by her recordings, her powers here have not diminished over thirty years. Indeed, the years melt away, or they quickly pass from view. What remains is the art.

And with that art, she can shift quite as smoothly into swing. The rhythm quickens, the tartness returns, and in this tempo she dashes off my own favorite in her repertoire, "Down with Love":

Down with love,
Let's liquidate all its friends—
Moon and June and roses and
rainbows' ends.
Down with songs that moan
about night and day.
Down with love—yes, take it away,
away,
Yes, take it away.
Give it back to the birds
and bees and the Viennese.

The piece is joyous, and in the sweep of this rhythm, everyone is touched. One night, after she had swept to her finish in this way, she was making her path off the floor of the Ballroom, when she encountered five young men, college students from Georgetown. They were so charmed by her performance that they asked if they could have the honor of buying her a drink and having her company a little longer. She took in the group with a glance, and replied, "No, I shall take *you* to *dinner*." And she was, for those lads, company every bit as funny and engaging as they had expected her to be. I was told the story by a former student of mine, who had been part of the group, and I mentioned the incident to Miss Dearie when she joined our table one night at dinner. She remembered the boys without a flicker of hesitation. They were an appealing lot, and she thought it worth remarking, as a note of their sensibility, that each one of them had written to her separately to convey his thanks.

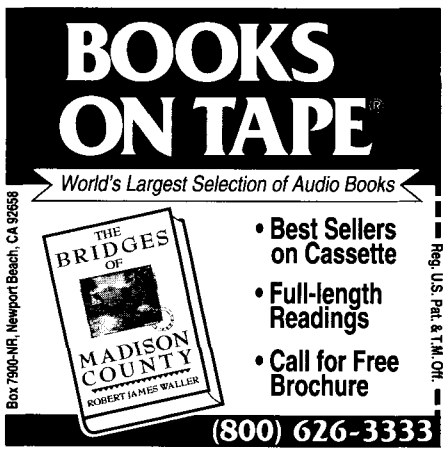
New York has become, over the last 25 years, a far less civil, urbane place than the city that summoned her. Still, she would no more think of leaving New York than others would think of leaving a spouse weathered with use, even one who had become morally disheveled. She would not sort through the strands of cause and effect, but she seemed persuaded that the worsening of the city was marked by the culture of drugs, or the corrupting effects of the money spawned by drugs. Of course, "reefers" had been known among jazz players since the beginning, but Miss Dearie thought a threshold had been passed in the mid Sixties. With some of the rock groups, there were the first recording sessions of singers unashamedly stoned, to say nothing of the first lyrics celebrating drugs as a fixed part of well-being.

She stands, herself, in a corps of serious, accomplished performers whose work is accessible to the public, not opaque or eccentric. They are sustained not by deep reservoirs of money, but by the hard economics of an audience, rather select, concentrated in urban enclaves and university towns strung across the country.

The forming of this audience has been the effect of her art, no less than of the music itself. That she has been willing to thread her way through the yahoos, to stay in New York, has been part of her gift to the city. These performances, no less than the songs, require all the moxie she can summon; and they are fed by the same passion, directed to the same end. For after all, don't the two enterprises begin to merge? Does she live in New York in order to sustain her music, or does she perform her music for the sake of preserving a place where urbanity can find a home?

In Blossom Dearie, the two are happily confounded. This petite woman with the high voice does make her way in the world, and when she cannot, it is part of her womanly genius that she draws to her side men who are pleased to rush to the rescue. In the meantime, she sees the world with unclouded eyes. She cannot be in her business without being touched by the romantic, but she cannot be the artist she is without looking plainly at the world and see it as it is. □

Blossom Dearie will appear at The Ballroom, 253 West 28th St., in New York, on New Year's Eve, and thereafter on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for a season.


BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY
ROBERT JAMES WALLER
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-NR, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Age of Experience

LINDA BRIDGES

IT IS SURELY no coincidence that Edith Wharton's *The Age of Innocence* and Emily Post's *Etiquette* were published just two years apart. By the early 1920s, it was becoming apparent that the world was not simply going to settle down, scarred but not essentially altered, to the status quo before the First World War. For Mrs. Post, the bubbling capitalism of the postwar era had created a readership of people with new money who wanted to give it a quick patina of age by emulating the way her Mrs. Worldly and Mr. Clubwin Doe, the Oldnames and the Gildings, conducted their lives and their households; there was also, perhaps, a readership of young people whose social education had been interrupted by the war.

In the case of Mrs. Wharton, as Louis Auchincloss—the author of a later generation's portraits in brownstone—once put it, "In the turmoil and dislocation of the postwar world Edith began to look back with a new appreciation on the quiet, settled New York of her childhood that she had once found so stultifying. If the older generation had spent their lives sweeping things under rugs, at least they had had rugs to sweep them under." And, as Mr. Auchincloss suggests in a recent *Condé Nast Traveler*, that is part of the appeal Martin Scorsese's movie version will have for the denizens of an even more turbulent time.

Of course, the calm of Edith Wharton's childhood world had already, long before the war, been shattered by the arrival of really big new money, accompanied by varying degrees of refinement and of social aspiration—the Vanderbilts and Goulds, the Morgans and Astors, the Rockefellers and Carnegies. Even in *The Age of Innocence*, which begins in the early 1870s, we have Julius Beaufort, the financier of dubious origins and doubtful morals, who gains social entree by marrying a daughter of old New York and gives her a ballroom that enables her to stage the social event of the year. And by the 1880s, the elegant, unpretentious brownstones of the real-life equivalents of the Wellands and Archers and Leffertses had been eclipsed by the Renaissance palazzos and Gothic châteaux rising on upper Fifth Avenue, just as Mrs. Beaufort's annual opera ball paled beside Mrs. Vanderbilt's French costume ball.

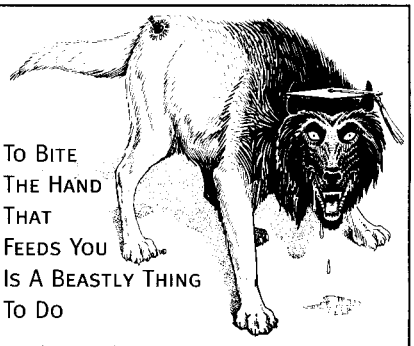
It was in the world dominated by these people's children and grandchildren that Mrs. Post was writing, and while some of the advice in that first edition of her frequently updated work seems positively Neolithic (there is nothing so out of date as yesterday's fashion), much of it remains, fundamentally, as true in the age of feminism and political correctness as it was in the age of flappers and Prohibition.

One passage caught my eye at the time Jean Harris was on trial on charges of murdering the Scarsdale Diet doctor. Among the principal items of evidence by which the prosecutor convinced the jury that Mrs. Harris had gone to Dr. Tarnower's house that night with murder in her heart were the searing letters she had written him, letters of accusation and pleading and self-torment. If only she had taken heed of this passage from *Etiquette*, which she must have come across while instructing the girls at that Virginia finishing school:

> THE LETTER NO WOMAN SHOULD EVER WRITE
>
> The mails carry letters every day that are so many packages of TNT should their contents be exploded by falling into wrong hands. . . .
>
> Few persons, except professional writers, have the least idea of the value of words and the effect that they produce, and the thoughtless letters of emotional women and underbred men add sensation to news items in the press almost daily.
>
> Of course, the best advice to a young girl who is impelled to write letters to men, can be put in one word, *don't!*

Or if you have ever been at a dinner party where a row has broken out between two of the guests (not a heated

Miss Bridges is NR*'s managing editor.*



TO BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU IS A BEASTLY THING TO DO

It's the academic fashion these days to mock the very civilization that gave birth to the university. At Thomas Aquinas College we're grateful for our Western patrimony. We offer a rigorous classical liberal arts education for the serious student. Call or write:

Tom Susanka
Director of Admissions
Thomas Aquinas College
Box 105
10000 North Ojai Road
Santa Paula, CA 93060
800/634-9797

THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE

PLAY TAX TALES!

A great party game! Laugh away your frustrations with the Clinton tax proposals! Make your voice heard! No taxation without representation!

Have fun taking the **Tax Tale Survey** with your friends. Return the survey to the President; give the government a piece of your mind! Demand accountability! Remind him of the promises he made!

Order **Tax Tales** for yourself, your friends, for a better country!

1-800-323-TALE (8253)
$15.00 + $2.00 SHIPPING
Visa/ MC accepted

CA residents add 7.75% sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but serious discussion—which, granted, would have been enough to get both guests scratched off Mrs. Archer's, and even Mrs. Post's, dinner list—but an out-and-out I'd-feel-that-way-too-if-I-looked-like-you donnybrook), you might long to send the combatants a copy of this passage:

> At dinner once, Mrs. Toplofty, finding herself next to a man she quite openly despised, said to him with apparent placidity, "I shall not talk to you—because I don't care to. But for the sake of my hostess I shall say my multiplication tables. Twice one are two, twice two are four—" and she continued on through the tables, making him alternate them with her. As soon as she politely could she turned again to her other companion.

And while Miss Manners is doubtless right in today's world to give house-party hostesses laissez-faire advice on sleeping arrangements for unmarried couples, one treasures this *méchanceté* (recounted by Mr. Auchincloss in his book on Edith Wharton):

> There was always a half-mocking, half-respectful note in her evocations of old Manhattan customs. A young American woman who had gone to the theater in Paris with a gentleman friend was startled to hear Mrs. Wharton's sharp carrying voice in a row behind her: "I didn't know that Julia Hoyt was engaged!" In *her* day such would have been the only polite conclusion to be drawn. It probably amused her to startle young people with old constructions of their conduct. But if she smiled at the naïve formalities of the *ancien régime*, she may have a bit condescendingly pitied those who did not even know what they were.

Mrs. Post would not have approved of Mrs. Wharton's sally ("instinctive consideration for the feelings of others . . . [is one of] the credentials by which society the world over recognizes its chosen members"), but she would have cabled Miss Hoyt's mother to come fetch her home, pronto. And she would have understood the significance of the information in Mrs. Wharton's *Age of Innocence* (it's also there, if you listen carefully, in Mr. Scorsese's version) that Ellen had worn black satin to her coming-out ball. Even today, for a girl to wear black to her own (or anyone's else's) coming-out party would show so wayward a disposition (or so wild an upbringing) as to raise serious fears for her future.

Yes, the new world offers compensations in place of the security of the tight, familiar community (whether it was upper-crust New York, a farming community in Minnesota, or the life-is-with-people world of *Fiddler on the Roof*). But the old world had its compensations too. A modern Ellen Olenska might well have got her Newland Archer—and very likely lost him again within ten years. As the twentieth century has learned in everything from divorce laws to the welfare state to the sort of language used in public places, it's hard to open floodgates just a little. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Battleground: One Mother's Crusade, the Religious Right, and the Struggle for Control of Our Classrooms, by Stephen Bates (Poseidon, 365 pp., $24)

THIS IS a first-rate piece of journalism: a scrupulously fair and sympathetic account of a case and controversy set on several different fault lines of the culture war. Mr. Bates's reporting of *Mozert* v. *Hawkins County Board of Education*, a case the media dubbed Scopes II, begins with Vicki Frost's discovery that her 11-year-old daughter's reader contained favorable depictions of mental telepathy, which Mrs. Frost deemed an attribute of the anti-Christ. What follows is a fascinating tale of grass-roots organization and counter-organization, with not-so-grass-roots intervention from outside. Mr. Bates's calm, didactic style captures both the broader issues—parental vs. community mores and rights—and the colorful particulars of person and place—the mixed motives and fortuitous circumstances that shaped this case. With the author's own opinions carefully labeled and segregated, *Battleground* is a thought-provoking, entertaining, and *good* read. —Mark Cunningham

While England Sleeps, by David Leavitt (Viking, 304 pp., $22)

BRITISH readers will have to wait for this novel. The poet Stephen Spender has sued to block its publication in the United Kingdom, alleging that it contains rip-offs from his 1948 autobiography. David Leavitt, an American, has already made a name for himself as a formidable fiction writer and a homosexual—a reputation that's sure to be enhanced on both counts by this book. Brian Botsford, his English anti-hero, had joined the Communists in the glow of the Spanish Civil War, not out of revolutionary zeal but out of a tender but muddled love for Edward Phelan, a ticket-taker for the London Underground. After their meeting we are plunged into the darker precincts of homosexual life—a life lived, the reader wryly surmises, by half the city at the time. None of the characters seem in control; most are driven by seedy appetites and live on the sly. Yet we feel for them, wonder about them, even pull for them. Botsford will regretfully confess his irrevocable mistakes, and his ruminations hint at a kind of lost innocence, however soiled for us in the telling by relentless sexual acts that dilute this otherwise compelling story of desperation and guilt. —Tracy Lee Simmons

Selected Essays 1977–1992: Jack London, Hemingway, and the Constitution, by E. L. Doctorow (Random House, 206 pp., $20)

E. L. DOCTOROW is little known as critic or essayist—and with good reason. This exiguous assembly of prefaces and assignments is unstartling: Jack London was "a workaday literary genius/hack"; Hemingway was tormented; Orwell's *1984* is concerned with "the political manipulation of reality through the control of history and language." In this salad bar of limp banalities, there is not a fresh thought, a crisp phrase, or a morsel of original research. His King Charles's head is the wickedness of the Cold War: "I was a high school student in 1946 when Winston Churchill made his Iron Curtain speech in Fulton, Missouri," is his version of its origin. At Kenyon in 1948, "I thought of the late Franklin Roosevelt as the real President and so was rooting for his one-time Vice President Henry A. Wallace, an idealist running on a third-party ticket with leftist backing and getting his comsymp head handed to him." The sentence is a classic—from the ingenuousness of "idealist" through the fuzziness of "leftist" to the demotic snarl of "comsymp." The dreariest thing about this book is its inability ever to rise above generic comsympsprach.

—Donald Lyons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Organizations

DEFEAT RADICAL FEMINISM. Monthly publication $24/year. Men's Defense Network, P. O. Box 2430N, Williamsport, Pa. 17703-2430.

Health & Beauty

THIGH/BODY CREAM with aminophylline. 800-800-2937. Skinny Dip #3298. Or 714-536-4805 for information.

Professional Services

THE RITUAL CURSE™. *Confound your foes, diminish their shadows.* Full-page ornate malediction, $10.95 ppd. Customized, $29.95 ppd. Include names, details. Check or m.o. to: Ritual Curse, NR Box 2191.

EXPERT APPRAISALS FOR most collectibles. Coins, stamps, currency, political items, Americana. Authentication, attribution, valuation, provided in concise report. Privacy assured. Colonial Trading Company, Inc., 101 Tremont Street, Suite 501, Boston, Mass. 02108. 617-695-1652.

Literary

NEEDED: CONSERVATIVE VIEWS on all political topics, for publication. Just write a typical editorial, any topic. All welcome, encouraged. ACEPUB, P. O. Box 634, Ayer, Mass. 01432.

DITTOHEADS! FREE SAMPLE information. Send name and address to: JLCW, P. O. Box 314, Ashland, Mass. 01721.

L.A.W.N.! Liberals Always Waffle Newsletter. "The Breakers of the Beltway" since January 1993! Read what PCers prohibit. It's *more than a newsletter!* It's the bimonthly that's ahead of the pack. Do you know about Bentsen's S&L scandal headache? *L.A.W.N.* readers knew, back in April. Subscribe and get *L.A.W.N.* tax free. Call 203-368-1862. $24/year or $5/issue. Get a free autographed Inaugural Issue while supplies last. *L.A.W.N.*, Suite 422, Dept. R, 2490 Black Rock Turnpike, Fairfield, Conn. 06430.

LIBERALISM'S WORST NIGHTMARE! Read the black conservative newsletter, *Alternative Voice*, "The Emancipation Publication." Sample $3. *Alternative Voice*, P. O. Box 22, Beaver, Pa. 15009.

SLICK WILLIE WIRE. Newsletter featuring Clinton clinkers and critiques. Call 800-45-SLICK for sample.

FOR REAGANITES: *The American Answer*, a monthly newsletter. $19.95/yr. 800-994-1999.

NOMOS—NEW QUARTERLY bulletin. Sample $1. P. O. Box 1941, Lake Oswego, Ore. 97035.

OUT-OF-PRINT books located. Whitted, P. O. Box 603-R, Fairmont, N.C. 28340.

GOOD USED BOOKS—wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $2 for listings of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk NR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

Hotels

NEW YORK CITY

THE BEDFORD HOTEL
118 East 40th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10016
(Between Park and Lexington Aves.)

Here is the "great small hotel" you look for in a big city . . . beautifully decorated rooms and suites and friendly attentive service combine to offer you total comfort at an ideal mid-Manhattan location. Fully equipped kitchenettes are available.

Ask About Discount Rates
For *National Review* Readers

Reservations: 800-221-6881 (USA & Canada)
FAX (212) 697-1093
Restaurant —Cocktail Lounge

Vacation Rentals

BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED COLONIAL INN located on easily accessible Loyalist Island of Green Turtle Cay, Bahamas. Has attracted celebrity guests of every description, including a former U.S. President (Republican, of course), but mostly caters to nice ordinary folks. 60% repeat clientele. $55 double occupancy. Includes English breakfast, delightful dinner. Information: Sue Davies, 90 Edgewater Drive #PH24, Coral Gables, Fla. 33133. 305-665-5309. Direct: 809-365-4138.

Real Estate

ADIRONDACK YEAR-ROUND vacation hideaway on ten secluded acres. Skiing, fishing, hunting. Lake Placid: 25 miles, Whiteface Mountain skiing: 16 miles. $105,000. 603-756-4840.

LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA. For real-estate information, call Len Lafoon, 800-761-3900. Prudential Tahoe Incline Realty.

COLORADO LIFE. UNSPOILED aspen-covered 37-plus acres, with spectacular 14,000-ft. mountain peaks, wildlife galore, fishing, hiking. Borders BLM land. $37,000. Life is just a phone call away. Call Ed at LPI, 800-495-2526.

Financial

SAVE THOUSANDS on your home mortgage. Guaranteed through self-administered mortgage curtailment plan. Send all mortgage info and $29.95 to: Scott Funding, 6603 Falconbridge Road, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514. Phone/fax 919-493-5476.

LEARN THE SECRETS of financial success! Free details. Send name, address to: Success Publications, P. O. Box 1603, Yuba City, Calif. 95991.

FINANCIAL AID for college. Free brochure. 10% discount for NR readers. 800-723-9869.

Computers

LOBBY CONGRESS with "Influence" PC software. Free information. 800-532-8788. NRC273.

FOREIGN POLICY on your PC? Here's the software that can save Somalia! Play "The Hunt for Warlord Aidid" and see how much fun it can be to do what the UN can't. Be a player on the world stage by specifying 3.5″ or 5.25″ and sending a check or money order for $19.99 to: New World Order Software, P. O. Box 8, West Hartford, Conn. 06133.

GET THE MOST OUT of your computer system. Computer expert will show you how to maximize the productivity of your PC or network. *Extremely cost-effective solutions using packaged* software where possible, custom programming if necessary (Xbase, C++). F. Bruce Pettit, CDP. 516-889-7558.

Educational Opportunities

HOMESCHOOL YOUR CHILDREN. Avoid violence, drugs, low standards. Information: 800-578-0387.

WANT TO BE A CONSERVATIVE Dan Rather? The Broadcast Journalism School gives you the "how-to's" to succeed in the electronic news media. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151. 800-827-LEAD.

YOUTH LEADERSHIP SCHOOL. Get started right politically! Our program launches hundreds of conservatives each year. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151. 800-827-LEAD.

POLITICAL LEADERSHIP TRAINING. Learn nuts and bolts of organizing your college campus conservatives. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151. 800-827-LEAD.

FREE VIDEO. Accredited external degree programs. Holistic Healthcare, Nutrition, Naturopathy Programs. Also Computer Science, Management, Psychology & Counseling, Education, and other specialized programs. 800-945-1566. LaSalle University, Dept. #640, Slidell, La. 70459-2000.

Give a Language —the Gift for a Lifetime! Audio-Forum's self-teaching audio-cassette/book courses can put some real excitement into someone's life! 238 courses in 86 languages. Our 22nd year. Call 1-800-662-5180 for FREE 56-page catalog, or write:
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 968, Guilford, CT 06437

SPEAK SPANISH, FRENCH, or any of 76 languages as diplomats do, using same U.S. State Department easy self-study cassettes/textbook. Up to 50% savings! Call for free catalogue, Audio Language Institute, 800-722-6394.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES without classes! Accredited Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorates. Free revealing facts. Thorson-NR, P. O. Box 470886, Tulsa, Okla. 74147.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Situations Available

DIRECT RESPONSE ADVERTISING SALES

National Review needs an aggressive, persistent, results-oriented individual seeking an entry-level sales opportunity. Person should be self-motivated, eager to achieve, and possess natural sales instinct. Previous direct response space sales experience preferred, and good organizational skills required.

The individual selected will receive base, commissions and generous benefits package. Interested parties may mail or fax resume with salary requirements to:

Mr. Scott Budd
National Sales Director
National Review Magazine
150 East 35th Street
New York, NY 10016
FAX 212-696-0340

No Phone Calls Please

HELP CHANGE AMERICA

The fastest growing Christian publication in America needs more staff. *Christian American* newspaper is currently accepting applications for an experienced managing editor, a graphic design/layout expert, an investigative reporter, and a Macintosh computer whiz. Only experienced, top-notch professionals need apply. Good pay and benefits. Send complete resumés and samples of work products to:

John Wheeler Jr., Senior Editor, *Christian American*, P.O. Box 1990, Chesapeake, VA 23320.

Business Opportunities

MARKET CRASH
Banks too. Profit wildly.
Own stocks? INSURE them cheaply.
No stocks? Multiply your money!
(AVERAGE 1,000% Dec. '91, PROOF AVAIL.).
Sleep better!! An HONEST firm.
Four Seasons Investing
(310) 202-0934

GROCERIES TOO EXPENSIVE? Call 512-404-2382 for recorded message about unique program. Then call Al at 301-890-2164.

LOSE WEIGHT AND EARN MONEY! For free product sample and infopak write: Simco, 12 East Twohig, San Angelo, Tex. 76903. 915-658-3340.

GET PAID for reading books! $100 per book. Send name, address to: Calco Publishing (Dept. C-546), 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

ACHIEVE YOUR DREAMS. Ground floor opportunity for distributors. Thigh/body cream with aminophylline available now. Entrepreneurs call 714-536-4805 (24 hours).

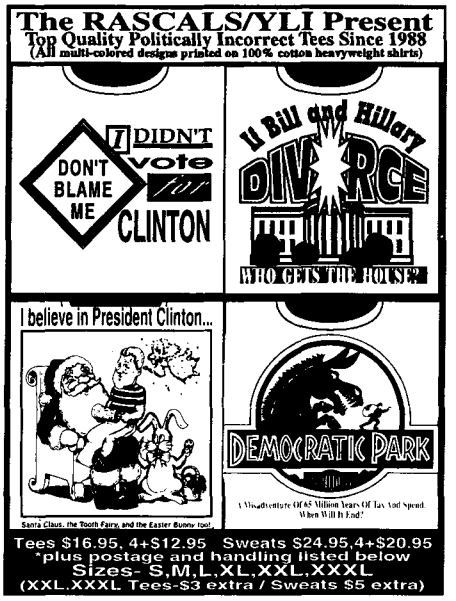
T-Shirts & Bumper Stickers

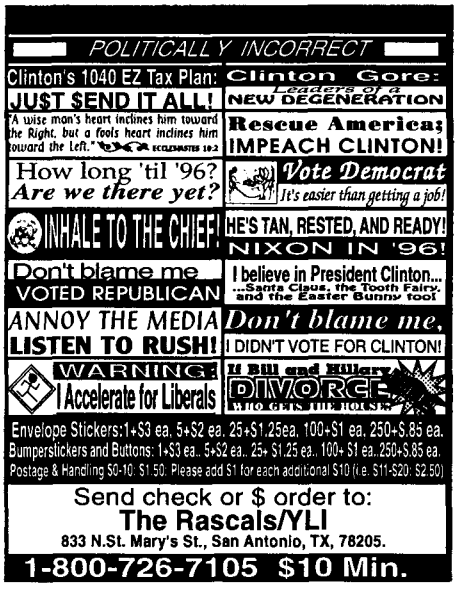
REALLY BIG SALE
(Ends 2/14)
ANY 3 T-SHIRTS $24.95
(plus $5 P&H)
Remember when America had a Real President?
LOWEST PRICES OF THE YEAR!
WRITE for our CATALOG or call 215-776-5033
T-SHIRTS MAKE GREAT GIFTS
ALSO:
SOME CALL THEM DEMOCRATS
suport publick skools
YOUR MOTHER DATES KENNEDYS
"REAGAN(heavy) SWEATS - only $19.95 (xxl+3) +$5 P/H
Blue Mountain Graphics
125 Liberty St. Allentown, PA 18102
For orders & questions [NOT CATALOGS!]:
1-800-422-6067

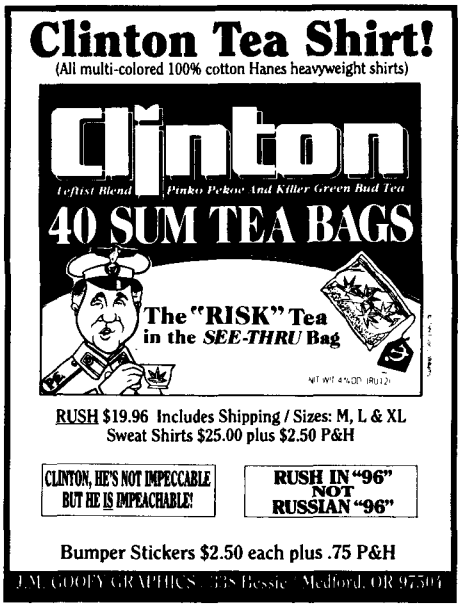
"QUESTION LIBERALISM": Bumper stickers. Send $2 to: MCC, P. O. Box 362, North Brookfield, Mass. 01535.

HOT BUMPER STICKERS $2 ea. 3 for $5 8 for $10
Somalia/Bosnia/Haiti: Bring Home Troops — (Send in BATF)
IMPEACH CLINTON!
FREE AMERICA NOW!
NATIONAL HEALTHCARE?
NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY!!
Did Your Representatives Vote In NAFTA?
VOTE THEM OUT!
ASK FOR OUR COMPLETE LIST WITH YOUR ORDER
© 1993 RAPID PRESS, P.O. BOX 512, COLUMBIA, MO 65205

"IMPEACH HIM HELL—GET A ROPE": Bumper stickers 1/$3, 2/$5. RRF, Box 310, Redrock, Tex. 78662.


The RASCALS/YLI Present
Top Quality Politically Incorrect Tees Since 1988
(All multi-colored designs printed on 100% cotton heavyweight shirts)
I DIDN'T vote for CLINTON
DON'T BLAME ME
If Bill and Hillary DIVORCE
WHO GETS THE HOUSE?
I believe in President Clinton...
Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, and the Easter Bunny too!
DEMOCRATIC PARK
Tees $16.95, 4+$12.95 Sweats $24.95,4+$20.95
*plus postage and handling listed below
Sizes- S,M,L,XL,XXL,XXXL
(XXL,XXXL Tees-$3 extra / Sweats $5 extra)


POLITICALLY INCORRECT
Clinton's 1040 EZ Tax Plan:
JUST SEND IT ALL!
Clinton Gore: Leaders of a NEW DEGENERATION
"A wise man's heart inclines him toward the Right, but a fools heart inclines him toward the Left." Ecclesiastes 10:2
Rescue America; IMPEACH CLINTON!
How long 'til '96? Are we there yet?
Vote Democrat It's easier than getting a job!
INHALE TO THE CHIEF!
HE'S TAN, RESTED, AND READY! NIXON IN '96!
Don't blame me, VOTED REPUBLICAN
I believe in President Clinton... ...Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, and the Easter Bunny too!
ANNOY THE MEDIA LISTEN TO RUSH!
Don't blame me, I DIDN'T VOTE FOR CLINTON!
WARNING: I Accelerate for Liberals
If Bill and Hillary DIVORCE, WHO GETS THE HOUSE?
Envelope Stickers:1+$3 ea. 5+$2 ea. 25+$1.25ea. 100+$1 ea. 250+$.85 ea.
Bumperstickers and Buttons: 1+$3 ea.. 5+$2 ea.. 25+ $1.25 ea.. 100+ $1 ea..250+$.85 ea.
Postage & Handling $0-10: $1.50. Please add $1 for each additional $10 (i.e. $11-$20: $2.50)
Send check or $ order to:
The Rascals/YLI
833 N.St. Mary's St., San Antonio, TX, 78205.
1-800-726-7105 $10 Min.


Clinton Tea Shirt!
(All multi-colored 100% cotton Hanes heavyweight shirts)
Clinton
Leftist Blend Pinko Pekoe And Killer Green Bud Tea
40 SUM TEA BAGS
The "RISK" Tea in the SEE-THRU Bag
RUSH $19.96 Includes Shipping / Sizes: M, L & XL
Sweat Shirts $25.00 plus $2.50 P&H
CLINTON, HE'S NOT IMPECCABLE BUT HE IS IMPEACHABLE!
RUSH IN "96" NOT RUSSIAN "96"
Bumper Stickers $2.50 each plus .75 P&H
J.M. GOOFY GRAPHICS 838 Bessie Medford, OR 97504

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTIAN T-SHIRTS and apparel. Call the C+C T-Shirt Factory for free catalogue. 800-944-5404.

LOYAL OPPOSITION—Why does Clinton deserve us? Let me count the ways. T-shirts highlighting the Top Ten Reasons for Loyal Opposition: $14 (plus $2 p&h). Check or m.o. payable to: Loyal Opposition, P. O. Box 31814, Independence, Ohio 44131. Ohio residents add 7% sales tax.

★ ★ ★ excellence in bumper stickers ★ ★ ★

ABORT HILLARY'S HEALTH PLAN!	CLEAN HOUSE VOTE REPUBLICAN IN '94	SCHOOL CHOICE: THE GREAT EQUALIZER
DON'T BLAME ME I VOTED FOR BUSH	CLINTON/GORE GONE IN FOUR!	IS YOUR CHURCH ATF APPROVED?
I MAY BE ON WELFARE BUT HEY, I'LL HAVE HEALTHCARE	TERM LIMITS NOW!	I LOVE ANIMALS ..they taste great!

Send $2 each or $12 for 10 (cash, check or m.o.) to: JBCC, P.O. Box 365, Bloomsburg, PA 17815

HAD ENOUGH?	WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE HER HEALTHCARE TAX!	THE DEMOCRATS ARE BACK:
		TAXES, INFLATION, STAGNATION
		BILL BLYTHE, BILL CLINTON
		LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

$3/ea. 4/$10.99 Includes Shipping & Handling CT Residents add 6% sales tax

BUMPER STICKERS

Send Ch. or M/O to: The Patriot, Inc. P.O. Box 429 South Windsor, CT 06074

Proclaim A True Pro-Life Message

With A Human Rights Bumper Sticker That Targets The Undecided And Challenges Everyone To Think Honestly

STOP ABORTION NOW

Human Rights Must START When Human Life BEGINS

STOP ABORTION NOW

(3" X 15")

Order Today!

Only $2.00 S & H Included

Send check or money order to: Zonco, Inc., c/o Bumper Sticker #1A, 819 W. 2nd St., Northfield, MN 55057

Discount Rates Available

DON'T BLAME ME, I VOTED FOR BUSH

— Bumper Stickers —

$2.50ea. • 2 for $4.00 • 6 for $10.00
25 or more $1.50ea. • 100 or more $1.10ea.

POLITIX GRAFIX
15505 Bull Run Road • Suite 201A • Miami Lakes, FL 33014
1-800-552-4840
M/C, VISA ACCEPTED W/$10.00 MINIMUM ORDER

Color Vinyl Bumper Stickers

Bill Clinton for Change

If Bill Clinton is the answer, Somebody asked a really stupid question!

$3.00 each - 2 for $5.00

PJP, 9800-D Topanga Cyn Blvd #161, Chatsworth, CA 91311

"HILLARY'S HEALTH PLAN MAKES ME SICK": Bumper stickers, $3. Morgan, Box 64, Strawn, Ill. 61775.

Situations Wanted

CONSERVATIVE ATTORNEY looking for work in DC area. Former reporter with nine years state and federal legislative staff experience, plus three years prosecutorial experience. NR Box 2204.

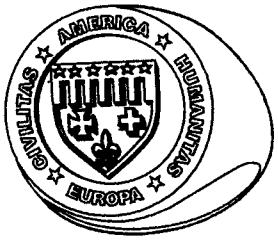
CONSERVATIVE CATHOLIC FAMILY physician looking for community and/or colleague with similar values. T.W., P. O. Box 146, Independence, Calif. 93526.

Catalogues

RIGHTWING, INC.—Choose from 11 different Conservative T-Shirts and the Mt. Reagmore poster. Call 800-30-RIGHT for FREE CATALOGUE.

WATKINS COURTESY CATALOGUE—10% discount on first order. Call 800-255-3948.

For Sale



THE EUROPEAN HERITAGE SIGNET RING
'AMERICA - EUROPA'
'CIVILITAS * HUMANITAS'
Proclaim your commitment to America's European traditions with quiet good taste. Chrome/nickel: $75. 10K Gold: $248. Send Check/Money Order: NEXUS EUROPA, 1689 Hiatus Rd. Ste. 262, Pembroke Pines, FL 33026. Include $4.50 S/H. State tax where applicable. Allow 6 weeks for casting and delivery. Money back guarantee.

CAN'T RECORD ALL of your favorite radio talk show? Let my Radio Recorder Adapter and instructions show you how to record up to 6 hours on a single tape. Adapts most personal radios to most VCRs. Guaranteed. Send $6.95 plus $3 for 1st class handling and postage to: Anderson's, P. O. Box 411, Keyport, Wash. 98345-0411.

THE 1994
AMERICAN
CONSERVATIVE
CALENDAR

Monthly calendar featuring full-color photographs and quotes from:
Ronald Reagan, William F. Buckley Jr., Pat Buchanan, Phyllis Schlafly, Bill Bennett, and More!

To order, send a check or money order for $10.95 per copy plus $3.00 P&H (add 50¢ for each additional copy) to:
The American Conservative Calendar
P.O. Box 4386-I • Chapel Hill, NC 27515
Make check payable to *The American Conservative Calendar*

Great Christmas Gift!

SLICK WILLY DOOR MATS
"Reads "Wipe Feet Liberally"
Get one: Invest in America
High quality, 5 color print on 18X27" Gray Pile Olefin Mat
$19.95 + $4.00 Shipping and Handling
Check or M.O. to BUBBA
3333 Buchanan, Memphis, TN 38122
AND PULL A CLINTON!
(901) 454-1543

ATLAS SHRUGGED—Rare 10th anniversary edition limited to 2,000 copies, numbered, signed by the author. Boxed, slip cover, excellent condition. One copy available, $950. 615-383-7340.

Save the Males
Amazing Rubber Stamp Is Humor Dynamite
Order NOW while still legal
$12.95 Post Paid, Good Impressions
PO Box 33.NR, Shirley,WV 26434

From Hillary's Home Town
Post Cards for the Politically INCORRECT ★
Political and Pro-Life messages

Ideal for Religious Fundamental Heterosexual Homophobic Bigots.

20 CARDS ONLY $6.00

10 thought provoking designs – 2 cards each style.

Identity Printers • Box 818 • Park Ridge, IL 60068

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR THE "RIGHT"!!!

"COUNT CLINTON OUT" to the END of his term in 97 on our 8X10 wall calendar. It has Bill & Hillary's Quotes (lies?), Blunders & Holidays etc. $10 + $2 s&h ea.

RELATED TO CLINTON? *HOPE NOT!*
Our "CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY" proves that you are NOT related to Clinton! Send us the name(s) for the certificates. $5 each. Includes shipping and handling.

NEED WE SAY MORE?
Start NOW and wear your **Clinton subliminal** red, white & gold polycoated cloisonne pin as shown (actual size). This unusually shaped pin will get the message across! Only $5 ea. S&H $.60 ea. Wear with your deficit awareness ribbons.

Send Ck or MO (Ca add 7.5% tax) to: **RT PRODUCTIONS 505 So. Beverly Dr. Suite 870-D, Beverly Hills, Ca 90212-4542.** For 2 day delivery add $2.90 per order. 10 or more for discounts please write.

Personal

WANTED: WEALTHY FEMALE, 35 to 45, for monogamous, nice, handsome guy. Send picture and phone number to: NR Box 2207.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAGAN-ERA CONSERVATIVE *wunderkind* turned suburban Boston lawyer. Twenty-nine, 5'8", conservative, pro-life Catholic. Likes politics, history, writing, golf. Seeking white, never-married, well-educated, strict pro-life Catholic, conservative Republican lady, 22–35. NR Box 2206.

Friendship Etc.

Would you like to be one of

THE HAPPY FEW™?

Are you young, college-educated, and seriously searching for love? We offer self-descriptive essays written by people who are, like you, looking for true love and companionship. You decide whom to contact.

The Happy Few is open to all and provides a decent, confidential, and intelligent way to discover your perfect love. *For details, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:* The Happy Few, Dept. NR, Box 382805, Cambridge, MA 02238.

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE: Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, M.I.T., Stanford, U. of Chicago, Cal Tech, Duke, Rice, Amherst, Williams, Northwestern, meet fellow alumni and academics. THE RIGHT STUFF. 800-988-5288.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS EXCHANGE® for unattached music lovers. Nationwide. P. O. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. 800-233-CMLS.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, a national service, has been getting unattached people together since 1970. P. O. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call 215-358-5049.

Single and Christian?
Share the insights of prominent Christian writers about issues that affect your life.
Meet other single adults who share your values.
CALL 1-800-505-0505
Among Friends

THE LETTER EXCHANGE brings conversation. Meet minds, not bodies. Send S.A.S.E.: P. O. Box 6218-NR, Albany, Calif. 94706.

ASIAN PENFRIENDS! Sunshine International Correspondence, P. O. Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. 808-325-7707.

PEN PALS WORLDWIDE for lasting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! Hermes, P. O. Box 110660/R, Berlin 11, Germany.

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE. Free 32-page photo catalogue! America's most respected correspondence service since 1974. Cherry Blossoms, 190NR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 408-980-7488.

BEAUTIFUL ASIAN LADIES. P.I.C., Box 461873-NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. 213-650-1994.

RUSSIA, SCANDINAVIA, BRITAIN, France, U.S.A., etc.: Professional men, women worldwide seek friendship, marriage. Scanna International (est. 1980), P. O. Box 4-NR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 800-677-3170.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH LADIES & eligible British gentlemen seek friendship, romance & marriage with American ladies & gentlemen—all ages! Free details: English Rose Introduction Agency (Dept. NR), Suite 2, 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent, England. Telephone: 011-44-843-290735.

JAPANESE PENFRIENDS! 110 Pacific #208JW, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. 816-942-1668.

Miscellaneous

FREE INFORMATION CONCERNING homeowner's property tax reduction. S.A.S.E. to J. Hill, 811 Spring, Paso Robles, Calif. 93446.

BANK TRUST DEPARTMENTS—do they scald some dogs like me? Send $10 for details. Armistead Burwell, P. O. Box 186, Clintonville, Pa. 16372.

MEMORANDUM

To: All NR Classified Advertisers
From: Tony Savage
Classified Ad Director
Re: Thanks a Billion!

Once again, in the spirit of the season, I'd like to express my gratitude to everyone who ran with us this past year. A great many goods & services exchanged hands via these pages—and not all of them T-Shirts or Bumper stickers! We sincerely hope the transactions satisfied both buyer & seller. The Anti-Clinton Cacophony indeed seems to be growing geometrically, reflecting a profound disaffection, but doing so for the most part with high good humor. Perhaps in 3 years we'll have to return some of this space to the editors! Meanwhile, I hope you'll stay & grow with us in the coming year. Thank you again, and may you all have a healthy & prosperous holiday season.

COHEN

(Continued from page 58)

Morover, these devices are highly efficient producers of the so-called Electromagnetic Pulse (EMP), to which modern high-tech electronic equipment is extremely vulnerable. It is fair to say that for the above-mentioned ground zero for this device, a substantial area of lower Manhattan would suffer the destruction or dysfunction of its software and communications facilities. There goes the *Wall Street Journal*.

Lest We Succeed

NOT HAVING proper security clearances, I cannot comment responsibly on what U.S. nuclear-weapon laboratories are doing about "red mercury" weapons. However, for anti-proliferation reasons, I very highly doubt that we are pursuing a serious program that would lead to actual testing. In fact, given our continuing suspension of nuclear testing, which is tantamount to the cessation of new weapon development, I would imagine that the government is giving the labs every possible disincentive, if for no other reason than that they might succeed. Many who opposed the H-bomb program in the late 1940s had such fears and invented every reason to show the weapon was not feasible. However, once President Truman gave the program the green light, the detractors were proved wrong in very short order.

If our policies for fighting ground wars and defending ourselves and our allies against ballistic-missile attack are to remain the same—namely, *no nukes*, of any kind—it is difficult to argue a vigorous U.S. pursuit of ballotechnic pure-fusion weapons. Either we'll make out with non-nuclear means or we may someday have to face up to nuclear realities and suffer the consequences. But a more sensible approach wold be at least to determine the feasibility and utility of these weapons. These are not weapons of mass destruction, which the NPT basically deals with. Rather they offer prospects for defense against missile attack which are far more effective and moral than any conventional weapons in our arsenal and vastly more moral than the thermonuclear warheads in our strategic weapons.

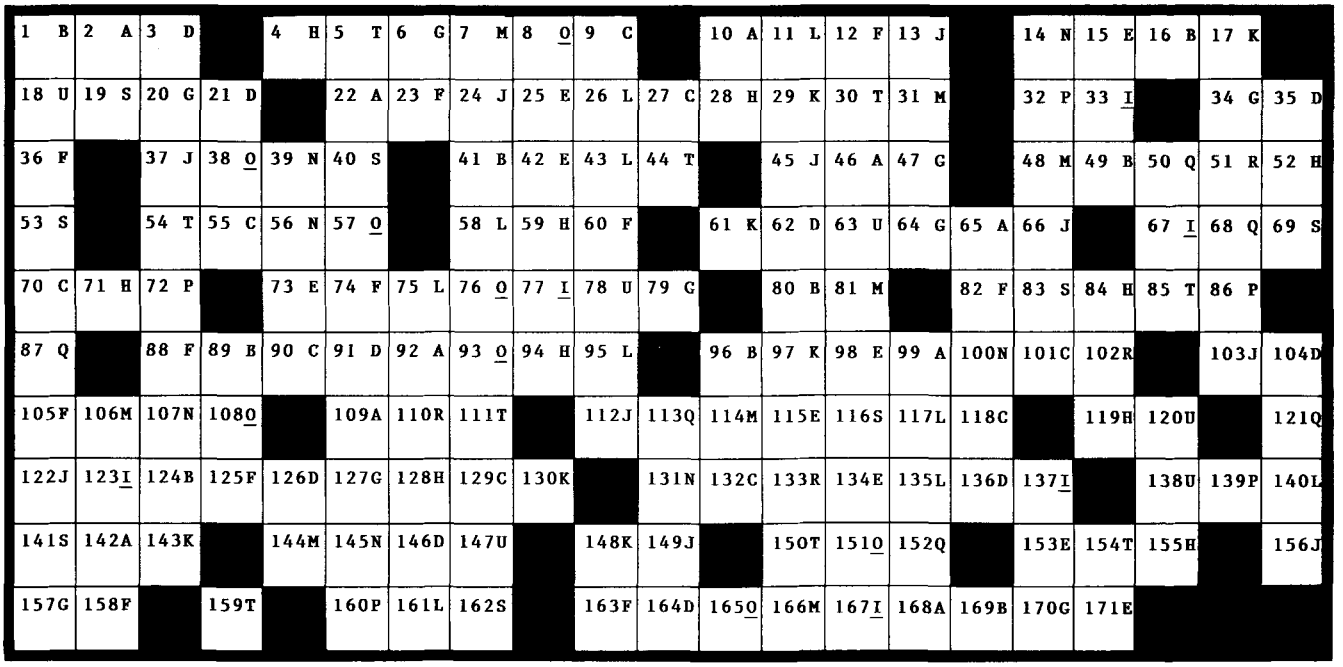
We should also find out to the extent possible what other countries are up to in this area—starting with the Russians. If we are to take Russian statements on these weapons and their applications at face value, as Boris Yeltsin says we should, we should close with Russia on this issue and propose a joint development and testing effort.

At the same time we should demand access to the laboratories of every signatory to the NPT to determine whether work is going on in this area, which the NPT so foolishly left wide open by not requiring monitoring of tritium production.

As to whether we will take any such steps, don't hold your breath. If we don't, however, we may be risking a world considerably more dangerous than we now foresee. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Honey! 22 168 65 99 142 10 2 46 92 109

B. Stove's eye-opener (2 words) 41 169 1 96 49 16 124 89 80

C. Elevates 55 132 27 101 90 70 118 129 9

D. The President we liked 91 126 136 146 62 35 104 3 21 164

E. Hermetically sealed 115 15 134 171 25 98 42 153 73

F. Supply-sider's arc (2 words) 105 74 163 82 36 158 88 23 125 12 60

G. Arafat's former job title 64 79 47 20 157 170 6 127 34

H. Indecision 59 71 28 119 155 84 4 128 52 94

I. Hardens (var.) 137 33 77 123 167 67

J. Talc applicator (2 words) 103 149 45 66 13 24 37 122 156 112

K. Picnics, e.g. 97 61 148 29 17 130 143

L. From sci-fi to sonnets 43 75 95 161 26 11 58 135 117 140

M. Awesome 114 166 48 81 144 106 7 31

N. Professional hacks 107 56 131 14 100 145 39

O. Covering 365 days 108 93 165 151 76 38 57 8

P. Ivy and grape, e.g. 139 32 160 86 72

Q. Off the path 113 121 68 50 87 152

R. When feeling down, keep it up 133 110 51 102

S. Unfavorable 116 141 40 19 162 69 83 53

T. Without peer 154 30 85 159 54 150 5 111 44

U. Imitators of Marcel Marceau 147 63 18 138 78 120

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. ROBERT NOVAK: *The Wake-Up Call*: "Republican victories in two medium-sized states and the nation's largest city do not a nationwide trend make, but they expose fallacies in the Democratic strategy that ought to force the party's campaign planners back to the drawing board."

For Vol. II of the puzzle collection, send $5.95 (plus $1 S&H) to: T-Gram Plus, 309 S. Boundary St., Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frightened by Pat Robertson?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12

A few weeks ago I participated in a two-hour television debate defending the proposition that the Religious Right does not represent any threat to the liberty of America. I was satisfied, after the exchange was over, that the critics on the other side were primarily concerned with the question of the separation of church and state. By which I mean that their fears of the Religious Right seemed hypothetical and ever so abstract.

I remember forty years ago when it was fashionable to suppose that Senator Joe McCarthy threatened the Bill of Rights and maybe even the balance of nature. In the middle of the putative reign of terror Professor John Roche, who was steadfastly opposed to McCarthy and was serving as president of the Americans for Democratic Action, a militantly liberal front, enraged the anti-McCarthy forces by saying: "My fear of McCarthy is 23rd on my list of fears. Number 22 is my fear of being eaten alive by piranhas, and Number 24 is my fear of college presidents."

What surprised me after the debate was the volume of letters from people who seem to have a most extraordinary fear of Pat Robertson, who resigned his ministry in order to run for the presidential nomination in 1988, but continues now, as a layman, attempting to mobilize the Christian Right.

One very bright young man wrote to tell me that Pat Robertson had driven him and others he knew into the arms of the Democratic Party. This seems, to begin with, an odd way to do battle with Pat Robertson, if one is an anti-Robertson conservative. But let that pass, and ponder the two questions, 1) Why are people so very much afraid of Pat Robertson? and 2) Why is Pat Robertson so very much exercised?

I wrote to one correspondent to say that as far as I could tell, if Robertson were to wake up and discover that he was omnipotent, and therefore wrote into law the entire program of the Christian Right, America would be in no way different from the country I lived in until I was approximately thirty. In those days, true, you couldn't see a *Deep Throat*, but that was not a stifling imposition. Pornography had to be bought from dirty old men, who are the best fitted to serve that purpose. You couldn't find a liquor store open on Sunday, which represented whatever you want to call the hardship of laying in enough booze on Saturday to last you until Monday.

What else? Well, true, you couldn't get a legal abortion. But up until very close to *Roe* v. *Wade* there was a pretty wide popular consensus against abortion, and one has to suppose that the primary reason the Choicers don't want to repeal *Roe* v. *Wade* is that they don't quite trust the American voters to authorize abortion-on-demand. But of course there were a lot of illegal abortions, well over a half-million per year. If American freedom is to be measured by that one index—does the American woman have the right to abort?—then Pat Robertson's America would not be free. But we should be prepared to summon historical perspectives before denouncing as unfree the America that existed until 1973, the year in which the Supreme Court discovered a right of privacy that extended to the right to extinguish unborn life.

Okay, now why is Pat Robertson so exercised? Well, one reason is that there has been, in the last 25 years, a 500 per cent increase in crime. When more than six hundred people are murdered every day, a lot of people are losing their freedom pretty definitively. When ten times that many are robbed or mutilated or raped, then we have lost a right of privacy much older than that which authorizes abortion: the primary right over your own body (habeas corpus). That right is tenuous if the chances increase that marauders will invade your body, with a bullet, a knife, a baseball bat, or a genital organ.

© Mal Ent., Inc.

And during that period, a 400 per cent increase in illegitimate births, children consigned to the absence of the father.

There is no prospect that Pat Robertson is going to succeed in his entire program. But if he did, we'd be reduced to those liberties we enjoyed right through the Sixties, and in those days we could be young and gay without substantial fears, as far as I can remember. □

American Airlines: Are You There?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23

It was a very nice Thanksgiving Day ornament, the telephone calls from the President of the United States to the head of American Airlines and to the head of the striking union. The President got them both to agree to submit their cases to binding arbitration. And then the trumpets sounded, and the airplanes sped off, and the public focused on other problems.

Robert Crandall, the head of American, put it this way to an inquiring reporter. Mr. Clinton "is the elected leader of the country. For any citizen or any company or any union to say, 'No, I won't do that' to the President requires an awfully good reason." In fact Mr. Crandall had an awfully good reason. He might even have said, Tell you what, Chief, you give me back the money I'm going to be paying in extra gas tax, I'll turn it over to the attendants, and we'll fly!

Now Robert Crandall is a tough hombre. He has gone so far as to say that he would "never again" buy another airplane. What he was saying, in a profile published in the *New York Times*, was that he can't see how the airlines can make money; and no industry that can't make money can continue to exist unless it is taken over by the government. In that case, of course, the employees know that there is no bottom to the pockets of the owner, and accordingly the demands are exorbitant, and the waste inordinate. Air France spends 40 per cent per passenger mile more than British Air, the difference between them being that Brit-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ish Air was privatized under Mrs. Thatcher and needs now to make its own way.

If my arithmetic is correct, during the past ten years the airlines made a profit in 1984, 1985, 1987, 1988, and 1989 amounting to $4.095 billion. But in the other five years in the decade, the airlines lost $11.227 billion. And last year's was the heaviest loss: $4.028 billion. That kind of pressure becomes unendurable, and what Mr. Crandall was saying, when he said he'd never again buy another plane, was to the effect that ten years from now, American Airlines Inc. may be a company engaged in manufacturing microchips, even as Chock Full o' Nuts is one of the few restaurant chains in which you can't get nuts.

That is one alternative, to swing into another business. A second alternative is to go the way of the new airlines, Southwest Airlines being the flashy prototype. These are the so-called no-frills carriers, and their specialty is to get an airplane to commute from one city to another, and back, and forth; no food, spare treatment, cheap fares. Such service is useful if your needs are, say, to travel frequently between Phoenix and San Francisco. If you live in Sioux City, you will have awakened to discover that the straitened condition of the airlines has left you without a single jet plane flying out of the city. "It's a real competitive disadvantage to us," complains Sioux City's mayor, understandably.

The cost of personnel to the airlines is 36 per cent of their entire bill. The second highest item is less than half that—16 per cent for fuel. Maintenance costs, aircraft leasing, food, and interest come in respectively at 12, 11, 4, and 3 percent.

Now when arbitration was first suggested to Mr. Crandall he said no, giving as the reason that it is inevitably the habit of arbitrators to look at the claims of one party, which are A, and of the second party, which are Z, and come up, after much deliberation, with a finding of M. But the compromise between what the attendants want and what American Airlines wants has got to be closer to A than to Z; because the industry is ailing, and something needs to be done. It is all very well to receive a call from the White House, but accepting the suggestion is likely to confront American with an insurmountable load.

There is an ineluctability in the marketplace that does not respond to presidential calls. It would be nice if Mr. Clinton called every passenger on American Airlines to ask us please to contribute an extra ten dollars every time we fly in order to pull AA out of its hole. But the passengers are looking for cheaper ways to travel, and as long as they hold out, something has to cave. American can't fly its route spending less on fuel or on maintenance or on interest or on airplane leasing. Maybe it should give up food, which would relieve the attendants of a burden. But then everybody would fly United. □

Did You Really *Do That?*

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24

Some weeks ago a correspondent wrote to me to say, "I never met you, but I had formed certain opinions of you, and I was certainly surprised to read in the paper that you had made a scene when spending the night at a New Haven hotel, lost your computer, and then got mixed up when speaking at Bryn Mawr." I replied that the newspaper reporter must have been mixed up because a) in my entire life I have never spent a night at a New Haven hotel; b) my laptop computer is secure, and hasn't been lost; and c) Bryn Mawr has the distinction of being perhaps the only college in the United States at which I haven't spoken.

So much for that correspondent.

But then, the clips started coming in, day after day, from newspapers all over the country. They all said the same thing, in one or another version of their People column. I wrote to one columnist and asked where she had got the item, but did not hear back.

And then someone sent me a copy of the progenitive piece. It reads, in its entirety, as follows:

"Conservative blowhole William F. Buckley Jr. made Yale history when he ran up a bill in excess of $500 at a New Haven hotel, at one point bellowing, 'Waiter, bring me a bottle of wine before I pass out.' Though he did not, in fact, lose consciousness, he did become drunk enough to leave his laptop computer behind in the restaurant. It may also have been his famed conviviality that caused Buckley to repeatedly refer to his host college as Bryn Mawr when he was speaking at Sarah Lawrence."

It has been an instructive experience. The progenitive libel was published in a slick, unfunny monthly that amuses itself and a sickly clientele by sheer fabrications. In the account above, the editors might at least have troubled to situate me at a college where I have recently spoken, which doesn't include Yale. But if you're in the business of extemporizing libel, what does it matter?

Here, for the benefit of those who are curious about such things, is the bearing of the libel laws in such matters.

As a "public figure," I cannot sue the magazine unless I am in a position to prove "actual malice." This is defined as demonstrating that the person who wrote the libel had every reason to know that it was not true when he wrote it.

So far, no problem, inasmuch as the author simply made up every feature of the story. So, having established that he had indeed trafficked in actual malice, the time comes to assess the "damages." Actual damages have to be measured concretely. If an editor who publishes my column had written to say, "Given that you behave so disgracefully in public places, we do not wish any further association with you," that letter would qualify the plaintiff for damages. But if the letter came from a single source, the jury would probably levy damages not much in excess of a year or two's income from the column published in a single paper, which alas isn't quite enough to build you a castle in Spain where you can cackle about how you hit back at the little bugger who amuses himself by writing squalid lies.

Then there is something called "exemplary damages." If the jury thought that the editor who wrote the item, and the magazine that published it, should be punished for their utter indifference to the truth, then you might get an impressive judgment. Many years ago Quentin Reynolds sued Westbrook Pegler in a famous case. Reynolds couldn't prove that he had suffered any actual damage, but the jury ruled that Pegler did not have the data to back up his charges, and that they were irresponsible and malicious; and awarded Reynolds $100,000, at the time the largest exemplary damages that had ever been awarded.

But by the time you are there in the courtroom panting, hoping that the jury will hand down a resounding money-rebuke against the tortfeasor, you have probably spent well over $100,000. Even though I would be in a position to deny every factual statement made, the deposition process can be made to stretch on for days. As also the trial. The quick answer is: A public figure shouldn't sue unless he can prove the offender's libel cost him his marriage, the loyalty of his children, and the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's.

Which leaves us with one simple question: Why do so many People columnists reprint garbage? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And They Live Happily Ever After

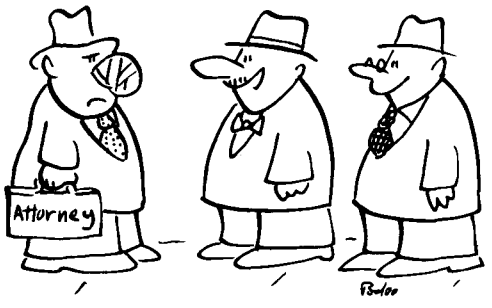
"POLITICS," said a sage, "is show biz for homely people." It's an old idea, but the longer I live in Washington the truer it seems. The similarities between Hollywood and the capital are obvious. Hollywood is fevered with gossip; Washington too. Residents here and there thrill to celebrity sightings, quake with news of dealmaking, thrash about in pitiless rankings of power, fame, and wealth. They have their stars; we have ours. For every Mel Gibson or Rebecca De Mornay, we counter with an Alan Greenspan or a Donna Shalala. Some of the similarities are more obvious than others.

These days, by acclamation, the king and queen of Washington stardom are James Carville and Mary Matalin, whose "fairy-tale romance" climaxed in marriage on Thanksgiving Day. It was big news here. He, of course, is the serpentine architect of many Democratic victories—President Clinton's, most famously. She, also of course, gained fame during the same campaign, as political director for President Bush. They are (says the hometown paper) our Fred and Ginger, our Tracy and Hepburn. Which alone tells you a great deal about Washington. This may be the only American city where the term "fairy tale" is applied, without irony, to the marriage of political hacks.

Like those pre-packaged stories you read in *People* about Hollywood debauchery and rehab rebirth, this Washington fairy tale carries with it an instructive moral. The romance of James and Mary predated 1992—boy met girl over a drink in a Capitol Hill saloon. Then boy lost girl: For reasons of decorum the affair was put in abeyance during the campaign. The passion publicly reignited within days of the election—a triumph over adversity. And they announced their betrothal this fall—the happy ending. The only surprise came a few weeks before the ceremony, when they declined an offer to exchange vows on *Larry King Live*.

For they are a public couple. Trade groups and universities pay them large fees to appear together. A contract for their combined memoir—to be brought out, cutely, by two publishers at the same time—earned them close to a million dollars. Mary has her own talk show; sometimes James does a surprise walk-on, as Frank Gifford sometimes surprises Kathie Lee. Carville made his film debut in *The War Room*, a documentary about the Clinton campaign. And the legend grows. "Carville is the largest, most resonant character in recent American movies," blurbed *The New Yorker*. "The unity of this life and this art seems too good to be true."

Too good to be true! Let *The New Yorker* come to Washington! Here fairy tales really do come true; love sanctifies the most unlikely couplings. Beyond a taste for mutual exploitation, James and Mary couldn't be more different. James is a relentless partisan, on duty at all times. Mary carries herself more lightly, a Republican "chick." (Note to language police: the description is hers.) You could see the difference in their separate responses to the recent Ed Rollins affair. As the world knows, Rollins was censured for saying that the Whitman campaign, which he managed, had "suppressed" New Jersey's black vote in defeating the Florio campaign, managed by Carville. Quickly seeing the damage he'd done his party, Rollins said that he'd lied about the whole thing. Oh, no, chirped Mary: Ed had privately told her about suppressing the black vote. But James generously defended Rollins. He'd known Ed for years, said James, and "Ed Rollins is no liar."



"What happened, Johnson? Ambulance slam on its brakes?"

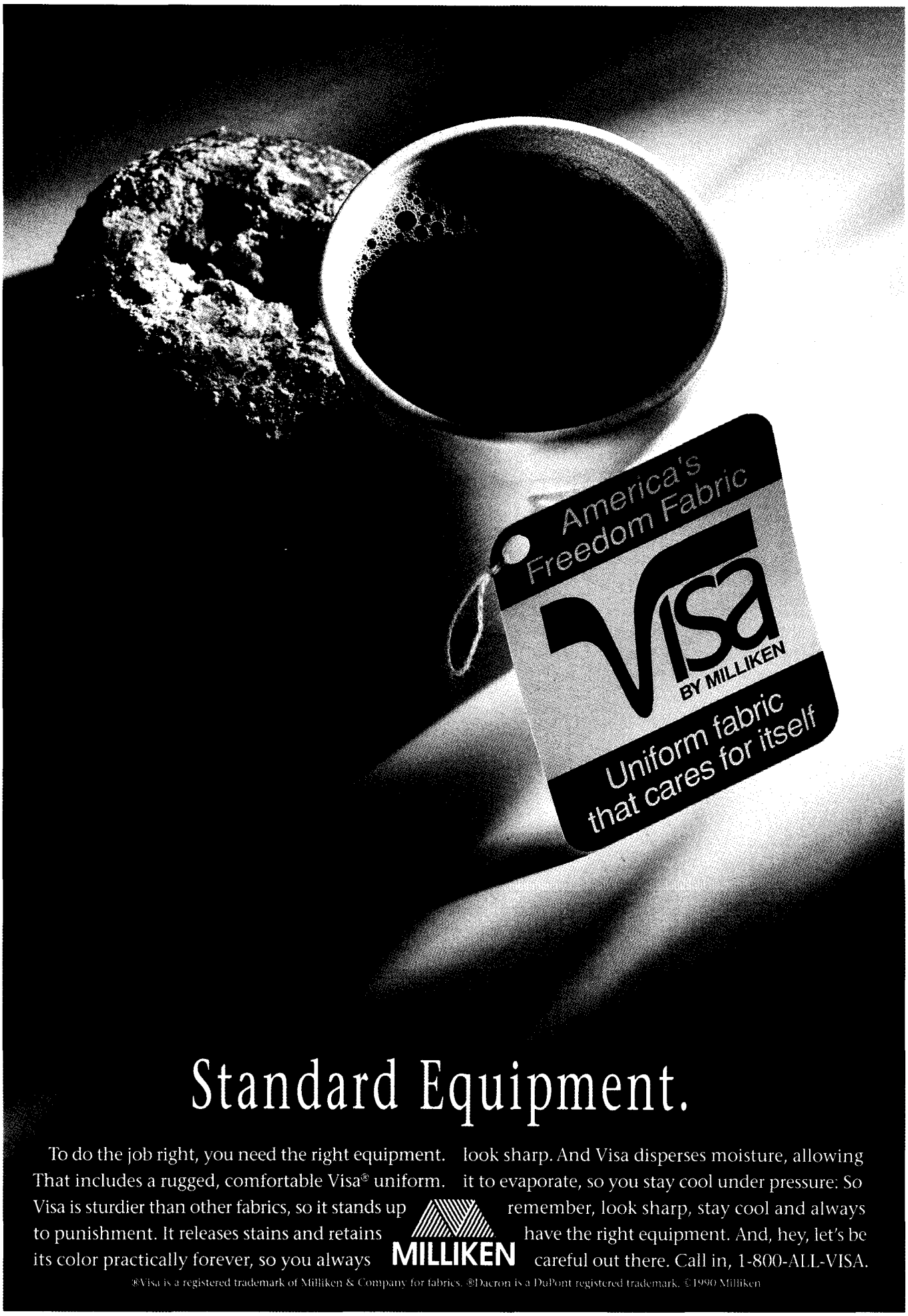
HER REACTION was ingenuous; his was unapologetically oily, which is to say politically astute. Fairy tales like James and Mary's come true in Washington, but only when they conform to certain conditions. This one captures, in miniature, the well-known process of "Gergenization."

According to the popular definition, Gergenization resolves all ideological differences in a thin gruel of centrism. But this is not really how Gergenism works. Like its namesake, it tends to resolve conflicts only in one direction. "The American people didn't send us here to bicker": this is Gergenism's motto. "We're all friends after five o'clock": this describes its social arrangements. And for its ideological credo it adopts a phrase made famous by the master, in his televised discussions with Democrat Mark Shields: "I think," Gergen would say, "that Mark is absolutely right about that." Gergenism is the statesmanship of Republican chumps.

No wonder, then, that Washington swoons when James takes Mary's hand. The moral is plain. Here Carville has become an icon, a transcendent figure—the populist sage, the Merlin of a moribund party, a slayer of Republican Presidents. In short, a winner. And Mary—she's great company, a saucy gal, and a darned good strategist who worked her heart out for George Bush. In short, a loser. But a cheerful one. True to her role in the Gergenized fairy tale, she doesn't complain; she even apologizes on occasion—not for the campaign she helped drive off the road but for the excesses of the Republican Eighties. And when they married last month, no one had to speculate, as idle wedding guests sometimes will, how the marriage would be consummated. It's what Democrats always do to Republicans when they have the chance. —ANDREW FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



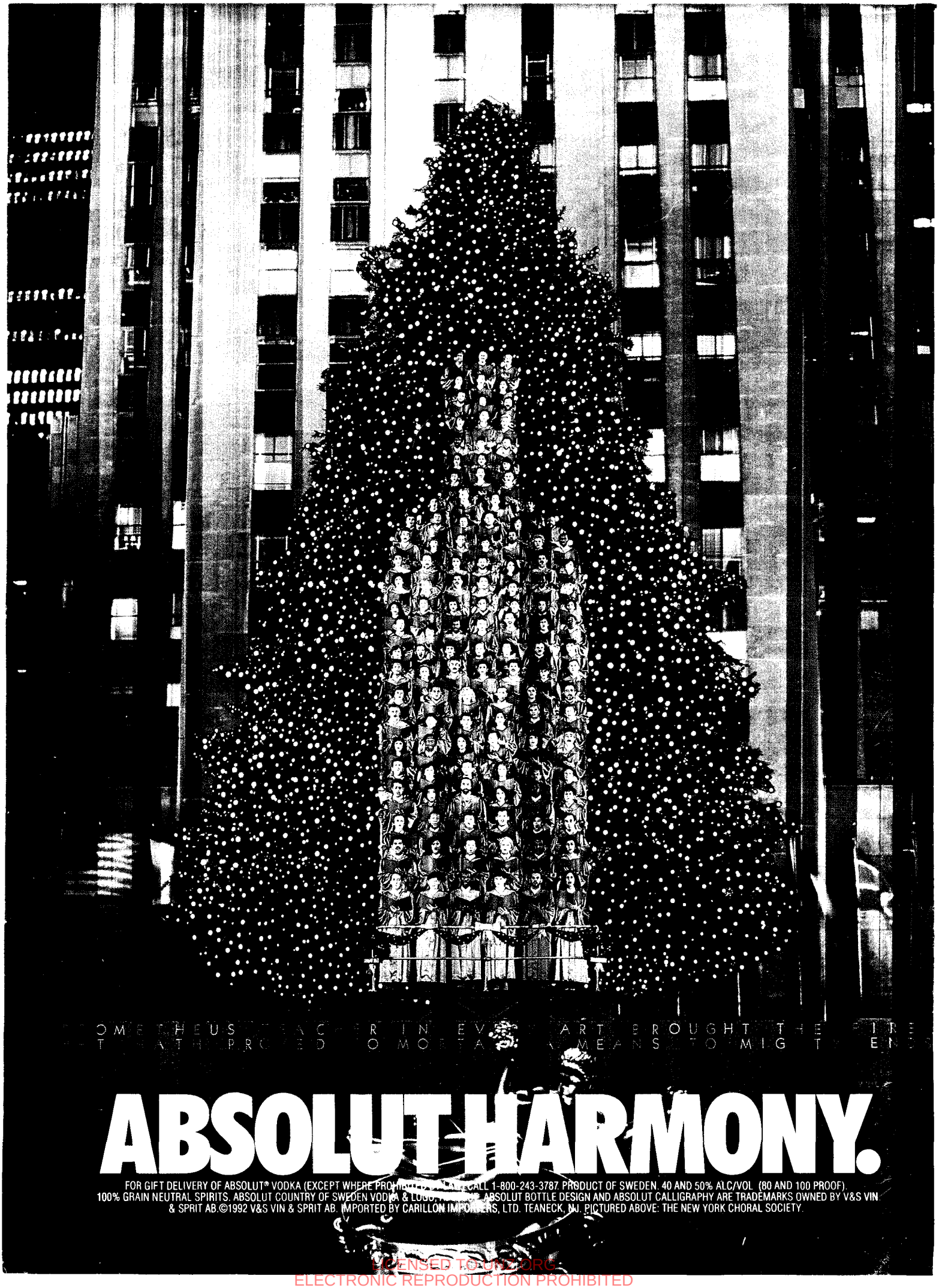
Standard Equipment.

To do the job right, you need the right equipment. That includes a rugged, comfortable Visa® uniform. Visa is sturdier than other fabrics, so it stands up to punishment. It releases stains and retains its color practically forever, so you always look sharp. And Visa disperses moisture, allowing it to evaporate, so you stay cool under pressure. So remember, look sharp, stay cool and always have the right equipment. And, hey, let's be careful out there. Call in, 1-800-ALL-VISA.

MILLIKEN

®Visa is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics. ®Dacron is a DuPont registered trademark. ©1990 Milliken

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


ABSOLUT HARMONY.
FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF).
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO AND ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN
& SPRIT AB.©1992 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD. TEANECK, N.J. PICTURED ABOVE: THE NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED